

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
HORACE.

THE

W O R K S

H O R A C E



THE  
WORKS  
OF  
HORACE,

TRANSLATED INTO VERSE.

WITH A  
PROSE INTERPRETATION,  
FOR THE HELP OF STUDENTS.  
AND OCCASIONAL NOTES.

BY  
CHRISTOPHER SMART, A. M.

Sometime Fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge,  
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Male nominatis,  
Parcite verba. — — — — —

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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141  
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PRÆFATIONEM DACERIANAM quod attinet, eâ est suscepti operis ratio, ut locum aut laudem tanti Viri lucubrationibus denegare nullis nominibus placuerit. Quamvis enim *Gallia* feracissima sit hominum, qui quam feliciter in re classicâ operam navarunt, nemini tanen inter omnes sententia gravior, nemini illustrior perspicuitas. Non ubivis gentium extat ingeniosus iudex : Indicium enim in multis, in paucis detigitur ingenium ; altera res cum sæpe & humanitus fieri soleat, altera cum raro et planæ divinitus.

V. CL. ANDR. DACERII

PRÆFATIO  
IN  
HORATII  
SATIRAS.

*De Origine & Progressu SATIRÆ Romanæ, & quas Mutationes subierit.*

HORATII *Satiras* duobus Libris comprehensas, nunc *Sermones*, nunc *Satiras*, nullo discrimine appellavit ipse : verum quum *Ideas* modis quibusdam

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busdam distinctas animo repræsentent ea vocabula, operæ pretium facturus videor, si, quid antiqui Romani per *Satiram* intellexerint, exponam. Primus doctissimus Casaubonus, atque adeo solus in eo feliciter operam posuit, ut demonstraret quæ & qualis esset Poësis Satyrica Græcorum, quæ Satira Romanorum. Est ille liber quantivis pretii: nec diffiteor me inde plurimum adjutum fuisse.

Hic enim est fructus, quem ex excellentium virorum laboribus percipere debemus: qui ideo nobis præiverunt, ut in spissis antiquitatis tenebris facem succedentibus præferrent. Non tamen in superiores ita oculi desigendi, ut propriis etiam gressibus non attendamus: per illas enim incedunt aliquando semitas, in quibus non tutum sit eos sequi: id quod & ego hic cavi, sæpe vias parum tritas secutus, ut in progressu patebit.

Est autem Satira quædam Poëseos species aliis quam Romanis prorsus incognita, nec ulla cum Satyrica Græcorum poësi cognatione conjuncta, quæ tamen quorundam doctorum opinio fuit. Quintilianus omnem dubitationem tollit, cum scribit Lib. 1. Cap. 10. *Satira quidem tota nostra est.* Inde est quod Horatius Sat. 10. Lib. 1. ver. 66. *Græcis in factum carmen dixerat.*

Ecce tibi germanam hujus vocis Etymologiam: Latini *Saturum* usurpabant pro *pleno*, cui ad perfectionem nihil deesset: hinc *Satur color* cum lana colorem plene combibisset, nec quicquam ad tincturam adjici potuisset. Ex *Satur* factum *Satura* quod *Satira* etiam per *i* efferebant, quemadmodum *Maximus* & *Maxumus*, *optumus* & *optimus*. Est igitur *Nomen Adjectivum*, quod relationem habet ad *Substantivum* intellectum: dicebant enim prisci *Saturam* intelligentes *lancem*. Erat autem *Satura lanx* vas (Gallice *un bassin*) omne genus fructibus repletum, quos Cereri quotannis & Baccho ut totius anni proventuum primitias offerre solebant; cujusmodi oblationes

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lationes ex variis generibus inter se confusis non erant Græcis omnino incognitæ, qui eas appellabant *πράσιον βούλον, πασιπύλον*, & in leguminibus *πασύλιον*. Diomedes Grammaticus accurate & hunc Romanorum morem & vocis *Saturæ* naturam explicavit his verbis, *Lanx referta variis multisque primitiis Sacris Cereris inferebatur, & à copia & sature rei Saturæ vocabatur. Cujus generis lancium & Virgilius in Georgicis meminit, cum hoc modo dicit,*

*Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus exta.  
Et——lancesque & liba feremus.*

Deinceps ad alia miscellanea translata est. Fest. *Satura cibi genus ex variis rebus conditum.* Migravit inde ad ea, quæ mentis & ingenii sunt; nam leges saturas nuncuparunt, quæ plura capita aut plures titulos complectebantur, ut *Legem Juliam, Papiam, Poppæam* quæ dicebatur *miscella*, quod idem est, ac *Satura*; unde profecta est & illa locutio *per Saturam legem ferre*, cum non rogatis ex ordine Senatoribus, non collectis, nec dinumeratis sententiis, omnes simul & promiscue sententiam ferebant, quod proprie dicebatur *per Saturam sententias exquirere*, quomodo post Lælium locutus est Sallustius. Neque hic contiterunt; etiam *libros* quosdam hac appellatione insigniverunt, ut Pescennius Festus, qui *Historias Saturas* vel *per Saturam* nobis dedit.

Ex his omnibus exemplis facili quis negotio sibi persuadebit Horatii opera hinc traxisse nomen, *Satirasque* appellatas, quod *multis & variis rebus hoc carmen refertum esset*, quomodo dicit Porphyrio. Quod quidem ex parte verum est: cave enim putes, vocem nullis intercedentibus gradibus, qui transitum præberent, statim huc deductam: ejus migrationes antiquiores erant in alias res, quæ propinquius Horatii *Sermones* contingerent. Ad quam rem explicandam jam accingimur, eum secuturi ordinem, qui ipsi Casaubono in mentem non videtur venisse;



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quippe rem eâ luce perfundet, ut nulla amplius cuiquam relinquatur ad dubitandum materia.

Romani cum quadringentos circiter annos Scenicos ludos ignorarent, casu dum dies festos per licentiam & lasciviam agitarent, in Versus Saturnios & Fescenninos inciderunt, qui postea in Scenis per centum & viginti fere annos locum suum tutati sunt.

Fuerunt isti Versus impoliti & parum numerosi, utpote subitanei, & à populo fusi adhuc rudi & agesti, quique non alium magistrum nosset, quam Cererem & Bacchum. Hoc genus carminis implebant cavillationes & opprobria rustica, adhibitis Gesticulationibus & Saltationibus ridiculis. Rem intelliges, si ob oculos tibi proponas bonos de pago viros rusticorum more saltantes, sese mutuo extemporaneis conviciis infectantes, eaque in vices exprobrantes, quorum alius alii conscii sunt. Hoc est quod Horatius dicit Epod. 1. lib. 2.

*Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem  
Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit.*

Infrenam hanc & impotentem licentiam excipit non ita post alius generis carmen, castigatius quidem illud, sed refertum etiam diſtertiis ad movendum risum comparatis, quod tamen nihil turpitudinis admiserit: comparuit hoc carmen sub Satiræ nomine ob varietatem suam; quæ quidem Satira certos habuit *modos*, i. e. musicam & congruentem motum, relegatis gestibus minus honestis. Titus Livius, lib. 7. c. 2. *Vernaculis artificibus, quia Hister Tusco verbo Ludio vocabatur, nomen histriionibus inditum, qui non, sicut ante, Fescennino versu similem in-compositum temere ac rudem alternis jaciebant, sed impletas modis Saturas, descripto jam ad tibicinem cantu, motuque congruenti peragebant.* Non abludebat hæc Satira à nostris *Farces* pudentioribus, ubi promiscue



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& Spectatoribus & Actoribus Scenico sale defricabantur auriculæ.

Atque ita se habebat res Scenica; cum *Livius Andronicus* ad *Comædias* & *Tragædias* ad Græcorum imitationem conscribendas primus animum appulit: quæ cum esset oblectatio & liberalior & absolutior, mox huc undique catervatim concursus est, neglectâ ad tempus *Satirâ*, quam tamen paulo post reprehensam erant qui Comoediis jam peractis non absurde subnecterent (quod Galli in suis *Farces* hodieque faciunt) Attellanis certe, mutato tum primum *Satirarum* nomine in *Exodia*, quod in posterum mansit.

Atque hæc fuit prima & antiquissima Romanæ Satiræ forma. Erant quidem duæ aliæ, quanquam à primâ multum discrepabant, ei tamen quasi enatæ suffragines ortum suum referebant; quod quam brevissime potero, jam confirmatum dabo.

Uno anno postquam *Livius* primas dedisset fabulas, natus est in Italiâ *Ennius*: qui cum adolevisset, & diligentius considerasset, quantopere hujusmodi Satiris delectaretur populus; recte & id vidit, Poëmata, quæ licet Theatro non destinarentur, suffusos felle sales & dicteria Satiarum mordacia conservarent tamen, non posse non placere populo; periculum fecit atque edidit *Sermones* quos Satiras servato antiquo nomine appellavit. Erant hi *Sermones* *Horatianis*, quod ad argumentum & varietatem rerum, per omnia similes: Excepto, quod *Ennius* ad quorundam Græcorum, ipsius etiam *Homeri* exemplum, id sibi juris sumpserit, ut plura carminum genera, confusis *Hexametris*, *Iambicis*, *Trimeteris*, & *Tetrametris*, *Trochaicis* commisceret, ut ex fragmentis, quæ supersunt, satis liquet.

Videtis *Tetrametrorum* exemplum ab *Aula Gellio* conservatum, dignum sane, quod ob eximiam pulchritudinem hic reponatur:

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*Hoc erit tibi argumentum semper in promptu situm,  
Nequid expectes amicos, quod tute agere possis.*

Annumeraverim porro Ennii Satiris alteram illam speciem Versuum, qui eâ sunt venustrate, eâ elegantia, ut seculum longe superare videantur. Rem non ingratam fecero, si Lectoris oculis subjecero :

*Non habeo denique nauci Marsum Augurem,  
Non vicanos Aruspices, non de Circo Astrologos,  
Non Isiacos Conjectores, non Interpretes somnium :  
Non enim sunt ii, aut scientiâ, aut arte Divini ;  
Sed superstitiosi vates, impudentesque barioli,  
Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat :  
Qui sui quæstus causâ fletas suscitant sententias,  
Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam,  
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt ;  
De divitiis deducant drachman, reddant cætera.*

Plurima ex his Satiris desumpsit Horatius, ut manifestum erit notas nostras consulenti,

Post Ennium ortus Pacuvius, Satiras ipse quoque sive Avunculum, sive Avum ex matre imitatus scripsit.

Natus est Lucilius eo tempore, quo maxime florebat Pacuvius. Composuit & ille Satiras, sed quibus novam novata scribendi ratione gratiam conciliavit, ut qui Antiquæ Comœdiæ Græcæ characterem propius exprimere voluerit : ejus admodum imperfecta ex prisca Latina Satira haberi poterat notitia, quale scilicet faceret carmen, quod sola Natura dictitaverat, antequam injecta esset Romanis Græcos imitandi, eorumque spoliis se locupletandi, cogitatio. Ex quibus facile intelligi potest illud Horatii, Sat. 1. Lib. 2.

— *Quid, cum est Lucilius ausus  
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem ?*

Noli

Noli putare Horatium voluisse dicere, nullas ante Lucilium Satiras factas: cum Lucilium præcesserint Ennius & Pacuvius, quorem ille exemplum secutus est. Id solum voluit, Lucilium novam faciem huic carmini induisse, quod perpoliverit, & propterea pro primo quasi auctore habendum. In eadem fuit sententiâ Quintilianus, Lib. 10. Cap. 1. *Satira quidem tota nostra est, in quâ primus insignem laudem adeptus est Lucilius.* Cave hic pedibus in Casauboni sententiam eas, qui Diomedis fide fretus, Ennii & Lucilii Satiras toto genere dissentire credidit. Vide ipsa Grammatici verba, quæ subacti iudicii Criticum in errorem induxerunt. *Satira est carmen apud Romanos, non quidem apud Græcos, maledicum, & ad carpenda hominum vitia, Archææ Comediæ chæractere compositum, quale scripserunt Lucilius, & Horatius & Persius. Sed olim carmen, quod ex variis poematibus constabat, Satira dicebatur, quale scripserunt Pacuvius & Ennius.* Apparet Diomedem distinguere Satiram Lucilii, ab eâ quam scripsit Ennius & Pacuvius. Ridicula autem & omnino falsa est hujus distinctionis ea, quam reddit, ratio. Non satis investigaverat homo simplex naturam & originem utriusque Satiræ, quæ omnino conveniebant tam materiâ quam formâ. Nam nihil eo attulerat Lucilius præter nitoris & salis plusculum, in summâ rei nullâ insigni variatione factâ. Et quanquam non conjunxerat plura versuum genera in eodem carmine, sicut Ennius; fecerat tamen diversa carmina, quorum alia integra Versibus Hexametris, alia Iambicis, alia Trochaicis constabant, ut liquet ex ipsius fragmentis. Ut Verbo dicam, si Lucilianæ Satiræ diversi generis ab Ennianis ideo censendæ sint, quod ille hunc scribendi arte longe superaverit, uti voluit Casaubonus, consequens erit Horatii quoque Satiras à Lucilianis diversi prorsus fuisse generis, quandoquidem Horatius non minus evexit Satiras suas supra Lucilium quam ille suas supra Ennium

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& Pacuvium evexerat. Douzam quoque F. fefellit iste Diomedis locus. Hoc non eo dixi quod errorem levem tantorum virorum notare gaudeam, sed solum ut demonstrarem, quantâ cum curâ & cautelâ eorum opera legere oporteat, ubi de re agitur obscurâ adeo & antiquâ.

Antiquæ Satiræ ad Scenæ usum compositæ Naturam declaravi; planum feci inde exemplum sibi sumpsisse Ennium; satis denique confirmatum dedi Ennii Pacuviique ejusdem esse generis cum Satiris Lucilii & Horatii, quod tamen carmen non nisi ab Horatio ad supremum fastigium perductum est. Jam ad alterum Satiræ genus, quod recepi exponendum, quod & ipsum quoque ab antiqua originem duxit, tempus est accedere: ea est quæ appellatur *Satira Varroniana* vel *Menippea*, quod primus ejus auctor esset Varro Romanorum doctissimus quôdque in eo opere Menippi Gadarenfis, Philosophi Cynici, mores imitatus esset.

Nec solâ carminum varietate mista est ista Satira: nam Varro ei interposuerat prosam orationem, promiscuo etiam usu Græci & Latini Sermonis. Quintilianus de Lucilii Satirâ locutus addit, *Alterum illud est & prius Satiræ genus, quod non solum carminum varietate mistum condidit Terentius Varro, vir Romanorum eruditissimus*; cujus loci unica difficultas in eo posita est, quod affirmat Quintilianus hanc Satiram Varronianam fuisse priorem. Quo enim pacto illud fieri potuit, cum ætate multo posterior Lucilio fuerit Varro; At Satiram Varronis tempore priorem fuisse, ea vero non est Quintiliani mens, quippe qui probe sciret eam multis annis fuisse recentiore. Id voluit, Satiram hanc ita mistam magis compositam esse ad Ennii & Pacuvii, qui in Satiris suis multa sibi licere voluerunt, quam ad Lucilii exemplum; qui musas coluit severiores.

Nihil nobis restat hodie ex Varronis Satiris, præter frag-



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fragmenta quædam, eaque maximam partem corruptissima, titulosque, quorum plurimi sunt duplices, qui indicio sunt, quanta esset varietas materialium, quas Varro illic tractaverat.

Senecæ Apocolocyntosis, Boëtii de Consolatione Philosophiæ libellus, & Petronii Arbitri Satyricon sunt Satiræ Varronianis omnino similes.

Hæc habui de Satiris in genere dicenda: plura in hoc argumento differere supervacuum esset. In notis nostris commodior erit locus Horatianarum Satirarum naturam enarrandi. Intere illud ve alim animadvertat Lector, Latinum Vocabulum Satiræ tam designare Sermones qui Virtutem commendent, quam qui vitia insectentur. Omnino aliter se res habet in linguâ nostrâ, ubi vel nomen ipsum Satiræ terrorem incutit illis, qui se simulant id esse quod non sunt; apud nos enim audito Satiræ nomine *convicium* intelligitur. Eadem tamen utrobique vox est. Sed Latini plerumque in librorum titulis respexerunt vocis ipsius naturam, & integram significationem, quam habet ex etymologiâ, cùm Galli respiciant primum & frequentiore vocis usum tributæ jam inde ab initio dicterii & obtreptionibus.

Scribenda autem ea vox Latine per *u* vel per *i*, Gallice per *i* simplex. Qui per *y* scripserunt, ii cum *Scaligero Heinsio*, multisque aliis crediderunt, ex Numinibus Rusticis, quos Græci *Σατύροι*, Romani *Faunos*, nuncupabant, nomine dicta fuisse ejusmodi poemata, eque voce *Satyrus*, ductam vocem *Satyra*; istas præterea *Satyras* carminibus Græcorum *Satyricis* valde fuisse affines: quod esse falsissimum luculenter demonstravit Casaubonus, ubi docet à *Satyrus* ex analogiâ formari non *Satyra*, sed *Satyrica*, plurimumque interesse inter Græcorum *Satyrica*, & Romanorum *Satiras*.

*Spanhemius* in pulchra sua ad *Juliani Imperatoris Cæsares* Præfatione, plura de novo observata contulit.

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lit ad ea, quæ ante eâ de re protulerat celeberrimus *Criticus*, descriptis magno cum iudicio duorum poëmaturum quinque aut sex discriminibus insignioribus, quæ si videre cupias, auctorem adi. Nihil unquam fuit apud Græcos Romanæ Satiræ finitimum præter *Sillos* suos, mordax Poëmatis genus, quod ex fragmentis *Sillorum Timonis* facile colligi potest; ad hoc intererat, quod *Silli* Græcorum meræ essent *Parodie*, quod de Romanâ *Satirâ* dici nequit, ubi si forte aliquando in Parodiam incidas, videbis tamen Poëtam cavisse ne abuteretur. Unde liquet Parodiis naturalem esse in Sillis sedem, non item in Satiris.

Expositâ tandem naturâ, origine, & progressu Satiræ, pauca de ipso Horatio mihi sunt dicenda, qui quidem qualis in hoc opere sit, non potest commodius demonstrari, quam si eum Silenorum statuis compares, quibus Alcibiades in Symposio Socratem comparat, quæ nihil extra habebant pulchri, nihil ornati, at si illas aperuisses omnium Deorum Deorumque imagines detexisses. Ad eum modum se nobis exhibet in Satiris Horatius, nihil magnum præ se fert, quod nos detinere debeat: dignior videtur esse, qui pueris teratur, quam qui viros occupatos teneat: sed seposito velo, & Horatio propius inspecto, omnium illico Divorum oculis se ingerunt imagines, hoc est, omnes virtutes, ad quas assidue exercendi sunt, qui vitiis suis corrigendis serio student. Oculis parùm intentis illum adspexere antehac mortales; neque possum non mirari Satiras per tot secula lectas, atque relectas, paucis admodum fuisse intellectas, aut explicatas. Substituerunt in ipso cortice, verbisque interpretandis, intenti nihil ultra petiére: quod quidem fecerunt ut Grammaticis par erat, non ut Philosophis: plane quasi scripsisset Horatius solum ut verborum construendorum rationem videremus, dedissetque nobis librum horis in Scholâ fallendis, non animis ad virtutem formandis. Prorsus aliud sibi



sibi in hoc opere proposuerat Poeta. Namque finis verborum est actio, cujus etiam gratiâ verba ipsa fuerunt reperta, quæ nisi illum assequantur finem, nihil nisi futiles soni, aures quidem feriunt, ad animum vero non pertinent.

Docere nos voluit Horatius in his Satiris, contra vitia nostra militare, affectus temperare, naturam in cupiditatibus moderandis ducem sequi, verum à falso, & à rebus ipsis rerum species discernere, præjudicatas temere opiniones adjicere, principia & causas actionum nostrarum perspectas habere, ridiculam denique eorum pertinaciam evitare, qui, quibus à magistrallis suis opinionibus imbuti olim fuerunt iis obstinate inhærent, nulla habitâ ratione quibus innitantur fundamentis; uno verbo, in eo elaboravit, ut nos nobis felices, amicis jucundos & fideles, omnibus quibuscum vivimus, commodos, utiles, & benignos præstaret.

Interpretari Auctoris verba, in *Figuras* digitum intendere, Lectores per orationis involutæ labyrinthos, aut parentheseos obscuræ tenebras, ducere, hæc omnia nihil eximium habent, nec, ut loquitur *Epietetus*, quidquam pulchri aut sapiente dignum. Ad hoc nobis annitendum est; hoc opus nostrum est palmarium, usum & rationes horum præceptorum ostendere, eademque auctoritatibus fulcire, ut palam omnibus fiat, eos qui mores suos ad hoc sæculum componere negligunt, paria facere ægrotis, qui libros, ubi remedia morbis suis præscribuntur, legere contenti, Medici consilio tantum abest ut utantur, ut ne intelligant quidem ejus utilitatem.

Non quod ego in commentariis meis quicquam sciens volens prætermiserim, quod ad Grammatici officium pertineat. Spero id sensuros esse Lectores, neque jam ullam superfuturam in verbis Horatii difficultatem: ac in hanc curam præcipue incubui, ut argumenta, quæ tractat, illustrarem; rationem, quas

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quas adhibet, soliditatem indigitarem; ut expedirem circuitus & ambages, per quas nonnunquam incedit ad placita sua confirmanda, & ad contraria refutanda, vel eludenda: ut veritatem assertionum ipsius stabilirem; ut vafritiem ejus, ubi quasi ex insidiis agit, quæ Lectorem imperitum facile fugiat, oculis exponerem; ut denique in aprium proferrem ridiculum illud, quod in omnibus quas oppugnat rebus abhuit. Hæc sunt quæ fecit ante me nemo. Nam ut est Horatius verus Proteus, sæpe formas variando, interpretes suos sæpe effugit, qui cùm ipsum reprehendere nequirent, stupentes fecerunt, quod potuerunt. Affixerunt ei sæpenumero sensum non solum diversum, sed etiam adversum, quemque ipse eo loco refellere voluit. Non quod ego quicquam detractum velim, qui ante me Horatio illustrando laborem suum contulerunt: laudo conatus illorum, illi mihi viam aperuerunt. Siquà in re ego illos superavi, omne illud acceptum refero magnis istis ex antiquitate viris, quos majore cum curâ, majore certe otio, legi, Homerum dico, Platonem, Aristotelem, aliosque tam Græcos, quam Latinos, quos assidue tero, ut ad eorum gustum reformem meum, eorumque fontibus Ingenii & Judicii mei hortulos irrigem.

Non desunt, scio, his temporibus qui magna illa Nomina risu excipiunt, qui reclamant laudibus, quibus per omnia secula celebrati ornatique sunt, quique illos spoliare velint iis coronis, quas tanto suo merito de Tribunalibus adeo augustis reportarunt. At hi, dum nimio efferuntur studio eam devitandi admirationem, cujus *mater* est *ignorantia*, imprudentes discedunt ab alterâ illâ, quam Plato nuncupat *matrem sapientiæ*, quæque prima oculos hominibus aperuit. Minime miror pulchritudinem illam divinam, quæ apud Scriptores longe præstantissimos elucet, istos homines non capere, neque trahere: nempe

nempe infirmiores sunt, quam ut oculos tantis splendoribus intentos diu tenere queant : ne dicam facilem esse rem Antiquos contemnere, laboriosam verò intelligere.

Quod ad me attinet, Divinos illos Viros ex animo totus admiror venerorque. Eos mihi semper ob oculos pono, velut Iudices verendos & incorruptos, apud quos libenter fingo reddendam mihi esse scriptorum meorum rationem.

Magnâ interim ducor Posteritatis reverentiâ : timidior quam fidentior cogito, quale de operibus meis, si bono suo fato eo pervenire possint, iudicium latura sit. Non ideo tamen minoris æstimo doctos viros, qui hodie vivunt ; multi sunt, fateor, qui seculum nostrum exornant, qui priora potuissent exornare ; in quibus tamen ne unum quidem novi, qui non honoret & colat antiquos, cui non idem quod illis sapiat, aut qui eorum præcepta non observet, unde quantum aberaveris, tantum ab ipsâ naturâ & veritate discefferis. Neque verear confirmare, non esse difficilius sine luce aut oculis objecta perspicere, quam solidam laudem adipisci, & ingenium excolere aliis rationibus, quam quas Græci & Romani nobis præscripserunt : Sive enim propriis felicitis ingenii viribus innixi, sive ab arte & studiis instructi, earum vestigiis succedimus tamen. Qui autem Antiquos damnant, causâ non cognitâ, non abs re erit, eos semel & simul tanto errore liberare, ut ipsis palam fiat, se, dum nimio in hanc ætatem studio transversî rapiuntur, ejus famæ apud posteros gravissimum vulnus imprudentes infligere. Quodnam enim excogitari potest clarius argumentum ad seculi cujuscvis ignorantiam, aut potius barbariem demonstrandum, quam quod ibi Homerus audiat ineptus, Plato ad fastidium prolixus, Aristoteles parum doctus, Demosthenes & Cicero è trivio Oratorculi, Virgilius Poeta nullis gratiis, nullo ornatu.

xiv DACERII PRÆFATIO.

natu. Horatius denique rudis, humilis, & sine nervis? Barbaræ illæ gentes, quæ Græciam & Italiam populantes, tanto furore grassabantur, quid unquam in delendis pulcherrimis vetustatis monumentis tetrius ausi sunt? Quid magis horrendum? Verum spes est non toti seculo imputatum iri quorundum perversum judicium, nec Antiquis fraudi fore.

Frustra Imperator ille arma in Homerum, Virgilium, Titum Livium movit: Incassum cecidere tanti conatus: bellum absolutissimis operibus indictum quid aliud egit, nisi ad numerum ineptiarum accessit, quo laborat ipsius historia, cumulationemque ipsi invidiam apud posteros conflavit?









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QUINTI HORATHII FLACCI  
SATYRARUM.

LIBER I.

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THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF THE  
SATIRES OF HORACE.

VOL. III.

B

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QUINTI HORATII FLACCI  
SATYRARUM.  
LIBER I.

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SAT. I.

*Invectitur primum in pravam hominum consuetudinem, quâ fit ut nanquam suâ sorte sint contenti, nec in suo vitæ instituto sibi placeant, sed alicum suo anteferrant. Deinde avaritiam captâ ex hoc satyra occasione insectatur.*

QUI fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam sibi fortem  
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ  
Contentus vivat? Laudet diversa sequentes?  
O fortunati mercatores! gravis annis

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

How happens it, Mæcenas, that no man lives contented with his lot in life, whether deliberation chose it, or chance threw it in his way; but commend the followers of different occupations? O fortunate merchants! says the soldier, en-

cumbered

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THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF THE  
SATIRES OF HORACE.

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SATIRE I.

*He inveighs in the first place against the depraved practice of men, by which it happens that they are never contented in their own station, nor can please themselves by their own determinations, but always prize those of other men. He then takes occasion to be particularly severe upon avarice.*

**M**ÆCENAS, whence is this caprice,  
That mortals cannot live in peace?  
But their own lot of life disclaim,  
Whether by choice, or chance it came,  
And give the rest invidious praise!—  
O happy merchants!—(full of days

4 Q. HORATII FLACCI SATYRARUM. L. I.

Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore.  
 Contra mercator, navim jactantibus austris,  
 Militia est potior. Quidenim? Concūritur: horæ  
 Momento cita mors venit aut victoria læta  
 Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus  
 Sub Galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat,  
 Ille, datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem est,  
 Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.  
 Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem  
 Delassare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi  
 Quo rem deducam. Si quis deus, en ego, dicat,  
 Iam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,  
 Mercator: tu consultus modo, rusticus: hinc vos,  
 Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eia.  
 Quid statis? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.  
 Quid causæ est, merito quin illis Jupiter ambas

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

cumbered with years, and now disabled as to his members, through excessive labours: on the contrary, the merchant, the south-winds tossing his ship, urges, that warfare is more eligible. For why? The mutual onset is made, and in the second of an hour a speedy death, or a joyful victory ensues. The adept in equity, and the laws cries up the countryman, when the client knocks at his door by the crowing of the cock; while he, who having entered into a recognizance, is forced from the country into the city, is clamorous, that they alone are happy that dwell in town. The other examples of this nature (so many are they) would fatigue the talkative Fabius to recount them. That I may not take up too much of your time, hear to what an upshot I shall bring the matter. If any God should say, behold! I will do according to your wishes. You that was just now a soldier, shall be a merchant, you lately a counsellor, shall be an husbandman. Do ye go off one way, and ye another, having shifted

And worn with toil the soldier cries)  
 To which the merchant man replies,  
 His ship by the south-wind distress't,  
 The military life is best;  
 The troops engage, and in a breath  
 Glad triumph comes, or instant death.  
 The lawyer, when his clients knock,  
 At the first crowing of the cock,  
 Cries up the country squire, who raves  
 That all but citizens are slaves,  
 When from his home he's forc'd to dance  
 Attendance on recognizance:  
 So many cases of this kind  
 Are found, that they wou'd break the wind  
 Of talking Fabius to recite;  
 But lest I tire your patience quite—  
 Observe—suppose some pow'r divine  
 Shou'd say, I will to each assign  
 The part, he chuses—I decree  
 The soldier shall a merchant be,  
 And he a counsellor of late  
 Shall have the country squire's estate—  
 Do you come here to shift the scene,  
 And you go there—why what do you mean!  
 They hesitate with all their hearts  
 Tho' in their pow'r to change their parts.  
 What cause now therefore can they show,  
 But Jupiter shou'd puff and blow



Iratus buccas inflet? Neque se fore posthac  
 Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?  
 Præterea, ne sic, uí qui jocularia, ridens  
 Percurram, quanquam ridentem dicere verum  
 Quid vetat? Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi  
 Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima  
 Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo.  
 Ille gravem duro terram qui vertit aratro,  
 Perfidus hic caupo, miles, nautæque per omne  
 Audaces mare qui currunt, hac mente laborem  
 Sese ferre, senes ut in otia tuta recedant,  
 Ajunt, quum sibi sint congesta cibaria: Sicut  
 Pærvula (nam exemplo est) magni formica laboris,  
 Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo,  
 Quem struit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuris  
 Quæ, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

shifted the parts assigned you. How so? What, do you hesitate! they are unwilling, and yet it is permitted, them to be happy. What reason then is there, but Jupiter should worthily puff out both his cheeks in wrath, and assert, for the future, that he will not be so easy of access, as to lend an ear to their vows? Moreover, that I may not run over this with a smile upon my countenance, in such manner as they that treat up jocular themes (tho' what forbids a pleasant fellow to tell the truth, as fondling preceptors, upon a time, give cakes to their boys, that they may be inclined to con their first rudiments. But notwithstanding, let us make serious researches, waggery apart.) He that turns the heavy earth with his ploughshare; this perfidious dealer in balderdash (the lawyer); the soldier and the sailors, who boldly run through every sea, assert, that they bear labour with this view; that in their old age, that may retreat into a secure retirement, when once their provision is treasured up. As the little ant (for she is for



In wrath, and for the future swear  
 He'll not consent to hear their pray'r.  
 But to go on and not to smile,  
 Like some who use a waggish stile.  
 (Tho' what forbids a man, forsooth,  
 At once to laugh and speak the truth)  
 As fondling masters treat their boys  
 By giving sugar-plumbs and toys,  
 That they the better may go on,  
 Their grammar-rudiments to con.  
 However, raillery apart,  
 Let us the serious matters start.  
 He that with ploughshare cleaves the clod,  
 The treach'rous lawyer doom'd to plod,  
 The soldier and the tars at sea,  
 Who boldly sail thro' each *degree*,  
 Assert th'intention of their deed,  
 Is that in age they may recede  
 To peace, and to a plenteous board,  
 When once they've treasur'd up their hoard.  
 Ev'n as the ant (whose toiling might  
 As most exemplary we cite)  
 Drags with her mouth all she can reap,  
 And adds to her constructed heap,  
 Not unappriz'd, nor unprepar'd  
 How future matters must be squar'd.  
 However, she will not appear,  
 When once Aquarius damps the year,

Non usquam prorepat, & illis utitur ante  
 Quæsitis sapiens : Quum te neque fervidus æstus,  
 Dimoveat lucro, neque hyems, ignis, mare, ferrum,  
 Nil obstat Tibi, dum ne sit te ditior alter.  
 Quid Juvat immensum te argenti pondus & auri  
 Furtim defossa timidum deponere terra ?  
 Quod si comminuas, vilem redigatur ad assem.  
 At, ni id fit, quid habet pulchri constructus acervus ?  
 Millia frumenti tua triverit area centum,  
 Non tuus hoc capiet venter plus quam meus : ut si  
 Reticulum panis venales inter onusto  
 Forte vehas humero, nihilo plus accipias quam  
 Qui nil portarit vel dic, quid referat intra  
 Naturæ fines viventi, jugera centum an  
 Mille aret. At suave est ex magno tollere acervo.  
 Dum ex parvo nobis tantundem haurire relinquis,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

for an example) of great toil tugs with her mouth, whatever she can, and adds to her hoard, which she builds up, in no wise ignorant, and not without precaution for the future event. Which ant, however, as soon as Aquarius throws a face of melancholy upon the inverted year, never crawls out, but in her wisdom uses those provisions that she had made beforehand ; while neither the violent heat of summer, nor winter, fire, sea, sword, can divert you from lucre. Nothing can oppose you, to the end, that no other person may be found richer than you. Why does it delight you with such fearfulness to deposit an immense weight of silver and gold in the ground dug up by stealth ? But (you answer) should one lessen it it may be reduced to a poor farthing.—Yet, unless that happens, what beauty has a piled up hoard.—Though your barn-floor should thrash an hundred thousand bushels of bread-corn, your belly will not therefore hold more than mine ; just as if perchance you bear on your loaded shoulder the basket of bread amongst your fellow-slaves, you would receive

And uses in her cell immur'd  
 The goods her patient toil procur'd.  
 Whilst then no summer-heat can tire,  
 Nor winter, ocean, sword, nor fire,  
 Divert you from the quest of gain;  
 And you all obstacles disdain,  
 So you can make your point in view,  
 That none shall have more wealth than you.  
 What fruit (inform me) can it bear,  
 That with that tim'rous over-care  
 Gold, silver, in immod'rate wealth  
 You hide up in a hole by stealth.  
 You answer that a lib'ral use  
 Will sure to nothing all reduce—  
 But without use what is the rank,  
 Or what the beauty of the bank?  
 Suppose your threshing-floor supply  
 An hundred thousand bowls of rye,  
 Your belly will demand no more  
 Than mine, of all this mighty store;  
 As if, 'mongst slaves, you shou'd be sped,  
 Like Esop, with a load of bread,  
 Not one crumb more to you wou'd fall,  
 Than him, who carried none at all.  
 What does it boot to him that lives  
 Within the prescript nature gives,  
 Whether he till an hundred rood,  
 Or thousand acres for his food,  
 But 'tis a pretty thing you say  
 With a great capitol to play—

Cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria nostris?  
 Ut tibi si sit opus liquidi non amplius urnâ,  
 Vel Cyatho: & dicas, Magno de stamine mallet,  
 Quam ex hoc fonticulo tantundem sumere. Eo fit,  
 Plenior ut si quos delectet copia iusto,  
 Cum ripâ simul avulsos ferat Aufidus acer.  
 At qui tantulo eget, quanto est opus, is neque limo  
 Turbatam haurit aquam, neque vitam amittit in undis.  
 At bona pars hominum, decepta cupidine falso,  
 Nil satis est, inquit: quia tanti, quantum habeas, sis.  
 Quid facies illi? Jubeas miserum effic libenter,  
 Quatenus id facit. Ut quidam memoratur Athenis  
 Sordidus, ac dives, populi contemnere voces  
 Sic solitus: populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

receive no more for yourself than he who carried nothing. Or tell me, what is it to the interest of that man who lives within the prescript of nature, whether he till an hundred or a thousand acres?—But (you answer) it is sweet to take out of a great heap,—while you leave as much for us to draw out of a small bank: why do you prize your great granaries above our little rooms? As if you had need of no more than a jug or glass of water, and should say, I had rather have it from the main river, than take the same portion from this little fountain. Hence it is, that if a greater abundance than is necessary, delight any one, the rapid Aufidus hurries them away together with the shores they stand upon. But he, who requires that little, which however is sufficient, neither draws his water troubled with mud, nor loses his life in the floods.

But a good part of mankind, deceived by a false appetite, asserts, that nothing is sufficient; because you are accounted of according to what you possess. What will you do with this sort? Bid them be miserable without regret, as long as they act in this manner; as a certain man is related to have lived in Athens, sordid and wealthy, who was used to contemn the  
 conver-

Satire I. THE SATIRES OF HORACE. II

If we from little funds can take  
Such things, as for our purpose make,  
Our garrets why shou'd you despise  
Compar'd with your great granaries !  
As if desirous, when a dry,  
Of but a jug or glass, you cry ;  
I'd rather on the river's brink  
Than from this little fountain drink.  
Hence they, that Aufidus approach,  
Too large a quantity to broach,  
Are hurried down the rapid fall  
By him, that swallows banks and all.  
While they that want not unto waste  
Will free from mud their water taste ;  
Nor, as a needful draught they crave,  
Will lose their lives within the wave.  
But most thro' false desires unwise  
Urge, no finances will suffice ;  
For wealth is character and name,  
And, as your riches, such your fame.  
What can one do with such as these ?  
Let them be wretched, if they please ;  
According as the tale is told—  
A churl of Athens, full of gold,  
Was wont to scorn the people thus—  
The world may hiss and make a fuss,  
But I applaud myself the more,  
Whilst I at home my bags explore.  
When thirsty Tantalus wou'd quaff,  
The stream eludes his lips—you laugh—



Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.  
 Tantalus à labris sitiens fugientia captat  
 Flumina. Quid rides? Mutato nomine de te  
 Fabula narratur. Congestis undique faccis  
 Indormis inhians, & tanquam parcere sacris  
 Cogaris, aut pictis tanquam gaudere tabellis.  
 Nescis quo valeat nummus? Quem præbeat usum?  
 Panis ematur, olus, vini sextarius: adde,  
 Queis humana sibi doleat natura negatis,  
 An vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diesque  
 Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,  
 Ne te compilent fugientes: hoc juvat? horum  
 Semper ego optarim pauperrimus esse bonorum.  
 At si condoluit tentatum frigore corpus,  
 Aut alius casus lecto te affixit, habes qui  
 Affideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

conversation of the people in this way. The crowd hisses me, but I applaud myself at home as soon as I meditate upon my money in the chest. The doughty Tantalus catches at the current that eludes his lips.—Why do you laugh? by changing of the name only, the story is told of you; you sleep upon your bags, scrambled together from all quarters, and are compelled to refrain from them, as if they were consecrated, or to be pleased with them as with painted tablets. You do not understand were the true value of money is, what service it can render? Bread, herbs, a bottle of wine may be bought with it—add likewise certain comforts, which being denied, human nature would be out of humour with itself. What to watch half-dead with apprehension night and day, to dread wicked thieves, fire, your slaves, lest they should make off and rob you. Does this please you? Then I would ever wish to be the poorest man living, of goods held on such a tenure.—But if your body should be in pain, pierced with the cold, or any other

And yet, if we but change the name,  
 The story of your life's the same.  
 O'er bags, which from all hands you scrape,  
 You cannot sleep, but stare and gape,  
 Compell'd the plenty to refuse,  
 As tho' 'twere sacrilege to use;  
 Nor can they other joy supply,  
 Than pictures to amuse the eye.  
 What know you not the real worth  
 Of money is, its help on earth—  
 Buy bread, buy herbs, a flask of wine,  
 To which you likewise may subjoin  
 Such other articles beside,  
 As nature grieves to be denied.  
 But to keep watching and half-dead,  
 Both night and day to be in dread,  
 Of thieves, and fire, and slaves, lest they  
 Shou'd rob the house, and run away.  
 Such wealth with such a life endure,  
 O rather keep me ever poor!  
 —But if one's body shou'd be seiz'd  
 With cold, or any way diseas'd,  
 So that you cannot stir about,  
 You have a friend to help you out,  
 To bring you medicines, to call in  
 The doctor, that your loving kin  
 And children may again enjoy  
 Your company—nor wife, nor boy  
 Desire your life—both small and great,  
 Male, female, all your neighbours hate

14 Q. HORATII FLACCI SATYRARUM. L. I.

Suscitet, ac reddat natis carisque propinquis :  
 Non uxor saluum te vult, non filius : omnes  
 Vicini oderunt, noti, pueri atque puellæ.  
 Miraris, quum tu argento post omnia ponas,  
 Si nemo præstet, quem non merearis amorem ?  
 At si cognatos, nullo natura labore  
 Quos tibi dat, retinere velis, servareque amicos,  
 Infelix operam perdas : ut si quis asellum  
 In campo doceat parentem currere frænis.  
 Denique sit finis quærendi : quoque habeas plus,  
 Pauperiem metuas minus : & finire laborem  
 Incipias, parto quod avebas : nec facias quod  
 Umidius quidam (non longa est fabula) dives,  
 Ut metiretur nummos : ita sordidus, ut se  
 Non unquam servo melius vestiret : ad usque  
 Supremum tempus, ne se penuria victus

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

other accident has confined you to your bed, you have what will assist you ; prepare fomentations, send for the doctor, that he may raise you up and restore you to your children and loving relations.—Your wife does not wish for your health, your sons does not do it, all your neighbours, your acquaintance, boys and girls detest you. Do you wonder, seeing you despise all things in comparison with gold, that no man regards you with that affection you by no means deserve ? But if you think to keep and retain for your friends the kinsfolk nature gives you, without any pain, as you own, you certainly lose your labour equally ; as if any one should train an ass to run upon the course obedient to the rein. Finally, let there be some period put to your pursuits ; and since you have more than sufficient be less afraid of poverty, and begin to finish your labour, that being gotten which you coveted ; nor act so as one Umidius (it is no long story) who was so rich, that he measured his money by the bushel, such a wretch however,

Your very name—and is it strange  
 That no one should good-will exchange,  
 With one so worthless as to prize  
 His self, above all social ties.  
 But wou'd you gain and keep your friends,  
 Whom nature without labour sends,  
 You'd lose your toil in that respect  
 By their refractory neglect:  
 As who shou'd take an ass to grace  
 The field, and enter for the race.  
 Put then a period to pursuit,  
 And how much more abundant fruit,  
 You from your diligence possess,  
 Dread want and poverty the less;  
 And cease from all this toil of thought,  
 That being found, for which you sought:  
 Nor do with your ill-gotten store  
 As one Umidius did of yore,  
 Who was (the tale will soon be told)  
 So rich, as ev'n to measure gold;  
 And yet for fear that he shou'd fast,  
 Clad, like a slave, unto his last.  
 But him, the flow'r of \* Tyndar's breed,  
 A woman he had lately freed,  
 With a good cleaver split in twain—  
 What part must then a man sustain!

\* A woman, who was in the spirit of Clytemnestra, the daughter  
 of Tyndarus, who killed Agamemnon with an axe.

Opprimeret, metuebat. At hunc liberta securi  
 Divisit medium, fortissima Tyndaridarum.  
 Quid mi igitur suades? Ut vivam Mænius? Aut sic  
 Ut Nomentanus? Pergis pugnantia secum  
 Frontibus adversis componere. Non ego, avarum  
 Quum veto te fieri, vappam jubeo ac nebulonem.  
 Est inter Tanaim quiddam, focerumque Vitelli.  
 Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,  
 Quos ultra, citraque nequit consistere rectum.  
 Illuc, unde abii, redeo: nemon' ut avarus  
 Se probet, et potius laudet diversa sequentes?  
 Quodque aliena capella gerat distentius uber,  
 Tabescat? Neque se majori pauperiorum  
 Turbæ comparet? Hunc atque hunc superare laboret?  
 Sic festinanti semper locupletior obstat.  
 Ut cum carceribus missos rapit ungula currus,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

however, that he never clad himself better than a slave. He was in terror to his very last hour, lest want of food should destroy him; but his freed-woman, the stoutest of all the daughters of Tyndarus, cut him asunder with an axe.—What therefore do you persuade me to—that I should live a Mænius, or so as Nomentanus?—You are running on to bring things together that fight one another, van against van. When I bid you not be a churl, I do not command you to be a prodigal, and a thief. There is some difference between Tanais and the son-in-law of Vitellius. There is a mean in things: finally, there are certain boundaries beyond, or on this side, of which rectitude cannot subsist.—I return now from whence I digressed.—Can no one, as the churl, approve of himself, and rather praises the followers of diverse pursuits; and pines, that his



Wou'd you of me a Mænius make,  
 Shall I like Nomentanus rake?—  
 Now you are going on to fight  
 With things, by nature opposite—  
 Commanded not to be a sneak,  
 You're not enjoyn'd all bounds to break ;  
 There is a medium to be had,  
 No doubt, 'twixt staring and stark mad.  
 To all things there's a mean assign'd,  
 And certain bounderies defin'd,  
 From which remov'd on either hand,  
 True rectitude can never stand.  
 But to return—what are there none  
 Dislike their lot, but churls alone ?  
 Nor for another's calling votes,  
 Nor grutches of his neighbour's goats,  
 And scruples to compare his state  
 With thousands more unfortunate !  
 But still is anxious to amass  
 What one or other may surpass :  
 When from the goal the coursers clear  
 The whirling car—the charioteer  
 Rushes on him that foremost speeds,  
 But scorns what he himself precedes.  
 And hence it is we rarely find  
 A man so perfectly resign'd,  
 As to declare this life he leaves,  
 A guest, that to the full receives:

18 Q. HORATII FLACCI SATYRARUM. L. I.

Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus, illum  
Præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.  
Inde fit ut raro qui se vixisse beatum  
Dicat, & exacto contentus tempore vitæ  
Cedat, uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.  
Jam satis est ne me Crispini scripia Lippi  
Compilasse putes, verbum non amplius addam.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

his neighbour's she-goat carries a fuller udder; nor compares himself with the greater number poorer than he? but labours to exceed first one, and then the other. Thus the rich man is always in the way of him that is hurrying to be so; as when

Now tis enough—and lest you think  
I've dipt in blear-eyed Crispin's ink,  
And stol'n my work from his 'scrutore,  
I will not add a sentence more.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

when the steed whirls along the chariot sent out of the starting-place, the chariotteer presses upon those coursers that beat his own, contemning him that he passed coming on amongst the hindmost. Hence it happens, that we seldom can find a man who can say he has lived happy, and content with his past time can recede from life like a guest who has had his fill.—At length it suffices, and I will not add one word more, lest you should think I have robbed the desk of the blear-eyed Crispinus.

## S A T. II.

*Exemplis dictum illud confirmat: Dum vitant stulti vitia  
in contraria currunt.*

**A**Mbubajarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,  
Mendici, mimæ balatrones: hoc genus omne  
Mœstum ac sollicitum est cantoris morte Tigelli.  
Quippe benignus erat, contra hic ne prodigus esse  
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,  
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere possit.  
Hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis  
Præclaram ingrata stringat malus ingluvie rem,  
Omnia conductis coemens obsonia nummis:  
Sordidus atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,  
Respondet, laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.  
Fusidius vappæ famam timet ac nebulonis,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

The society of minstrels, quacks, beggars, mimicks, tatterdemallions; all this generation is melancholy, and anxious on the death of Tigellius the singer—by reason he was generous to them—On the contrary, this man fearing lest he should be termed a prodigal, is unwilling to give an indigent friend enough to stave off cold, and the hardship of famishing! If you ask this person why he profligately spends the noble estate of his grandfire and father in tasteless gormandizing, purchasing with borrowed money all sorts of delicacies—He answers, it is because he is loth to be esteemed a churl, and of a little soul; for which he is commended by some, and blamed by others. Fusidius rich in land, rich in money put out at interest, dreads the character of an idle companion and a knave. This fellow when he lends money, cuts off five per cent.

S A T I R E II.

*By examples he confirms the adage: "while fools avoid  
"vices, they run into the opposite extremes."*

**E**ACH minstrel, quack, and strolling play'r,  
Each mine, and scrub is in despair,  
And with their ragged race deplore,  
Tigellius now can sing no more.  
The truth is, he was very good,  
And lib'ral to the brother-hood.  
Another, lest he comes to shame,  
Dreads such a spendthrift's very name;  
So close, he will not give a friend  
What cold and hunger may defend.  
Another, if you ask him why/  
His grandfire's, father's fortunes fly,  
While cash he borrows but to waste,  
And gratify his dainty taste,  
He answers, he wou'd not be deem'd  
Mean-spirited — which is esteem'd  
By some as matter worthy fame,  
By some of obloquy and blame.  
Fufidius, rich in free-hold land,  
And money lent at the best hand,  
Wou'd not be call'd a thief or rake.—  
He from the capital will take



Dives agris, dives posuis in fœnore nummis.  
 Quinas hic capiti me cedes exsecat: atque  
 Quanto perditior quisque est, tanto acrius urget,  
 Nomina sectatur, modo sumpta veste virili,  
 Sub patribus duris, tironum, Maxime, quis non,  
 Jupiter, exclamat, simulatque audit? at in se  
 Pro quæstis sumptum facit, hic. vix credere possis  
 Quam sibi non sit amicus; ita ut paterille, Terenti  
 Fabula quem miserum nato vixisse fugato  
 Inducit, non se pejus cruciaverit, atque hic.  
 Si quis nunc quærat, quo res hæc pertinet; illuc:  
 Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

cent. from the capital, and the more a rake-shame any one is, the much the more severely does he exact upon him. He goes in quest of the names of young novices, who were under hard fathers, and who have just put on the vestment of manhood. Who, when he has heard of such practices, does not exclaim, O sovereign Jupiter!—But this man perhaps lays out upon himself in proportion to his acquisitions—Ho? one can scarcely credit in what a degree he is a friend to himself; so that the father, which the comedy presents as wretched after he had driven his son away from him, did not torture himself worse than he—Now, if any one make enquiry to what purpose all this is—I answer to this—While fools avoid vices of one cast, they run upon the contrary extremes.

Some five per cent. upon the nail,  
 And the more desperate and frail  
 A man in circumstance is found,  
 Or life, the more he will be ground.  
 He hunts for names, and lies in wait  
 For youths arriv'd at man's estate,  
 Who just from rigid guardians came —  
 At this what man will not exclaim,  
 O sov'reign Jove! — But he we'll say,  
 Speeds in proportion to his pay,  
 While it is out of human creed  
 How much himself he will not heed;  
 So that the father, whom we see  
 Presented in the comedy,  
 And tortur'd at his booby's flight  
 Was not in such a wretched plight.  
 Now if you wou'd inquire, my friends,  
 To what this dissertation tends —  
 " Why fools by ill-concerted schemes,  
 " Shun vice for opposite extremes!"

## S A T. III.

*Eos primum reprehendit, qui, quum ad sua ipsorum vitia  
conniveant, in alienis videndis acumine oculorum valent.  
Deinde amatorum & patrum exemplo leviora vitia in  
amicitia dissimulanda esse docet. Postremo ad reprehen-  
sionem stoici paradoxo dilabitur, quo paria esse peccata  
dicunt.*

**O**Mnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos  
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati:  
Injussi nunquam desistant. Sardus habebat  
Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar, qui cogere posset,  
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non  
Quidquam proficeret. Si collibuisse, ab ovo  
Usque ad mala citaret, Jo Bacche, modo summa  
Voce, modo hac resonat quæ chordis quattuor ima.  
Nil æquale homini fuit illi. Sæpe velut qui  
Currebat fugiens hostem: persæpe velut qui  
Junonis sacra ferret. Habebat sæpe ducentos,  
Sæpe decem servos: modo reges atque tetrarchas,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

All singers have this fault, that amongst their friends they can never persuade themselves to sing, when desired, but uncommanded they never leave off. That Tigellius, the Sardinian, had this foible in a particular degree. If Cæsar, who cou'd have compelled him, besought him on account of his father's friendship and his own, he wou'd have profited nothing. But if the maggot bit, he would strike up *To Bacchus*, from the entering of the egg to the removal of the apples, one while

## S A T I R E III.

*First he calls those to account, who while they wink at their own vices, are quick-sighted at discovering those of others—He then shews, that, after the example of lovers and parents, in friendship small failings shou'd be cover'd. To conclude, he digresses to a refutation of that stoic paradox, in which all defaults are said to be equal.*

**T**HIS is the fault of all the quire,  
They will not sing at your desire,  
But, if you never beg a song  
They'll keep a quav'ring all day long.  
Tigellius, that Sardinian spark,  
Was a great proof of this remark,  
Had Cæsar, whose undoubted sway  
Might have compell'd him to obey,  
Pleaded, to make him shew his tone,  
His father's friendship and his own,  
He wou'd not yet with all have sped—  
But did he take it in his head,  
A bacchanalian catch he'd grace,  
From highest pitch to lowest bass;  
Or every note to every string,  
From egg to apple wou'd he ring.  
This man had not the least degree  
Of stedfast uniformity.

Omnia magna loquens modo sit mihi mensa tripes, &  
 Concha salis puri, & toga, quæ defendere frigus,  
 Quamvis crassa, queat. Decies centena dedisses  
 Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus  
 Nil erat in oculis, noctes vigilabat ad ipsum  
 Mane, diem totam stertebat. Nil fuit unquam  
 Sic impar tibi. Nunc aliquis dicat mihi, quid tu?  
 Nullane habes vitia? Imo alia, haud fortasse minora.  
 Mænius absentem Novium quum carperet, Heus tu,  
 (Quidam ait) ignoras te? an ut ignotum dare nobis  
 Verba putas? Egomet mi ignosco, Mænius inquit.  
 Stultus & improbus hic amor est, dignusque notari.  
 Quum tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis,  
 Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,  
 Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius? at tibi contra  
 Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursus & illi.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

while with the highest note of his voice, another with that which corresponds with the lowest string of the four. There was nothing equal in that fellow; oft he hurried on as one flying from the enemy; very often, as if he supported the things consecrated to Juno: he often kept two hundred slaves, often only ten; one while speaking of kings and tetrarchs, all things great; at another, "let me have but a three-legged table, and a shell of pure salt, and a gown, which may serve to drive off the cold, though a coarse one." Had you given ten hundred thousand sesterces to this frugal person, content with so little, by the space of five days there was nothing in his coffers. Of nights he watched to the very morning, and was snoring all the day; nothing was ever so much at odds with itself. Now some one may say to me, what do you do? Have you no vices—Yea of a different sort, and peradventure by no means less. When Mænius carped at the absent Novius, hark



Now wou'd he run as from a foe,  
 And now with solemn pace and flow,  
 As Juno's sacrifice he bore—  
 Now with two hundred slaves or more  
 He liv'd, and now with hardly ten—  
 One while of kings and mighty men  
 Was all his talk—another while  
 Submissive in this humble stile—  
 “ A three leg'd stool let me procure,  
 “ A little salt that's clean and pure,  
 “ A gown too, which tho' coarse and old,  
 “ May serve to keep me from the cold;  
 A million had you giv'n outright  
 To this same philosophic wight,  
 So full of thrift and of content,  
 In five days every festerce went.  
 Each night he sat up, till 'twas day,  
 And snored the sunshine all the way,  
 Never was heard of such an elf,  
 So much at variance with himself.  
 But here a friend his voice exalts,  
 And asks me if I have not faults—  
 “ Why yes I have, and, if you please,  
 “ At least about as bad as these”—  
 At absent Novius Mænius rail'd,  
 When thus a chap his ear assail'd,  
 To your own failings are you blind,  
 Or wou'd you cozen all mankind!  
 Cries Mænius, I can soon excuse  
 Myself for all my selfish views—

Iracundior est paulo, minus aptus acutis  
 Naribus horum hominum : rideri possit, eo quod  
 Rusticius tonso toga defluit & male laxus  
 In pede calceus hæret, at est bonus, ut melior vir  
 Nom alius quisqam, at tibi amicus: at ingenium ingens  
 Inculto latet hoc sub corpore. Denique te ipsum  
 Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inseverit olim  
 Natura, aut etiam consuetudo mala : namque  
 Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris,  
 Illuc prævertamur : amatorem quod amicæ  
 Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia. Aut etiam ipsa hæc  
 Delectant : veluti Balbinum polypus Agnæ.  
 Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus : & isti  
 Errori nomem virtus posuisset honestum.  
 At, pater ut gnati, sic nos debemus amici,  
 Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire : strabonem

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

hark you (says a certain person) do you not understand yourself? Or do you think to chouse us by passing for an unknown character? I myself forgive myself, cries Mænius. This is a foolish and flagitious partiality, and worthy to be branded. When you look over your own evil habits, purblind with your eyes undocor'd, why have you in the foibles of your friends a discernment as quick as an eagle, or the Epidaurion serpent! But on the other hand it happens to you, that they make enquiry into your faults again. A certain man is rather too much given to wrath; but little suited to the arch sallies of these men: he may be ridiculed, because his gown hangs down from his person, trimm'd in a clownish manner, and his loose shoes badly stick to his feet. But he is good in that degree, that there is no one better; but he is a friend to you, but a prodigious genius lies hid under his neglected person. Upon the whole, list yourself soundly, whether nature, or even a bad

This is a foolish vicious love,  
 Whose partial way we should reprove,  
 Since you wou'd wink with both your eyes  
 On all your own impurities,  
 Why when your neighbours mis-demean,  
 As eagle or as dragon keen  
 Do you inspect.—You may depend  
 That in his turn each injur'd friend  
 Will like to do the same by you,  
 As sharp and as censorious too.

A certain man's too prone to rage,  
 Not well adapted to engage  
 With the shrewd wittings of the town,  
 And may be laugh'd at, that his gown  
 On his rough person loosely flows,  
 With shoes scarce cleaving to his toes.

But he is good to that degree,  
 There is no better man than he,  
 Your friend, and under this disguise  
 A most stupendous genius lies.  
 Then sift yourself, and make essay,  
 If nature, or an evil way,  
 Have sown no *undiscover'd* seeds  
 Of vice, for 'mongst the other weeds,  
 The fern, that shou'd be burnt, will yield  
 His crop, in each uncultur'd field.

But to forearm in some respects—  
 E'en as a mistress's defects  
 Deceive at least, if not delight  
 The lover—or (a case to cite)

Appellat pætum pater : & pullum, male parvus  
 Si cui filius est. Ut abortivus fuit olim  
 Sisyphus, hunc, varum, distortis cruribus, illum  
 Balbutit scaurum, pravis fultum male talis.  
 Parcius hic vivit : frugi dicatur. Ineptus  
 Et jactantior, hic paulo est : concinnus amicis  
 Postulat ut videatur. At est truculentior, atque  
 Plus æquo liber : simplex fortisque habeatur,  
 Caldior est : acres inter numeretur, opinor  
 Hæc res & jungit, junctos & servat amicos.  
 At, nos virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque  
 Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. probus quis  
 Nobiscum vivit? multum est demissus homo, illi  
 Tardo cognomen pingui damus. Hic fugit omnes  
 Insidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum?  
 (Quum genus hoc inter vitæ versetur : ubi acris

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

a bad course of practice has a long time sown in you any vices:  
 For the brake, which ought to be burned, springs up in the  
 unweeded fields. But let us anticipate ourselves in this man-  
 ner—As his mistress's foul defects deceive the blind lover, or  
 even these delight him (as for instance the wen of Agna pleases  
 Balbinus) so I could wish we were to err in friendship, and  
 that Virtue had given an honourable name to such an error.  
 And as a father should not disdain his son, if he has any blemish,  
 so we ought not to condemn the defects of a friend.  
 The father styles his squinting boy a leering rogue; and if any  
 man has a little ill-begotten boy, such as the abortive Sisyphus  
 was some time ago, he calls it his bantam; though a child  
 with crooked legs he calls a Varus; another body supported  
 by weak ancles he fondles by the name of Scaurus. This  
 person lives more close than he should do, let him be called a  
 man of thrift: Another is impertinent and too boastful, he

Balbious doats upon the wen  
 Of his dear Agna—O that men  
 Wou'd thus in friendship be to blame,  
 Till Virtue found an honest name  
 For such a fault—let us be mild  
 To friends, as parents to a child;  
 And not for blemishes annoy—  
 The father calls his squinting boy  
 A leering archer full of fun,  
 And if a man has got a son,  
 Like Sisyphus, but two-feet tall,  
 Why him his bantam will he call.  
 One crooked leg'd, with fondling whine,  
 He ranks as of the Vari-line;  
 And if club-footed, then he smiles,  
 And of the house of Scaurus stiles.  
 One lives too thrifty, let him be  
 Your fav'rite for frugality:  
 Another's light and apt to boast,  
 He of his humour makes the most  
 To entertain—another's rude  
 To take large freedom, and intrude,  
 Let him be call'd sincere and brave—  
 Another's hot, and giv'n to rave,  
 But he's a man of spirit still—  
 For such ways gain and keep good-will—  
 But we the virtues ev'n invert,  
 On purest vessels throwing dirt.  
 A man of probity we find  
 As guilty of an abject mind;



Invidia atque vigent ubi crimina) pro bene sano  
 Ac non incauto, fictum astutumque vocamus.  
 Simplicior si quis (qualem me sæpe libenter  
 Obtulerim tibi Mæcenas) ut forte legentem  
 Aut tacitum impellat quovis sermone molestus :  
 Communi sensu plane caret, inquit. Eheu  
 Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam  
 Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur : optimus ille est,  
 Qui minimis urgetur. Amicus dulcis, ut æquum est,  
 Cum mea compenset vitiis bona : pluribus hisce,  
 (Si modo plura mihi bona sunt) inclinet : amari  
 Si volet. Hac lege, in trutina ponetur eadem :  
 Qui ne tuberibus propriis offendant amicum,  
 Postulat, ignoscat verrucis illius, æquum est,  
 Peccatis veniam poscentem, reddere rursus.  
 Denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium iræ,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

begs the favour that he may appear acceptable to his friends : but if a man is full boisterous, and apt to take too great freedoms, let him be deemed a man of simplicity and courage. I suppose, this thing both conciliates friends and preserves them. But we invert the very virtues, and are eager to throw dirt upon the unpolluted vessel. If a man of probity live amongst us, he (we say) is an exceeding abject fellow ; to another that is slow we give the name of stupid : this man shuns every snare, and exposes his naked side (lays himself open) to no ill-meaning person (since we are conversant amongst such a race in this life, where bitter envy, and where crimes in general thrive) instead of one well in his senses, and not unwary, we call him hypocritical and crafty. If any one is more unreserved than ordinary (in such a manner as I have often obtruded myself upon you, Mæcenas) so as peradventure to interrupt one reading, or in silent meditation, by being troublesome with  
 any

If one amongst us too is slow,  
 On him the blockhead we bestow.  
 Another's cautious of a snare,  
 Nor ever lays his bosom bare  
 To bad men (as he lives in times  
 With envy fraught and thriving crimes)  
 Him stead of prudent and discrete  
 We term a man of dark deceit.  
 If one is unreserv'd and free  
 To such familiarity,  
 As I with you, Mæcenas, use,  
 And interrupt you, when you muse,  
 Or read—with any kind of prate  
 Intrusive or importunate—  
 At such a guest they take offence  
 And swear the man wants common sense.  
 How injudiciously, alas!  
 A law against ourselves we pass;  
 For no one without faults is bred,  
 Who has the fewest, is the head.  
 When my dear friend (as justice pleads)  
 Weighs 'gainst my bad my better deeds,  
 Let him, if he wou'd win my heart,  
 Incline unto the major part,  
 If such indeed my virtues prove,  
 Then in requital of his love,  
 The self-same scale shall be applied,  
 Whene'er he's summon'd to be tried.

Cætera item nequeunt stultis hærentia: cur non  
 Ponderibus modulisque suis ratio utitur? ac res  
 Ut quæque est, ita suppliciiis delicta coercet?  
 Si quis eum servum, patinam qui tollere jussus,  
 Semefos pisces tepidumque ligurrierit jus,  
 In cruce suffigat. Labeone insanior inter  
 Sanos dicatur? quanto hoc furiosius, atque  
 Majus peccatum est? paulum deliquit amicus:  
 Quod nisi concedas, habere insuavis: acerbus  
 Odisti: & fugis, ut Drusonem debitor æris:  
 Qui nisi, quum tristes misero venere calendæ,  
 Mercede aut numeros unde unde extricat, amaras  
 Porrecto jugulo historias, captivus ut audit.  
 Comminxit lectum potus: mensæve catillum

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

any talk that comes uppermost; we say, such a fellow evidently is without common sense. Alas! how rashly do we pass an injurious law against ourselves! for no one is born without faults, and he is the best man who is afflicted with the least, when my loving friend (as is equal) estimates my good properties against my bad ones, let him incline to a majority of the former (I have more good properties) if he is willing to be endeared to me; upon this bargain, he shall be put in the same scale. He who demands that his friends should not take offence at his own great excrescencies, should pardon his warts. It is just, that, he who begs excuse for his faults, should grant it in turn. Finally, for as much as the vice of wrath, as well as others inherent to foolish men, cannot be wholly cut off, why does not reason use the due weights and measures, and so restrain faults by punishments, as every case is. If any man should nail to the cross a slave, that, upon being commanded to remove the dish, should lick up the half eaten fish, and warm stew, he would be pronounced madder than Labeo, amongst sound people. How much more frantic and outrageous is a crime like this! your friend has  
 been

He that requires his humpt-back shape  
 Shou'd his friends ridicule escape,  
 May certainly himself exhort  
 To wink upon his neighbour's wart.  
 'Tis equal, who for pardon sues  
 Shou'd not in turn, that grace refuse.

In fine, since wrath amongst the rest  
 Of crimes, that foolish men infest,  
 Cannot be totally suppress'd ;  
 Why does not human reason rate  
 Things by its measure and its weight,  
 And only punish faults, as far  
 As guilt or provocation are.  
 If any one his slave shou'd slay,  
 Who when he's bid to take away,  
 Sequesters one half-eaten fish,  
 Or licks warm broth from out the dish,  
 His madness wou'd give more offence,  
 Than Labeo, with all men of sense.  
 But greater still 'gainst reason's laws  
 Are follies play'd without a cause.  
 Your friend has done some slight affair,  
 Which if you don't forgive and spare,  
 You shou'd be call'd severe and sour,  
 And yet you from his presence scow'r,  
 With equal hatred and dismay  
 As Druso's debtor *on the day*,  
 Who when the cruel Calends come,  
 If neither int'rest nor the sum



Euandri manibus tritum deiecit. ob hanc rem,  
 Aut positum ante meâ quia pullum in parte catini  
 Sustulit esuriens: minus hoc jucundus amicus  
 Sit mihi? quid faciam, si furtum fecerit? aut si  
 Prodiderit commissâ fide? sponsumve negarit?  
 Queis paria esse fere placuit peccata, laborant,  
 Quum ventum ad verum est: sensus moresq; repugnant,  
 Atque ipsa utilitas, iusti prope mater & æqui.  
 Quum proreperunt primis animalia terris,  
 Mutum & turpe pecus, glandem atq; cubilia propter  
 Unguibus & pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro  
 Pugnant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus:  
 Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,  
 Nominaque invenere, dehinc absistere bello,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

been a little tardy; which, unless you forgive, you should be reckoned a harsh and severe fellow; yet you detest him and shun him, as a man that owes money does Druso; who when the rueful Calends come upon the miserable sinner, unless he scrapes up from all quarters the whole sum, or a præmium, is forced to hear his vexatious long stories, with his throat stretched out like a captive going to be sacrificed. A certain person in his cups has watered my couch, or thrown down a piece of Crockery worn by the hands of Evander; shall he for this matter, or because, when hungry, he has taken a chicken before me out of my side of the dish, be a less acceptable friend to me! what shall I do, if he should commit a theft, or if he should betray things intrusted to him upon honour, or deny his promises? They who are pleased to have it that all crimes are nearly upon a par, falter, when one comes to the direct truth, good sense and morals are repugnant, and convenience itself, almost the parent of that which is just and equitable. When animals crept forth from the first earth, the dumb and filthy herd fought with their claws and fists for acorns and lurking places, then with clubs, and so at last with arms,  
 which



He can procure, by hook or crook,  
Must hear him read his *doom's-day-book*,  
His servile throat in posture put,  
As if preferring to be cut.

Suppose my friend has by his ale  
Been forc'd upon my couch to stale,  
Or at my board a dish has broke  
Which for \* Evander was bespoke.  
For this—or when the servants bring  
A chicken, shou'd devour a wing,  
Which to my seat was rather near,  
Shall he for this be held less dear?  
What can I do, if he should steal,  
Or things of secrecy reveal,  
Or break his word?—They who decry  
All crimes as of an equal die,  
Are gravel'd, when you come to facts—  
For other laws good sense enacts,  
Sound morals, and convenience too,  
Source of all justice, that we do.  
When first upon the new-form'd earth  
Poor mortals crawl'd out from their birth,  
A race but just remov'd from brutes,  
For caves and caverns their disputes  
They did with nails and fists decide,  
But by degrees their clubs they plied,

\* Of such valuable antiquity that it might be supposed to have belonged to Evander, who entertained Æneas upon his landing in Italy.

Oppida cœperunt munire, & ponere leges,  
 Ne quis fur esset, neu latro, neu quis adulter.  
 Nam fuit ante Helenam mulier teterrima belli  
 Causa sed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi,  
 Quos Venerem incertam rapientes, more ferarum,  
 Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus.  
 Jura inventa metu injusti fateare necesse est,  
 Tempora si, fastosque velis evolvere mundi,  
 Nec natura potest justo secernere iniquum,  
 Dividit ut bona diversis, fugienda petendis :  
 Nec vincet ratio hoc, tamtundem ut peccet, idemq;  
 Qui teneros caules alieni fregerit horti,  
 Et qui nocturnus diyum sacra legerit, adsit  
 Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas :

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

which experience afterwards had forged ; till they found out words and names, by which they might denote sounds and sense : thenceforward they began to desist from wars, to fortify towns, and enact laws, that no person might be a thief, a robber, or adulterer. For before Helen was there many a woman, a most horrible cause of war : but they fell by obscure deaths, whom seizing upon promiscuous venery, in the manner of wild beasts, the men exalted in strength slew, as the bull does in the herd. One must necessarily confess, if you choose to turn over the periods and records of the world, that laws were invented through the dread of injustice ; nor can nature distinguish equity from iniquity, so as she separates that which is good from its contrary ; and those things, which are to be avoided, from those to which she must have a propensity ; nor will any reason evince this, that he who breaks down the cabbage-stalks of his neighbour's garden commits as great an offence, and to the same amount as he who by night does a sacrilege against the Gods. Let there be a determinate rule, which may adjudge punishments suitable to

And at the last with arms they fought,  
 Which long experience forg'd and taught,  
 Till \* words at length, and names they found,  
 To ascertain their thoughts by sound.  
 Hence they began from war to pause,  
 To wall in towns, and 'stablish laws;  
 That theft should not unpunish'd be,  
 Nor rapine, nor adultery,  
 For long before fair Helen's charms  
 Had woman set the world in arms,  
 But all those savages are fled,  
 And all without memorial dead,  
 Who, like the tenants of the wild,  
 With vagrant lust themselves defil'd,  
 As still the strong the weaker slew,  
 And did as bulls for heifers do.  
 Now laws were a preventive aid  
 For fear of man's injustice made,  
 This all must evidence, who mind  
 Each age, and hist'ry of mankind:  
 Nor can mere nature sep'rate right  
 From wrong, by as distinct a light,  
 As she can sever good from ill,  
 Or what shou'd check, or tempt the will:  
 Nor e'er can reason make it plain,  
 That he's as much a rogue in grain,

\* The understanding of Horace was so benighted, that he supposed  
 language to be gradual, and of human invention—nevertheless The  
 Lord is the Word, and all good words proceed from him, as sure as  
 nonsense and cant are derivable from the Adversary.

Ne scuticâ dignum horribili sectere flagello.  
 Nam ut ferulâ cædas meritum majora subire  
 Verbera, non vereor: quum dicas esse pares res  
 Furta latrocinii: & magnis parva mineris  
 Falce recisurum simili te, si tibi regnum  
 Permittant homines. Si dives, qui sapiens est  
 Et sutor bonus, & solus formosus, & est rex:  
 Cur optas quod habes? Non nosti, quid pater, inquit,  
 Chrysippus dicat: Sapiens crepidas sibi nunquam  
 Nec soleas fecit: sutor tamen est sapiens, quo?  
 Ut quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen, atq;  
 Optimus est modulator, ut Alfenus vaser, omni  
 Adjecto instrumento artis, clausaque tabernâ,  
 Sutor erat: sapiens operis sic optimus omnis

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

to the respective crimes; lest you should persecute him with the dreadful thong, who deserves no more than the rod; for I am not afraid that you should beat with the ferule, one that merits greater stripes; since you affirm that petty larcenary is equal to felony, and menace, that you would cut off small and great faults with an equal weeding-hook, if men were to give you the dominion over them.—\* If he who is a philosopher be rich, and a good shoemaker, and alone truly comely and a king, why do you wish for that which you have? You do not know (says the stoick) what father Crypsippus says, the philosopher never made himself slippers or shoe-soles, and yet the philosopher is a cobbler notwithstanding.—How!—why as Hermogenes is a singer, and an excellent composer of musick, though he opens not his mouth; and as the crafty Alfenus (turned lawyer) every tool of his calling being cast away, and his shop shut up, was still a cobbler: this is the philosopher,

\* The philosopher of the Stoicks (according to Crypsippus) was not only, verily, and indeed a king, but also of all trades and professions.

Satire 3. THE SATIRES OF HORACE. 3

Who breaks for sprouts his neighbour's hedge,  
As he that does a sacrilege.  
Some certain rule then let us state  
To make chastisement adequate,  
Lest him you scourge severe and rash,  
Who scarce deserves a single lash,  
For I do not the least surmise,  
That you will with the rod chastise  
Him that deserves more dreadful doom,  
Since your assertions so presume,  
That theft is of as great a die  
In guilt, as high-way robbery,  
And threaten you wou'd cut off all  
Defaults alike, both great and small,  
If man wou'd give you sov'reign sway—  
So much for what the Stoicks say.

If he is rich who's wise withall,  
Tho' but a cobbler in his stall,  
The beauty of the world alone,  
And king upon an endless throne,  
Why pray for what is in your hand?  
You do not, surely, understand,  
What he, the fire of all our sect,  
Crysisippus says in this respect,  
“ The wise-man makes himself no sole,  
“ Yet is a cobbler on the whole.”  
How's this—Hermogenes, tho' dumb,  
His voice can raise and harp can thrum,



Est opifex solus, sic rex, vellunt tibi barbam  
 Lascivi pueri: quos tu nisi fuste coeeres,  
 Urgeris turbâ circum te stante: miserque  
 Rumperis, & latras, magnorum maxime regum.  
 Ne longum faciam, dum tu quadrante lavatum  
 Rex ibis: neque te quisquam stipator, ineptum  
 Præter Crispinum, sectabitur: & mihi dulces  
 Ignoscent, si quid peccavero stultus, amici;  
 Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter,  
 Privatusque magis vivam te rege beatus.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

philosopher, the very best workman at all occupations, thus is he alone a monarch.—The roguish boys pluck you by the beard, whom unless you discipline with your staff, you, O greatest of great kings, shall be pressed upon by the surrounding mob, and in a state of such misery you shall burst and bark. That I may not be too long about this business, while you, O king, shall go to bathe for a farthing, and no attendant shall follow you, except the trifling Crispinus; and my dear friends shall excuse me in any matter, where I shall unwittingly offend, I also in my turn, shall willingly bear with their foibles, and thus in a state of privacy I shall live more happily than you, a pretended sovereign.

Alfenus thus, in lawyer's gown,  
 His awl, and implements laid down.  
 Himself a cobbler still affirms—  
 The stoick on no other terms  
 Is jack-of-all-trades and a king—  
 The boys, that round you form a ring,  
 Will pluck your beard, and by the press  
 You shall be brought to last distress,  
 And snarl and burst your lungs in vain  
 Unless your staff the mob restrain  
 Supreme of monarchs—but to wave  
 Prolixity—while you shall lave  
 Your body in the farthing bath,  
 Cryssippus following your path,  
 And my dear friends shall set aside  
 The things, in which my feet shall slide,  
 Why in return I shall enlarge  
 My heart, to give them their discharge.  
 In private life for more THE THING,  
 Than your imaginary king.

## S A T. IV.

*Lucilius veteres Comicos Græcos sequutus mordacem  
fuisse ait. Sua tamen Scripta non itidem legi ostendit,  
quum bona pars hominum sibi vitii alicujus conscia, se  
ibi perstringi sciant. Se alioqui virulentia carere, ac  
tantum jocosè & velut paterna, quadam castigatione ad  
deterrendos à vitiis homines uti profitetur.*

**E**Upolis, atque Cratinus, Aristophanesque poetæ,  
Atq; aliis quorum comœdia prisca virorum est:  
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur,  
Quod mœchus foret, aut ficarius, aut alioqui  
Famosus: multâ cum libertate notabant.  
Hinc omnis pendet Lucilius, hosce sequutus,  
Mutatis tantum pedibus numerisque, facetus.  
Emunctæ naris, durus componere versus.  
Nam fuit hoc vitiosus: in horâ sæpe ducentos  
Ut magnum, versus dictabat, stans pede in uno.  
Quum fluere lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles;  
Garrulus, atque piger scribendi ferre laborem,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Eupolis and Cratinus, and Aristophanes the poets, and other persons also of whom is the ancient comedy, if there was any one worthy to be notified, that he was a bad man, or a thief, an adulterer, or otherwise of evil fame, they branded him with much freedom. From these masters Lucilius totally is derived, following them, their feet and numbers only being changed: a man of humour, of great sagacity, but harsh in the

## SATIRE IV.

*He asserts that Lucillius was particularly tart, by following the ancient comedy amongst the Grecians—  
However he shews his own writings are not to be read in the same view, since (as they were satirical in the general) the most part of mankind conscious of some vice or other, understand themselves to be hinted at therein.  
Otherwise he professes himself clear of virulence, and to deter men from vice with pleasantry, and by a fatherly kind of chastisement.*

CRATINUS, Eupolis, with these  
And others Aristophanes,  
Who made their comedies of yore  
If any man on any score,  
Was worthy of a shameful note  
They branded him, in what they wrote,  
With perfect freedom and by name,  
As thief, adult'rous son of shame,  
Cut-throat, or any otherwise  
Disgrac'd—with them Lucillius vies,  
On them depends upon the whole  
By changing feet, and measure droll;  
Keen—but still making verses halt,  
For this was his peculiar fault,  
Two hundred verses in an hour  
(As a great work to shew his pow'r)

Scribendi recte, nam ut multum, nil moror, ecce,  
 Crispinus minimo me provocat: accipe si vis,  
 Accipe jam tabulas, detur nobis locus, hora,  
 Custodes: videamus uter plus scribere possit.  
 Dii bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli  
 Finxerunt animi, raro & perpauca loquentis.  
 At tu conclusas hircinis follibus auras,  
 Usque laborantes dum ferrum molliat ignis,  
 Ut mavis, imitare, beatus Fannius, ultro  
 Delatis capsis & imagine: quum mea nemo  
 Scripta legat, vulgo recitare timentis: ob hanc rem  
 Quod sunt quos genus hoc minime juvat: utpote plures  
 Culpari dignos: quemvis media erue turba,  
 Aut ob avaritiam, aut misera ambitione laborat:  
 Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic puer horum:  
 Hunc capit argenti splendor, stupet Albius ære:  
 Hic mutat merces surgente à sole, ad eum quo  
 Vespertina tepet regio: quin per mala præceps

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the structure of his verses; for in this respect he was inaccurate; he would frequently, as a mighty matter, deliver two hundred verses in an hour, standing upon one foot. As he flowed muddy, there was something still that you would wish to clear away; full of words, and too idle to take pains in his writing; in writing well I mean, for with regard to the quantity I do not stand upon it. Here Crispinus challenges me for ever so small a bet. Take (if you choose it) even now take tablets: let us have an appointed place, hour, and umpires; then let us see who can scribble most. The gods have done well by me, that they have made me of poor and pusillanimous disposition, rarely speaking and then but in few words: but do you, as you had rather, resemble air put up in the bellows, made of goat's skin, which is continually at work



Oft wou'd he dictate to his gueſt,  
 Still ſtanding hip-hop for a jeſt.  
 Mean-time, while muddy was his lay,  
 There was, what one wou'd wiſh away—  
 Verboſe—too indolent to bear  
 The toil of writing and the care,  
 That is the care of writing *clean*,  
 For *much* is not the thing I mean.  
 But here Crifpinus' wrath I whet  
 To challenge me at any bet.  
 “Your tablets take, this inſtant take,  
 “A trial if you chooſe to make,  
 “Appoint your umpires, hour and place,  
 “To ſee who writes the greateſt pace”—  
 The gods have done the beſt of all  
 To make my ſpirit poor and ſmall,  
 Who ſeldom ſpeak and then but ſpare,  
 While you may imitate the air,  
 That's in the leathern bellows pent,  
 There puffs and blows and is not ſpent,  
 Until the iron's ſoft and red—  
 The happy Fannius ſure is ſped,  
 Who in the library has thruſt  
 Unbid, both manuſcripts and buſt.  
 While not a ſoul will read my verſe  
 Who am too tim'rous to rehearſe,  
 My works in publick—now the cauſe  
 Why few will give, *this kind* applauſe  
 Is that the major part are wrong—  
 Take whom you will from out the throng;

Fertur, uti pulvis collectus turbine: ne quid  
 Summâ deperdat metuens, aut ampliet ut rem.  
 Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas,  
 Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge, dummodo risum  
 Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parceret amico:  
 Et quodcunque semel chartis illeverit, omnes  
 Gestiet à forno redeuntēs scire, lacuque,  
 Et pueros, & anus: agedum, pauca accipe contra,  
 Primum ego meillorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,  
 Excerptam numero, neque enim concludere versum  
 Dixeris esse satis: neque, si quis scribat uti nos,  
 Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam:  
 Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os  
 Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.  
 Idcirco quidam, comœdia, necne poema  
 Effet, quæsiwere: quod acer spiritus ac vis  
 Nec verbis nec rebus inest: nisi quod pede certo  
 Differt sermoni sermo merus, at pater ardens

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

work till the fire mollifies the iron. Fannius is a happy man, his manuscripts and bust being of his own head, carried into the Augustan library, when no one will read my writings, who am afraid to recite publicly, for this reason, because there are some, whom this kind of composition by no means pleases, as the most part are worthy to be blamed. Take any man out of the multitude, he either labours under an avaritious habit, or thro' miserable ambition. This person is infatuated by a love for married women; one for one thing, and one for another. That fellow the lustre of silver plate takes with: Albius is stupidly fond of brazen busts, another barter his merchandizes from the rising sun to that with which the western-clime is heated; moreover he is carried headlong thro' perils, as dust collected in a-whirlwind; ap-  
 pre-

Or avarice perverts his ways,  
 Or desperate ambition sways.  
 One's mad upon his neighbour's wives,  
 In other filth some waste their lives.  
 This on his silver side-board glotes,  
 Albius on brazen statues doats :  
 One with his merchandize will run,  
 From eastern to the western sun,  
 Thro' every ill with sails unfurl'd,  
 Like dust that in the wind is whirl'd,  
 Rush headlong, lest a want should come  
 To take a farthing from his sum,  
 Or to enlarge his stock—all these  
 The muse alarms, the bards displease.  
 " There's hay upon his horn—fly, fly,  
 " Can he but raise a laugh, they cry,  
 " He'll not his father's failings brook,  
 " And, what's once enter'd in his book,  
 " To young and old he'll publick make  
 " Who come from bake-house or the lake."

But come my refutation hear,  
 As I in my behalf appear.  
 First then I will myself reject  
 From men of the poetic sect ;  
 'Tis not sufficient for the name,  
 That merely metre we can frame.  
 Now if a fellow writes like me  
 As near to prose, as verse can be,

Sævit, quod meretrice nepos insanit amica  
 Filius, uxorem grandi cum dote recuset :  
 Ebrius & (magnum quod dedecus) ambulet ante  
 Noctem cum facibus. nunquid Pomponius istis  
 Audiret leviora, pater si viveret ? ergo  
 Non satis est puris versum perscribere verbis :  
 Quem si dissolvas, quis vis stomachetur eodem  
 Quo personatus pacto pater. his, ego quæ nunc,  
 Olim quæ scripsit Lucilius, eripias si (est  
 Tempora certa, modosq; & quod prius ordine verbum  
 Posterius facias, præponens ultima primis :  
 Non, ut si solvas, *Postquam discordia tetra*  
*Belli ferratos postes portasque refregit :*  
 Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

prehesive, lest he shou'd lose any thing out of his stock, or that he may augment his finances. All these dread verses, and detest poets. "He has hay upon his horn; shun him  
 " at a great distance; if he can only raise himself a laugh, he  
 " will not spare any friend: and what he has once scrawl'd  
 " upon his paper, he will be pleased that all the boys and  
 " old women shou'd understand in returning from the bake-  
 " house, or water-side." Come, hark you me in a few words to contradict all this. First then I will except myself from the number of such, whom I wou'd admit to be poets; nor shou'd you say it is sufficient to conclude a verse, nor if any one write, as I do, nearer to common discourse, must you suppose him to be a poet. Give him the glory of this name, who has a genius, who has a spirit more divine, and a mouth ready to resound great achievements. On this account, some have made a question if comedy be a poem properly speaking, or not, because the lively spirit of energy are neither in the words nor the subject; being absolute prose, saving that it varies from prose by determinate feet. But  
 (here

Satire 4. THE SATIRES OF HORACE. 51

You must not think he has the *vein*—  
 But one of a diviner strain,  
 Who has a genius and a tongue,  
 By which eternal things are sung ;  
 On him this glorious praise confer—  
 Hence things of comic character  
 If fairly they can be giv'n out  
 As poems some have made a doubt :  
 Because both words, and things of course,  
 Have neither spirit, fire, or force ;  
 Men talk, or, if from talk disjoin'd,  
 By measure of prosaic kind.  
 But yet you'll say the fire's in rage  
 Because his son the whores engage,  
 Who for their sakes neglects a wife,  
 And all the wealth and sweets of life,  
 A drunkard and (O shame to say)  
 With flambeaus in the blaze of day.  
 What ? wou'd the loose Pomponius hear  
 One word less grand, and less severe,  
 Granting his father were alive  
 Hence 'twill not answer to contrive,  
 The verses in a style compleat,  
 All which, if you displace the feet,  
 A peasant in his wrath might say,  
 As well as Demea in the play,  
 If from those lines I now indite,  
 Or those Lucillius us'd to write,



Haftenus hæc: alias, iustum fit necne poema.  
 Nunc illud tantum quæram meritone tibi fit  
 Suspectum genus hoc scribendi. Sulcius acer  
 Ambulat, & Caprius, rauci malè, cumq; libellis  
 Magnus uterque timor latronibus: at bene si quis  
 Et puris vivat manibus, contemnat utrumque.  
 Ut sis tu similis Cœli Birrique latronum,  
 Non ego sim Capri, neque Sulci: cur metuas me?  
 Nulla taberna meos habeat, neque pila libellos,  
 Queis manus insudat vulgi, Hermogenisq; Tigelli?  
 Non recito cuiquam, nisi amicis, idque coactus:  
 Non ubivis, coramve quibustibet. in medio qui  
 Scripta foro recitent, sunt multi: quique lavantes:  
 Suave locus voci resonat conclusus, inanes

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

(here one may say) the passionate father rages, because his son, a profligate, distractedly in love with his harlot mistress, rejects a wife with a grand dowry; a drunkard and (what is an extreme disgrace) parades about with torches before night-time. Wou'd Pomponius however, if his father was living, hear gentler reprehensions? Wherefore it does not suffice to write verses, with mere propriety of language, which verses if you take to pieces, any body may be in dudgeon in the same manner as the personated father. If these lines which I write now, and Lucillius did of yore, you abridge of certain beats and measures, and make that which was first in construction the latter, by placing the succeeding words before them that had the lead, you will not discover the members of the poet torn to shatters, in the same manner, as you wou'd, were you to analyze this passage of Ennius.

——— When discord dire  
 Had burst the bars in twain, and open threw  
 The iron gates of war. ———

So

The measure and the pause you take,  
 And the last words the former make,  
 You cou'd not find, but wholly lose  
 The members of the mangled muse  
 Not so if Ennius thus you use.

WHAT TIME DIRE DISCORD BURST THE BARS,  
 AND FORC'D THEIR IRON PORTS OF MARS.

So far of this—another place  
 Shall be reserv'd by me to trace  
 If comedy's by scene and plot  
 A poem fairly term'd or not.

But now I only shall debate,  
 Whether this kind you justly hate.

Sharp Salcius and Caprius hoarse,  
 As their indictment they enforce

Both to the gang great terror give,  
 But if a man discretely live,

He may condemn them both—Tho' you  
 Like Cœlus, and like Birrus too,

Upon the road have made full free,  
 I am not Caprius—fear not me.

To shop, nor stall my volumes come,  
 There for the sweaty mob to thumb,

Nor for Hermogenes to hum.  
 I never but to friends repeat,

Nor that, but when they much intreat;  
 Not any where to any croud—

Many there are, that read aloud

Hoc juvat, haud illud quærentes, num sine sensu,  
 Tempore num faciant alieno. lædere gaudes,  
 Inquis, & hoc studio pravus facis : unde petitur  
 Hoc in me jaci? est autor quis denique eorum,  
 Vixi cum quibus? absentem qui redit amicum,  
 Qui non defendit, alio culpante: solutos  
 Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis:  
 Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere  
 Qui nequit: hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.  
 Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos:  
 E quibus unus avet quavis aspergere cunctos,  
 Præter eum qui præbet aquam: post, hunc quoque potus,  
 Condita quum verax aperit præcordia Liber,  
 Hic tibi comis, & urbanus, liberque videtur,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

So far on this head. In another place I may enquire, whether comedy be justly called a poem or not; now I shall only ask whether this kind of writing, that I use, be deservedly an object of your jealousy. The keen Sulcius and Caprius sadly hoarse, walk about, and that too with their articles of impeachment, both of them a great terror to robbers; but if a man lives a good life, and with clean hands, he may scorn them both. Tho' you may be like the ruffians Cœlus and Birrus; I do not resemble the thief-takers Caprius and Sulcius: Why should you be apprehensive of me? no shop nor stall can have my books, which the sweaty hands of the rabble, or Hermogenes Tigellius may thumb. I recite not to any one, except my friends, and that only, when I am forced to do it; not at any place, and in the presence of any body. There are sundry, that repeat their writings in the midst of the market-place, and some who do it, when at the bath; the confined place forsooth resounds sweetly to the voice. This delights empty fellows, never enquiring whether they do this without thought, or at an improper time! But you (says some one)

Ev'n in the market, for the springs  
 Where people bathe—when he that sings  
 May by the closeness of the place  
 Give to his voice a finer grace,  
 To coxcombs this a grateful task;  
 Who never have the sense to ask  
 About the purpose, or the time—  
 But here they brand me with the crime  
 Of hurting with a bad intent—  
 From whence can this 'gainst me be meant?  
 Is any then your voucher, say,  
 With whom I've liv'd unto this day,  
 He, who backbites his absent friend,  
 Nay more, who does not still defend  
 His fame, and stands on his behalf;  
 He, who wou'd raise a spiteful laugh,

Who no loquacity forbears,  
 And what he never saw declares,  
 And he, whose tongue is not controul'd  
 By what in confidence is told,  
 That fellow is a black in grain,  
 From him, O Roman youth, refrain:  
 You'll often see twelve guests repose  
 Upon three couches—one of those  
 Ere he has sup'd must needs asperse  
 All beings of the universe,  
 Except the man, that rules the roast;  
 And him, ev'n him he'll lash the most,



Infesto nigris. ego, si risi, quod ineptus,  
 Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius hircum,  
 Lividus & mordax videor tibi? mentio si qua  
 De Capitolini furtis injecta Petilli  
 Te coram fuerit: defendas ut tuus est mos:  
 Me Capitolinus victore usus amicoque  
 A puero est, causâque meâ permulta rogatus  
 Fecit: & incolumis lætor quod vivit in urbe  
 Sed tamen admiror quo pacto iudicium illud  
 Fugerit, hic nigræ succus loliginis, hæc est  
 Ærugo mera. quod vitium procul abfore chartis,  
 Atque animo prius, ut si quid promittere de me  
 Possum aliud, vere promitto. liberius si  
 Dixero quid, si forse jocosius, hoc mihi iuris

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

one) delight to wound and do this perversely with eagerness. From what source drawn do you throw this upon me? Is any one, with whom I have lived the author of it? He who girds his absent friend; nay he who does not take his part at the accusation of another; who affects the unlicensed laughter of men, and the character of a jackanapes; who can forge things he never saw, who cannot be silent relating to things spoken in confidence. He is a black; him, O Roman, be thou aware of. You may often see four people supping together upon three different couches; one of which is greedy to asperse the rest, except him, who gives the water, and him into the bargain, when well drunk, and Bacchus in his veracity discovers the hidden heart. This man to you, that are a foe to dark-designing persons, seems companionable, courtly, and frank. As for me, if I have laughed because the cock-comb Rufillus smells of essence, and Gorgonius, like a he-goat, do I appear envious, and snappish to you? If mention by any

\* The Bath, which they used before supper.



When Bacchus, who the truth reveals,  
 From his free heart all secrets steals.  
 This man to you, who hate a black,  
 Seems witty with a pretty knack.  
 If I one time upon a prank  
 Have said too frolicksome and frank  
 That *while Rufillus clogs the sense,*  
*Gorgonius has the goat's offence;*  
 Is churlish envy, then my vice?  
 If any mention shou'd arise  
 Of things Petillus stole away,  
 Made in your presence—you wou'd say  
 The man thro' habit, to defend  
 Petillus, always was my friend,  
 And from a child we were as one,  
 Much for my asking has he done,  
 And I rejoice he lives in peace,  
 Because it was a strange release  
 He from the gallows lately had—  
 This is rank poyson very bad,  
 Sheer envy, which shall have no part  
 Or in my writings, or my heart,  
 If I can promise once for all  
 Or understand myself at all.  
 If ought too freely I have spoke,  
 Or been, perhaps, too much in joke,  
 Your kind indulgence you'll allow,  
 For that I shall inform you now.  
 The best of fathers taught me this,  
 That I shou'd keep from things amiss,

Cum veniâ dabis, insuevit pater optimus hoc me,  
 Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando,  
 Quum me hortaretur, parcè, frugaliter, atque  
 Viverem uti contentus eo, quod mi ipse parasset:  
 Nonne vides, Albi ut male vivat filius? utque  
 Barrus inops? magnum documentum, ne patriam rem  
 Perdere quis velit. Aturpi meretricis amore  
 Quum deterreret, Sectani dissimilis sis:  
 Ne sequerer mœchas, concessâ quum venere uti  
 Possem, Deprensi non bella est fama Treboni;  
 Ajebat, sapiens, vitatu, quidque petitu  
 Sit melius, causas reddit tibi: mi satis est, si  
 Traditum ab antiquis morem servare, quamque,  
 Dum custodis eges, vitam famamque tueri

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

means happen to be thrown in of the thefts of Petillus † Capito-  
 linus before you, you can defend him after your way: "Ca-  
 pitolinus has experienced me as a companion and a friend  
 " from a boy, and being asked has done very many things for  
 " my sake, and I rejoice that he lives safe in the city; but I  
 " am astonished nevertheless, how he eluded that sentence  
 " upon his conviction."—This is the very juice of the black  
 scuttle-fish, absolute rancour, which vice, that it shall be far  
 remote from my compositions, and previously so from my  
 mind, I truly promise, if I am able to promise any other thing  
 relating to myself. If I shall say any thing too bluntly, if any  
 perchance too jocosely, this privilege you must grant me with  
 your indulgence. The best of fathers habituated me to this,  
 that by making observations on each particular vice I should  
 shun them by the force of example. When he advised me  
 to live sparingly, frugally and content with what he had pro-

† A jocular name given to Petillus, after his stealing the crown  
 from the capitol.

By certain shrewd remarks, he made—  
 Me, when he wanted to persuade  
 To thrift, and frugally to live,  
 Content with what he had to give;  
 “Do you not see (he wou’d observe)  
 “How Albius’ son is like to starve,  
 “And Barrus too reduc’d and low—  
 “These are great documents to show  
 “The mis’ry of a substance spent.”  
 Whenever it was his intent  
 To fright me from loose girls (he cry’d)  
 “Let not Sectanus be your guide,”  
 Lest I should seek the wedded dame,  
 When I might have a lawful flame:  
 “Trebonius, hamper’d in the fact,  
 “Has not his character compact:  
 “Philosophy (says he) my son,  
 “May teach you what to seek and shun,  
 “And render reasons more than I,  
 “Let it suffice me to apply  
 “Old rules, traditionally gain’d,  
 “And keep your life and fame unstain’d,  
 “As long as you a tutor need;  
 “The riper age will soon succeed  
 “To strengthen every thought and limb,  
 “And then without your corks you’ll swim.”  
 ’Twas thus he form’d my tender mind,  
 And if he any thing enjoin’d,  
 “For this affair you have (says he)  
 “A laudable authority;”

Incolumem possim. simulac duraverit ætas  
 Membra animumq; tuum, nabis sine cortice. sic me  
 Formabat puerum dictis: & sive jubebat  
 Ut facerem quid, habes autorem, quo facias hoc,  
 Unum ex iudicibus selectis objiciebat.  
 Sive vetabat: An hoc inhonestum & inutile factu  
 Necne sit, addubites, flagret rumore malo quum  
 Hic atque ille? Avidos vicinum funus ut ægros  
 Exanimat, mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit:  
 Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpe  
 Absterrent vitiis. ex hoc ego sanus ab illis,  
 Perniciem quæcunque ferunt, mediocrius, & queis  
 Ignoscas, vitiis teneor. fortassis & istinc  
 Largiter abstulerit longa ætas, liber amicus,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

cured for me. "Do you not see (he would say) how miserably the son of Albius lives, and in what poverty Barrus, a great warning, that a man be not inclined to waste his patrimony." When he deterred me from the dishonourable love of an harlot. "Be unlike Sextanus," he said. That I might not go after lewd married-women, when I might have a lawful gratification. "The reputation (said he) of Trebonias detected is by no means clever. The philosopher may render you the reasons what is better to be shunn'd, and what to be aimed at; it suffices me, if I can keep up the morality delivered to me by the ancients, and preserve your life and character unblemished, so long as you require a guardian; as soon as you shall have fortified your members and mind, you shall swim without a cork." Thus he formed me as yet a boy by his sayings; or whether he commanded me to do a certain thing, "you have your example to do this." (then he quoted some one out of the select judges) or did he forbid any matter, "can you doubt (says he) if this be disputable and unprofitable to be done, when this or that person

Then wou'd he cite, the point to clench,  
One of the sages of the bench.

But did he any thing restrain?—

“ Can you (says he) a doubt maintain,

“ But such a thing, in such a case,

“ Is vain, and nothing but disgrace,

“ Since He, or they are come to shame

“ For doing of the very same!—

“ As ev'ry neighbour's funeral frights

“ Sick men with greedy appetites,

“ And makes them spare themselves, for fear

“ Their own interment should be near :

“ So tender minds are often warn'd

“ While others for their vice are scorn'd.”

Thus instituted I am free

From vices of the first degree,

That post a mortal to his grave,

But small and venial faults I have ;

And these, perhaps, maturer years,

Sincere advice of my compeers,

And due reflexions on the past

May totally reduce at last :

And in my bed, and when I stir,

I am not wanting to confer

Thus with myself, “ this thing is well—

“ By doing this I shall excell—

“ By aiming at some certain end

“ I shall be better with my friend—

“ Such a transaction was oblique,

“ Shall I then ever do the like ?”—



Consilium proprium. neque enim quum lectulus aut me  
 Porticus excepit, desum mihi. Rectius hoc est:  
 Hoc faciens, vivam melius: sic dulcis amicis  
 Occurram. hoc quidam non belle: numquid ego illi  
 Imprudens olim faciam simile? Hæc ego mecum  
 Compressis agito labris; ubi quid datur orti,  
 Illudo chartis. hoc est mediocribus illis  
 Ex vitiis unum. cui si concedere nolis,  
 Multa Poetarum veniat manus, auxilio quæ  
 Sit mihi. nam multo plures sumus: ac veluti te  
 Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

"son on such an account flushes with evil report!" As the funeral of a neighbour disheartens sick gluttons, and thro' dread of death compels them to give quarter to themselves, so the reproaches that happen against other men often deter tender minds from vicious habits. From this manner of treatment I am sound from those enormities, whatever bring on inevitable ruin; but am possessed of vices of the second degree, and such as one may pardon. And even from these, peradventure, a length of time, a communicative friend, or my own good purposes may make abatements in a great measure.-- For neither when I am a bed, or up in the portico, am I

wanting

All this unto myself I say—  
 When idle with my pen I play :  
 This is amongst those faults I class't  
 But as of an inferiour cast ;  
 Which if you will not freely own  
 As pardonable, be it known,  
 That all the vast poetic band,  
 Now, more than ever, is at hand,  
 And like the Pharisee and Scribe  
 We'll force you to embrace our tribe.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

wanting to myself. " This determination is more judicious :  
 " Doing this I shall lead a better life : thus I shall face my  
 " friends acceptably, that affair was not done handsomely.  
 " what shall I at any time unadvisedly do any thing of the  
 " same kind ?" Such things as these I ruminate by myself,  
 with my lips sealed; when there is any idle time I divert myself  
 with my papers : this is one of those second rate faults, to  
 which if you will not grant your pardon, a multitudinous  
 band of poets may come upon you, which will be on my side  
 (for we abound more than ever) and like the Jews we will  
 compel you to give your assent to this sect of ours.

## S A T. V.

*Iter suum ab urbe Roma Brundisium usque describit, exemplo Lucilii, qui itidem quoddam iter suum descripsit. Narrat autem quæ risu digna in eo contigerant : inter quæ primum locum obtinet duorum scurrarum Sarmenti & Messii faceta contentio.*

Egressum magna me excepit Aricia Romæ  
 Hospitio modico : rhetor comes Heliodorus,  
 Græcorum longe doctissimus. inde Forum Appi,  
 Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis.  
 Hoc iter ignavi divisimus, altius ac nos  
 Præcinctis unum. minus est gravis Appia tardis.  
 Hic ego, propter aquam, quod erat deterrima, ventri  
 Indico bellum, cœnantes haud animo æquo  
 Exspectans comites. jam nox inducere terras  
 Umbras, & cœlo diffundere signa parabat.  
 Tum pueri nautis, pueris convicia nautæ  
 Ingerere, huc appelle. trecentos inferis : ohe

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Aricia received me in a mean inn, having made my departure from the great city of Rome ; Heliodorus the orator, by far the best scholar of the Grecians, was my companion. Thence we went to Appi-Forum, crowded with sailors, and ill-natured landlords. This stage, being idle, we divided into two, tho' it is but one for persons more equipp'd for dispatch. The Appian-way is less irksome than others, to those that are slow. Here I declare war against my belly, by reason of the water, which was exceeding bad, waiting in no good-humour for my fellow-

## SATIRE V.

*He describes his journey from Rome to Brundisium, after the pattern of Lucilius, who had given an account of a party of his to the same place. He likewise gives a narrative what laughable matters had occurred in that expedition, amongst which the squabble between the two buffoons, Sarmentus and Messius, obtain the first place.*

ARRIV'D from all the pomp and din  
Of Rome, Aricia took me in,  
A guest but sorrily bestow'd;  
But my companion on the road  
Was Heliodorus, that fam'd Greek  
Who teaches youth the art to speak.  
To \* Apii-Forum thence we hied,  
Where landlords sour and tars reside.  
This journey which is but a day  
For those that expedite their way,  
Finding so many things to do  
With idleness we split in two.  
For them, that often choose to call,  
The Appian way is best of all,  
And here the water was so vile  
I mortified my gut, the while

\* This is the place where the Jews, residing at Rome, met St. Paul. Acts xxviii. v. 15.

Jam satis est, dum æs exigitur, dum mula ligatur,  
 Tota abit hora, mali culices, ranæque palustres  
 Avertunt somnos. absentem cantat amicam  
 Multa prolutus vappa nauta, atque viator  
 Certatim. tandem fessus dormire viator  
 Incipit: ac missæ pastum retinacula mulæ  
 Nauta piger saxo religat, stertitque supinus.  
 Jamque dies aderat, quum nil procedere lintrem  
 Sentimus: donec cerebrifus proflit unus,  
 Ac mulæ nautæque caput lumbosque saligno

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

fellow-travellers at supper. Now the night was preparing to bring on darkness upon the face of the earth, and to spread abroad the constellations in the firmament. Then our slaves began to heap foul language upon the watermen, and the watermen upon our slaves in turn. "Here bring to—you are cramming in three hundred—vast! now sure there are passengers enough."—Thus while the fare is demanded, and while the mule is put in tow, a whole hour elapses. The plaguy gnats and frogs of the marsh drive off sleep. The waterman and muleteer, drenched with a great quantity of bad wine, sing their absent mistress, vying with each other; at length, the tired muleteer begins to sleep, and the idle waterman ties the tackle of the mule, sent out to graze, to a stone, and falls a snoring upon his back. And now the day was coming on, and we perceived the boat made no progress; until a hot-brained fellow, who was one of us, leaps out, and bangs the head and loins of the mule and waterman with a willow club. At last, with difficulty we were landed at the fourth \* hour. We wash our heads

\* They generally went by night from Forum Appi to Feronia, and arrived before morning; but on account of the delay here mentioned, they did not get there till the fourth hour after sun-rising, viz. at that time of the year eight o'clock.



The company sat down to meat  
 And not without vexation eat.  
 Now night was bringing on the shade,  
 And all the signs of heav'n display'd;  
 Then with the tars our slaves begun,  
 A spice of their vociferous fun,  
 Which soon was answered by the crew—  
 "Why here, you sorry knaves bring to—  
 "You're cramming in the folks too fast,  
 "Three hundred are enough—avast!"  
 Now while their money they demand,  
 And mule is fasten'd to a stand,  
 An hour elaps'd—the plaguy gnats,  
 And frogs, that crowd the fenny flats,  
 Drive off repose—the muleteer  
 And waterman combin'd to clear  
 Their pipes, and on the charms enlarg'd  
 Of their dear girls, with drink o'ercharg'd,  
 Till the tir'd muleteer began  
 To sleep—the lazy waterman  
 Tyed the mule's tackle to a stone,  
 And sent her out to graze alone!  
 Then snored upon his back—the day  
 Now sprung, and we had made no way.  
 Then one more hot-brain'd than the rest  
 Leapt out, and being first posselt  
 From willows of a sturdy tool,  
 Bang'd head and back of man and mule;  
 Till the fourth hour was more than past,  
 When we were set ashore at last.

Fuste dolat. quartâ vix demum exponimur horâ,  
 Ora manusque tuâ lavimus Feronia lymphâ.  
 Millia tum pransi tria repimus, atque subimus  
 Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur.  
 Huc venturus erat Mæcenas optimus, atque  
 Coccejus, missi magnis de rebus uterque  
 Legati, averfos soliti componere amicos.  
 Hic oculis ego nigra meis collyria lyppus  
 Illinere. interea Mæcenas advenit atque  
 Coccejus, Capitoque simul Fonteius, ad unguem  
 Factus homo, Antoni, non ut magis alter, amicus.  
 Fundos Aufidio Lusco prætore libenter  
 Linquimus, insani ridentes præmia scribæ,  
 Prætecta, & latum clavum prunæque batillum.  
 In Mamurrarum lassi deinde urbe manemus,  
 Murena præbente domum, Capitone culinam.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

and faces in thy fountain, O Feronia. Then we crept on three miles after dinner, and arrived under Anxur, raised upon rocks that look white far and wide. Hither Mæcenas was about to come, that best of men, and Cocceius, both sent envoys on affairs of the utmost consequence, having been used to make up matters between discordant friends. Here, I being blear-eyed, began to lay on my black ointment. In the mean time comes Mæcenas, and Cocceius, and Fonteius Capito in their company, a complete man from top to toe, insomuch that no man is upon more friendly terms with Anthony. We leave Fundi with all our hearts, Aufidius Luscius being Prætor there, not without deriding the badges of dignity kept up by that crazy scrivener, his prætecta, purple ornaments, and pan of incense. After this being fatigued, we remain in the city of Mamurra (Formiæ), Murena accommodating us with his house, and Capito with his

Feronia, in thy marble vase  
 Each of us wash'd his hands and face,  
 And having din'd, three miles we creep  
 Beneath white Anxur's rocky steep.  
 Here both Mæcenas, and the great  
 Cocceius, were to come in state,  
 As they ambassadors were sent,  
 On an affair of high event,  
 Us'd separate friends to reunite.—  
 Here, I disorder'd in my sight,  
 With my black salve my eyes besmear'd—  
 Mæcenas during this appear'd,  
 Cocceius too, and Capito,  
 The most accomplish'd man I know,  
 And Antony's especial friend—  
 From hence our course we trav'lers bend,  
 And Fundi pass with much good will,  
 Where \* Luscus was the Prætor still,  
 Not without laughing at the tribe  
 Attending on this crazy scribe,  
 His robe, and laticlave withal,  
 And pan of incense in his hall;  
 From thence to Formiæ we roam,  
 Murena finding us an home,  
 And gen'rous Capito his cook;  
 Next day the brightest in the book

\* A little proud magistrate of a petty place, taking upon him the  
 state of the Prætor, who was Lord Mayor of Rome.

Postera lux oritur multo gratissima : namque  
 Plotius & Varius Sinuessæ, Virgiliusque  
 Occurrunt : animæ, quales neque candidiores  
 Terra tulit, neque quæis me sit devinctior alter.  
 O qui complexus, & gaudia quanta fuerunt !  
 Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.  
 Proxima Campano ponti quæ villula, tectum  
 Præbuit, & parochi quæ debent ligna, saleque.  
 Hinc muli Capuæ elitellas tempore ponunt.  
 Lusum it Mæcenas : dormitum ego, Virgiliusque.  
 Namque pila lippis inimicum, & ludere crudis.  
 Hinc nos Cocceji recipit plenissima villa,  
 Quæ super est Claudii cauponas. nunc mihi paucis  
 Sarmenti scurræ pugnam Messique Cicerræ

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

his kitchen. The next day arises by far the most acceptable,  
 for Plotius and Varius, and Virgil met us at Sinuessa;  
 spirits! than which the earth never produced any more in-  
 genuous, and to whom no other person is more attached  
 than me. O what mutual embraces and gladness were at  
 this interview!—I would prefer nothing to a pleasant friend,  
 while possessed of my reason! The little village that borders  
 upon the Campanian-bridge provided us with a shelter, and  
 the public officers with wood and salt, which they are bound  
 to. Hence the mules lay aside their panniers at Capua  
 in good time. Mæcenas goes to play at FIVES, I and Virgil  
 to sleep, for to play at ball is unfriendly to bad eyes, and  
 to people that have vitiated lungs. From this place, that  
 most plentiful villa of Cocceius, which is above the Cau-  
 dian-inns, receives us. Now, O muse, I would that you  
 commemorate in a few words, the contest between Sar-  
 mentus, the droll, and Messius Cicerrus, and from what  
 father each of them born, entered the lists. The noble  
 origin

Ansel, for Plotius, Varius came,  
 And Virgil of eternal name:  
 At Sinuessæ these we met,  
 Of spirits so select a set,  
 Than which earth ne'er did bear or see,  
 More candid, or more dear to me.  
 Oh! what embraces all around,  
 What joy was at this meeting found;  
 There's nothing I would recommend,  
 In preference to a pleasant friend.  
 With lodging next, the place that's nigh  
 Campania's bridge did us supply:  
 Purveyors brought us wood and salt,  
 † For fear of suffering, on default:  
 From hence the mules their packs dispose  
 At Capua, e'er the damps arose.

Mæcenas goes to FIVES (as I  
 And Virgil on our couches lie)  
 For halls are bad things for the blind,  
 And those that are to coughs inclin'd.  
 Thence for Cocceius' seat we bear,  
 Where all good things abound, and where  
 The Caudian Inns are likewise built.  
 Now, muse, deliver if thou wilt,  
 In a few words the war, enrag'd  
 Sarmenius and Cicerrus wag'd,

*They were obliged to do this for all persons sent upon public business. Horace therefore availed himself of Mæcenas' his embassy.*



Musa velim memores, & quo patre natus uterque  
 Contulerit lites. Messi clarum genus Ofci,  
 Sarmenti domina extat. ab his majoribus orti  
 Ad pugnam venere. prior Sarmentus, Equi te  
 Esse feri similem dico, Ridemus: & ipse  
 Messius, Accipio; caput & movet: O tua cornu  
 Ni foret execto frons (inquit) quid faceres, quum  
 Sic mutilus minitaris? At illi foeda cicatrix  
 Setosam lævi frontem turpaverat oris.  
 Campanum in morbum, in faciem, permulta jocus  
 Pastorem saltaret, uti Cyclopa, rogabat:  
 Nil illi larvâ, aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis,  
 Multa Cicerrus ad hæc. donasset jamne catenam  
 Ex voto Laribus, quærebat. scriba quod esset,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

origin of Messius was of the Ofcians. Sarmentus's mistress is in being. From such like ancestors derived, they came to battle. First Sarmentus; "I assert thee to be exactly like a wild horse;" we laugh; and Messius says for himself, "I accept the imputation," and shakes his head at him; "O! (cries he) if the horn had not been cut out of your forehead, what wou'd you do, since in such a state of amputation you swagger so much;"—now you must know a most grievous gash deform'd Messius his grisly forehead. Then being exceedingly jocular upon his Campanian disorder, (the scurvy in the highest degree) and his carbuncled face, he besought him that he would dance the Cyclops courrant, that he had no need of a vizard, or the tragic buskins. Cicerrus made many rejoinders to all this; he enquired whether he had dedicated the chain of his servitude, agreeable to the vow he made his household Gods. Though he was a scrivener, his mistress's right to him was never the

And from what ancestors in pride  
 These heroes with each other vied;  
 Cicerrus of grand Oscan \* race,  
 Sarmentus is not out of place,  
 On such illustrious pretence,  
 The gallant combat they commence:  
 Sarmentus first, "you seem disturb'd,  
 "Like a mad horse, that should be curb'd."  
 We laugh'd, and Messius, "'Tis well said,"  
 Replied, and shook his furious head.

"O (says Sarmentus) what, if now  
 "Your horn was extant on your brow,  
 "Wou'd you atchieve—since ev'n thus maim'd  
 "You have at such distortions aim'd?"

Now a most lamentable scar  
 Did Messius' grissled forehead mar;  
 Then pelting him with jests apace,  
 Upon his rubicund grimace,  
 Where many a carbuncle and wart  
 Grew of the right Campanian sort;  
 "Pray for a dance, Sir, let me ask,  
 "The Cyclops jig—you need no mask,  
 "Nor can for buskins be concern'd."—  
 To this Cicerrus much return'd.  
 Ask'd if his household Gods had got,  
 The chain he vow'd shou'd be there lot,  
 That, tho' by trade a scribbling knave,  
 He was not less his lady's slave;

\* The Osci was esteemed the meanest people in all Italy.

Deterius nihilo domina: jus esse, rogabat  
 Denique cur unquam fugisset: cui satis una  
 Farris libra foret, gracili sic tamque pusillo.  
 Prorsus jucunde coenam produximus illam.  
 Tendimus hinc recta Benevetum, ubi sedulus hospes  
 Pæne arsit, macros dum turdos versat in igne,  
 Nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam  
 Vulcani summum properabat lambere tectum.  
 Convivæ avidos coenæ servosque timentes  
 Tum rapere, atque omnes restinguere velle videres,  
 Incipit ex illo montes Appulia notos  
 Ostentare mihi, quos torret Atabulus, & quos  
 Nunquam crepsimus, nisi nos vicina Trivici  
 Villa recepisset, lacrymoso non sine fumo,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the worse.—Lastly, he asked, wherefore he ever turned fugitive, for whom the pound of corn (allowed by law) was sufficient, he being so spare and little. Upon the whole, we prolonged that supper altogether merrily.—From hence we go in a direct line to Beneventum, where the diligent host was very nigh burnt, while he roasts some lean thrushes by the fire; for the fire descending thro' the old kitchen, the vague flames were going with precipitation to the top of the roof! There might you have seen the greedy guests, and terrified slaves, snatching their supper out, and all ready to extinguish the fire.—After this Apulia begins to shew me her well-known mountains, which the wind, called Atabulus, infests, and out of which we should never have crept, had not the adjoining village of Trivicum took us in, not without a smoke that made us cry, a certain hearth, burning some wet boughs with the green leaves.—From hence we were posted away in chaises twenty-four miles; about to tarry

He kindly beg'd to know for why  
 He took it in his head to fly,  
 Since that for one so lank and spare,  
 A pound of bread was plenteous fare.  
 In short this humorous event,  
 Prolong'd our meal in merriment.

To Beneventum thence next day,  
 Straight as a line, we made our way,  
 Where, while the meagre thrushes roast,  
 The flames aigh burnt our bustling host,  
 For thro' th' old kitchen widely spread,  
 Th' ascending flakes were making head:  
 Then trembling slaves you might have view'd,  
 Eager to have the fire subdued,  
 And guests, each greedy of his claim,  
 Snatching their supper from the flame.

From hence Apulia 'gan to show  
 The mountains I was born to know,  
 Which by \* Atabulus are swept,  
 And whence we never shou'd have crept,  
 Unless Trivicum's little sheds  
 Had found us where to lay our heads,  
 But not without such clouds of smoke,  
 As did the very tears provoke,  
 The hearth within a certain house,  
 Burning both leaves and wet green boughs.  
 Miles twenty-four from hence we ran  
 Bowl'd in post-chariots, for our plan

\* A wind particularly noxious to Apulia.



Udos cum foliis ramos urente camino,  
 Quattuor hinc rapimur viginti & millia rhedis.  
 Mansuri oppidulo, quod versu dicere non est:  
 Signis perfacile est, vœnit vilissima rerum  
 Hic aqua : sed panis longe pulcherrimus, ultro  
 Callidus ut soleat humeris portare viator :  
 Nam Canusi lapidosus : aquæ non ditior urna,  
 Qui locus à forti Diomede est conditus olim.  
 Flentibus hinc Varius discedit mœstus amicis.  
 Inde Rubos fessi pervenimus, utpote longum  
 Carpentés iter, & factum corruptius imbri.  
 Postera tempestas melior : via pejor, adusque  
 Bari mœnia piscosæ, dehinc Gnatia lymphis  
 Iratis extructa dedit, risusque jocosque :

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

tarry in a little town, which it is impossible to express in verse, but by signs it is very easy. Water is sold here, tho' the sorriest thing in nature, but their bread is by far the whitest I ever saw, inasmuch that the provident traveller, is wont to carry it of his own free will upon his shoulders; for at Canusium it is gritty, and the vessels of water not more abundant; which place, nevertheless, was built of yore by the redoubted Diomede.—Here disconsolate Varius took his leave of his friends in tears.—Then weary we made Rubi, as travelling a long way, which was rendered worse by rain.—The weather of the succeeding day was milder, the road dirtier, even to the walls of the fishy Barium. Next Gnatia, built when the water-nymphs were out of humour, afforded us much jests and laughter; while they wanted to make us believe, that at their sacred portal, the frankincense melted of itself without fire. Let Apelles, the Jew, give credit to this, I will not; for I have



Was at a place to make our stay,  
 Whose name in † verse we cannot say;  
 But 'tis describable when told,  
 By signs, for here the water's sold,  
 Water the cheapest thing elsewhere,  
 And here the worst—their bread is fair,  
 And good, so that upon the road  
 The trav'lers choose to take a load,  
 For full of grit Canusium sells  
 Her loaves, nor has she better wells:  
 Tho' Diomede of brave renown,  
 Chose this same place to build a town.  
 Here pensive Varius takes his leave  
 Of friends, that likewise weep and grieve.  
 To Rubi next we were convey'd,  
 All tir'd to death, as we had made  
 A longer journey thro' bad ways,  
 More tedious for the rainy days.  
 The morning was a little fair,  
 But then the ways more dirty were,  
 As far as Barium's fishy coast—  
 To Gnatia from this place we post,  
 Which is a city that arose  
 With all the water-nymphs its foes:  
 But here they much diversion made,  
 When us they wanted to persuade,  
 That incense in their sacred shrine  
 \* Melts without heating—I decline

† Equotutium, which will not stand in an hexameter.

\* The miracle of the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood is such another.

78 Q. HORATII FLACCI SATYRARUM. LIII.

Dum flamma sine, thura liquefcere limine sacro  
 Persuadere cupit. credat Judæus apella,  
 Non ego : namque deos didici securum agere ævum :  
 Nec siquid miri faciat natura, deos id  
 Tristes ex alto cœli demittere tecto.  
 Brundisium longæ finis chartæque viæque.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

have learned (as an Epicurean) that the Gods have a state of uninterrupted peace; nor if Nature exhibit any miracle, that the gloomy Gods send it down from the high vault of heaven. Brundisium, at length, is the period of this long journey and descriptive paper.

SAT.

All credit to the tale, the Jews  
 May think it genuine, if they choose.  
 For I then learnt the pow'rs above  
 Dwell in security and love;  
 Nor if a miracle be told  
 Of Nature, will it therefore hold  
 The Gods have sent it from the sky  
 By their profound anxiety—  
 Brundisium, which at length we gain,  
 Ends the long journey, and the strain.

NON enim, si quidam, Iudaei, quod dicitur,  
 In Brundisium, quod dicitur, Iudaei,  
 In Brundisium, quod dicitur, Iudaei,  
 In Brundisium, quod dicitur, Iudaei,  
 In Brundisium, quod dicitur, Iudaei,  
 In Brundisium, quod dicitur, Iudaei,  
 In Brundisium, quod dicitur, Iudaei,  
 In Brundisium, quod dicitur, Iudaei,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Mithras, not before of the Indians, that have in-  
 habited the Eastern borders, no one is of more generous  
 mind than yourself; but because you have succeeded both in  
 eternal and temporal; that of old celebrated great states, do  
 you, in the most happy way to do, set up your name as  
 man in no more, such as you, who was the son of a free  
 man: since you don't that it becomes any thing of which  
 praise a man was born, provided he be of an honest  
 nature. You continue foolish, with great wealth, that is

## S A T. VI.

*Reprehendit vanum populi Rom. de nobilitate iudicium, quod eam stemmatum antiquitate non virtute metiretur, Et nobilitate illa non præditos ad magistratus non libenter admitterent. Sibi non eadem ratione amicitiam Mæcenatis, qua tribunatum, posse quemquam invidere quum hæc non fortunæ fuerit, sed virtutis commendatione quæsitæ sit. Tandemque suam conditionem longe meliorem in vitâ privatâ ostendit, quam in magistratu esse posset.*

**N**ON, quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum quicquid Etruscos  
Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te :  
Nec, quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,  
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitarint :  
Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco  
Ignotos : ut me libertino patre natum.  
Quum referre negas, quali sit quisque parente  
Natus ; dum ingenuus : persuades hoc tibi vere,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Mæcenas, not because of the Lydians, that have inhabited the Etrurian borders, no one is of more generous blood than yourself, not because you have ancestors both maternal and paternal, that of old commanded great armies ; do you (as the most part are apt to do) toss up your nose at men of no note, such as me, who was the son of a free'd-man : since you deny that it signifies any thing of what parent a man was born, provided he be of an ingenuous nature. You convince yourself with great verity, that before

## SATIRE VI.

TO MÆCENAS.

*He finds fault with the futile opinion of the Romans, in regard to Nobility, which they estimated by antiquity of family, rather than merit, and did not willingly admit any one to the great offices of state without that qualification. That no one could envy him the friendship of Mæcenas, upon the same principle they envied the post of Tribune, since that was not a matter of chance, but obtained by the recommendation of virtue. And finally, he demonstrates that his lot in private life, is far happier than it could be in the magistracy.*

**T**H<sup>O'</sup> of the Lydians, that came o'er  
To settle on th' Etrurian shore,  
Not one is of more rank than you,  
And tho' your sire and grandsire too,  
Reckon'd on either parent's side,  
Did o'er such mighty hosts preside;  
Yet, friend, the manners of the great  
In this you do not imitate,  
At low-born men to toss the nose,  
Like me who from a free'd-man rose.  
Because you will not grant that birth,  
Tho' mean, can cancel real worth.  
This is a truth that you maintain,  
That long before the servile reign,



Ante potestatem, Tulli, atque ignobile regnum,  
 Multos sæpe viros nullis majoribus ortos,  
 Et vixisse probos, amplis & honoribus auctos,  
 Contra, Lævinum, Valeri genus, unde superbus  
 Tarquinius regno pulsus fuit, unius assis  
 Non unquam pretio pluris licuisse, notante  
 Judice, quem nosti, populo: qui stultus honores  
 Sæpe dar indignis, & famæ servit ineptus:  
 Qui stupet in titulis & imaginibus, quid oportet  
 Nos facere, à vulgo longe lateque remotos?  
 Namque esto, populus Lævino mallet honorem  
 Quam Decio mandare, novo, censorque moveret  
 Appius, ingenuo si non essem patre natus;  
 Vel merito, quoniam in propria non pelle quiessem  
 Sed fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru  
 Non minus ignotos generosis quo tibi Tulli  
 Sumere depositum clavum? fierique tribunum?

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

fore the sway of Tullius, and that ignoble reign, many men frequently sprung from ancestors of no consequence, have both lived respectable, and advanced to ample dignities. On the contrary, Lævinus, tho' descended of Valerius Poplicola, by whom Tarquin the Proud, expelled from his kingdom, became a fugitive, was not one farthing more accounted for in the opinion of the people; whose bent, you understand, which is often in folly, they confer honours on the unworthy, and are stupidly slaves to fame, who likewise are fill'd with amazement at the glare of titles, and pomp of statues. What then does it behove us to do, who are far removed from the notions of the vulgar? For taking it for granted, that the people had rather have consigned an honour to Lævinus, than Decius, the upstart; and that Appius the Censor, would remove me from the senate-house, because I was not derived from a noble father; deservedly indeed, be-

cause

And pow'r of Tullius, many a one,  
 That merely from themselves begun,  
 Have both been held of good repute,  
 And the first honours gain'd to boot:  
 Whereas Lævinus, tho' the feed  
 Of great Poplicola, who freed  
 The Romans from proud Tarquin's sway,  
 Was not a jot the more in play.  
 Ev'n with that judge, so well you know,  
 The mob, who oftentimes bestow  
 Their honours on a worthless name,  
 And are the dupes of vulgar fame,  
 Amaz'd at titles, and a bust—  
 But how shall we ourselves adjust,  
 Rais'd from all vulgar thoughts so high?  
 For granting that the pop'lar cry,  
 Had rais'd Lævinus to the chair,  
 Rather than plac'd new Decius there,  
 Or granted that the Appian frown,  
 Had from the senate turn'd me down  
 As not of parents nobly born.  
 (And well I had deserv'd his scorn,  
 While not content in my own dress)  
 Yet, after all, we must confess,  
 Glory's gilt chariot drags along  
 The generous, as the vulgar throng.  
 What profit, Tullius, wou'd you have  
 Shou'd you resume your laticlave;  
 And be a tribune, in that state  
 The public envy, public hate

Invidia accrevit, privato quæ minor esset.  
 Nam ut quisq; insanus, nigris medium impediit crus  
 Pellibus, & latum demisit pectore clavum,  
 Audit continuo: quis homo hic est? quo patre natus?  
 Ut si qui ægrotet quo morbo Barrus, haberi  
 Ut cupiat formosus: eat quacunque, puellis  
 Injiciat curam quærendi singula: quali  
 Sit facie, sura quali, pede, dente, capillo:  
 Sic qui promittit, cives, urbem sibi curæ,  
 Imperium fore & Italiam, & delubra deorum:  
 Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inhonestus,  
 Omnes mortales curare & quærere cogit.  
 Tune Syri Damæ, aut Dionysi filius, audes  
 Dejicere è saxo cives? aut tradere Cadmo?  
 At Novius collega gradu post me sedet uno,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

cause I did not keep the peace in my natural dress.—Notwithstanding all this, glory drags along in triumph, with her flaming chariot, the obscure as closely bound, as the nobly-descended. O Tullius! what would it be to your purpose to resume the laticlave, which you laid aside, and be a tribune? Envy increased upon you, which had been in a less degree to the private gentleman. For when any shatter-brain'd fellow has laced his leg with the black buskins, and let down the laticlave from his breast, he instantly bears, "Who is the per-son? Of what father begotten?" Just as if any one should be afflicted with the malady which Barrus has, that he covets to be reckoned a personable man; go where he will, he raises an anxiety in the company, by their enquiring into all circumstances; as what kind of features, leg, what kind of feet, teeth, hair, he has got. Thus, he who promises the citizens, that the city, empire, and Italy, and the fanes of the Gods, shall be his peculiar care; compels every soul to be anxious and inquisitive, to what father he was born, whether

Was greater than they could have been

In your reserv'd domestic scene.

For soon as an ambitious got,

Has on his legs black buskins got,

With purple robe upon his back,

Such sounds as these his ears attack——

“ Who's that, and who's his father, speak ?”

As if a fellow shou'd be weak,

Like Barrus, whose desire and plan,

Is to be held a pretty man :

That he may tempt the ladies fair,

Still to enquire with anxious care,

What face, leg, foot, what teeth, and hair ?

So he, that promises and swears

That Rome, and all the world's affairs,

That Italy, the public fanes,

Shall be protected by his pains,

Drives all mankind to be concern'd,

“ Who's this, the man that is *return'd* !

“ What is his father ? was the dame

“ That bore him of a virtuous fame ?

“ Shall Syrus, you, or Dama's heir,

“ Or Dionysius' offspring dare,

“ From the TARPEIAN, men of Rome

“ Throw down, or unto Cadmus \* doom

“ My colleague—Nevius tho' must sit

“ One step behind me, as if fit,

\* *The public-executioner.*



Namq; est ille, pater quod erat meus, hoc tibi Paulus  
 Et Massala videris. ac hic, si plaustra ducenta,  
 Concurrentque foro tria funera, magna sonabit  
 Cornua, quod vincatque tubas: saltem tenet hoc nos.  
 Nunc ad me redeo libertino patre natum.  
 Quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum,  
 Nunc, quia Mæcenus, tibi sum victor: at olim.  
 Quod mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno:  
 Dissimile hoc illi est: quia non ut forsit honorem,  
 Jure mihi invidet quivis: ita te quoque amicum,  
 Præsertim cautum dignos assumere, prava  
 Ambitione procul: scelerem dicere non hoc  
 Me possum casu, quod te sortitus amicum,  
 Virgilius, post hunc Varius, dixere quid essem.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

whether dishonourable by an obscure mother. What do you the son of a Syrus, or a Dama, or Dionysius, presume to throw down the citizens from the Tarpeian rock, or to give them up to the executioner Cadmus? But, you may urge, "that my colleague Novius sits below me one step; for he" is no better than my father was.—For this do you seem to yourself, a Paulus, or Messala? But he (Novius) if two hundred waggons should encounter three funerals in the market-place—will vociferate at such a rate, as to beat the horns and trumpets. This at least takes with us. Now I return to myself, the son of a freed man, whom every body girds as the son of a freedman. Now this happens to me, O Mæcenus! because I am admitted at your table, and of yore, because a Roman legion obeyed me as their tribune. The one case is far different from the other. For tho' any person might, perhaps, justly have envied me the honour of command, yet he cannot for the same reasons grudge, you as

§ This was very far from being a scandal, strictly speaking, as the javes did not obtain their freedom, but by great and frequent instances of honesty and fidelity.

my



“For he was of my father’s class—”  
 But do you therefore think to pass,  
 As Paulus or Messala may—  
 But here your colleague will huzza;  
 As if three funerals in the street,  
 Should with two hundred waggons meet,  
 And horns and trumpets too outvie,  
 His gift our choice to justify.

Now I return to my own case,  
 By all still reckon’d in disgrace;  
 Born of a free’d-man is their scorn,  
 And I am of a free’d-man born—  
 And this, Mæcenas, now they do,  
 Because I am a guest with you;  
 This too some years ago they said,  
 When me the Roman band obey’d.  
 The first is diff’rent from the last,  
 Because the honour that is past,  
 No man can envy in degree,  
 As that I am so well with thee,  
 So cautious to select such friends,  
 As unambitious worth commends.  
 I cannot think it merely chance,  
 That did me to this rank advance;  
 For it was not a lucky throw,  
 But Virgil, Varius, long ago;  
 Those flow’rs of friendship were the cause,  
 By fairly saying what I was.  
 When first into your presence led,  
 Some interrupted words I said;

Ut veni coram, siugultim pauca loquutus,  
 (Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari)  
 Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum  
 Me Saturejano vectari rura caballo,  
 Sed quod eram narro. respondes (ut tuus est mos)  
 Pauca. abeo : & revocas nono post mense, jubesque  
 Esse in amicorum numero. magnum hoc ego duco,  
 Quod placui tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum,  
 Non patre præclaro, sed vita & pectore puro,  
 Atqui si vitiis mediocribus ac mea paucis  
 Mendosa est natura, alioqui recta (velut si  
 Egregio insperfos reprecandas corpore nævos)  
 Si neque avaritiam, neque sordes, ac mala lustra  
 Objiceret vere quisquam mihi : purus & insons  
 (Ut me collaudem) si vivo, & charus amicus

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

my friend, especially as you are wary to take to you worthy persons far from depraved ambition. I cannot style myself a happy man, on this account, that I was allotted you for a friend by casualty. For no chance threw me in your way. The most excellent Virgil, and after him Varius informed you, what I was. When I came before you, I spoke a few words in an interrupted manner (for mute modesty forbade me to speak more), I did not tell you that I was the son of a famous father ; I did not brag that I rode about the country on a Satureian nag, but only what I really was. You answered (as your manner is) a few words : I go my way ; you call me back after the ninth month, and command me to be in the list of your friends. This I estimate as a great thing, that I was acceptable to you, who so well distinguish that which is honourable from baseness, not by the eminence of my father, but by my life and uncorrupted heart.—But if my nature be blameable for a few faults, and those of a less degree, otherwise well to rights ; (as if you should discover moles dis-

persed

For stifled by an awkward shame,  
 Few words in broken accents came.  
 I did not at that time aspire,  
 To be the son of some great fire,  
 Nor drawn by Satureian steeds,  
 To traverse thro' my native meads;  
 But, what indeed I was, report——  
 You, as your custom is, was short.  
 In what you answered——I retir'd;  
 And e'er the year was quite expir'd,  
 You call'd me to your gates again,  
 And bade me rank amongst your train.  
 'Tis a great honour I confess,  
 That I could have so much address,  
 With such a person to find grace,  
 Who picks the best, and spurns the base,  
 Preferring moral men, and sage,  
 To those of glorious parentage.  
 But if my nature has a spice,  
 Of here and there a little vice,  
 And otherwise is quite direct;  
 (Or if a critic should detect,  
 In some fair body certain flaws)  
 Yet if the crimes against the laws,  
 Or avarice or dirty ways,  
 No man can urge to my dispraise;  
 If with clean hands and conscience clear,  
 (That I may for myself appear)  
 I live, and to my friends am dear:

Causa fuit pater his : qui macro pauper agello  
 Noluit in Flavi ludum me mittere, magni  
 Quo pueri magnis è centurionibus orti,  
 Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto,  
 Ibant octonis referentes idibus æra.  
 Sed puerum est ausus Romam portare, docendum  
 Artes, quas doceat quivis eques atque senator  
 Semet prognatos, vestem servosque sequentes  
 In magno ut populo siquis vidisset, avita  
 Ex re præberi sumptus mihi crederet illos.  
 Ipse mihi custos incorruptissimus omnes  
 Circum doctores aderat. quid multa? pudicum  
 (Qui primus virtutis honos) servavit ab omni  
 Non solum factò, verum opprobrio quoque turpi :  
 Nec timuit, sibi ne vitio quis verteret, olim  
 Si præco parvas aut (ut fuit ipse) coactor  
 Mercedes sequeretur neq; ego essem questus, ab hoc nunc

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

perished over a fair skin) if no one can truly object to me  
 covetousness, nor filth, nor evil haunts ; if I live (that I may  
 commend myself) in purity and innocence, and dear to my  
 friends ; my father was the cause of this ; who a poor man,  
 upon a barren farm, was yet averse to send me to Flavius his  
 country-school, where bulky boys, sprung from bulky cen-  
 turions, with their wallets and tablets swung over their left  
 arm, went exactly the eighth day after the nones, paying  
 their quarteridge-money ; but had the presumption to bring  
 his boy to Rome, to be taught those arts, which any Roman  
 knight and senator can teach such as proceed from him, inso-  
 much, that if any had seen my dress, and the slaves follow-  
 ing me in so great a concourse of people, he would have sup-  
 posed that such expences were afforded me out of some estate  
 of my ancestors. He himself the most uncorrupt guardian of  
 all, was about every one of my masters. What need of  
 2 many

All this was from my father's hand,  
 Who poor, and with a little land,  
 Yet cou'd not bear to have me brought  
 To the low school, that Flavius taught;  
 Where hulking lads in clumsy gait,  
 Bearing their satchel and their slate,  
 Sprung from tall foldiers, to a day  
 Went duly with their quarter's pay;  
 But dar'd to trust his boy of parts  
 At Rome, to learn those lib'ral arts,  
 Which every senator, or knight,  
 Prescribes his children—at the sight  
 Of all my slaves, and decent gown,  
 In such a great and populous town,  
 They might have thought that all this show,  
 Did from some patrimony flow.  
 Himself the wariest guard and spy,  
 Still to my masters had an eye:  
 In short, he kept me chaste and free,  
 (Which is fair virtue's first degree)  
 Both from all guilt, and obloquy.  
 Nor did he for his own part care  
 About the blame, that he might bear,  
 Shou'd I be forc'd to get my bread  
 As auctioneer, or even be sped  
 Like him upon the tax to go,  
 Nor had I murmur'd, were it so.  
 For this upon the whole you see,  
 More praise from all to him shou'd be,  
 And far more gratitude from me.



Laus illi debetur, & à me gratia major :  
 Nil me poeniteat sanum patris hujus : eoque  
 Non, ut magna dolo factum negat esse suo pars,  
 Quod non ingenuos habeat clarosque parentes,  
 Sic me defendam, longe mea discrepat istis  
 Et vox & ratio. nam si natura juberet  
 A certis annis ævum remeare peractum,  
 Atque alios legere ad factum quoscunque parentes  
 Optaret sibi quisque : meis contentus, honestos  
 Fascibus & sellis nolim mihi sumere : demens  
 Judicio vulgi, sanus fortasse tuo : quod [lestum]  
 Nollem onus (haud unquam solitus) portare mo-  
 Nam mihi continuo major quærenda foret res,  
 Atque salutandi plures : ducendus & unus  
 Et comes alter, uti ne solus rusue peregreve  
 Exirem : plures calones, atque caballi  
 Pascendi : ducenda petorrita. nunc mihi curto.  
 Ire licet mulo, vel, si libet, usque Tarentum ;

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

many words. He preserved me in a state of modesty, (which is the original glory of virtue) not only clear of every misdeed, but likewise from all foul imputation : nor was he apprehensive, that any one should lay it to his charge, should I be reduced to pursue a craft of small gain, as an auctioneer, or (what he himself was) a collector of the tax ; nor should I have murmured. For this now the praise is due to him, and a larger share of thankfulness from me. As long as I am of a sound mind, I never can repent of this father ; and therefore, I shall not defend myself, as a great part of mankind do, by denying it to be any fault of theirs, that they had not ingenuous and distinguished parents. Both my speech and sentiment differ widely from this people. For if nature was to injoin us for a certain course of years, to re-act the past time, and to choose

As long as I've my wits intire,  
 I can't repent of such a fire.  
 Wherefore I shall not act like some,  
 Who did not from good parents come,  
 And plead the fault was not their own——  
 Far wide of all such useless moan  
 Are both my language and my heart;  
 For could we from our years depart,  
 And reach the past of life, and choose:  
 Our parents by ambitious views,  
 Content with mine, I'd not desire  
 Those, that to higher posts aspire.  
 For this, by all the revel rout,  
 I shou'd be deem'd as mad, no doubt;  
 But you, perhaps, wou'd hold me *sane*,  
 That from a burthen I refrain,  
 Which I'm unable to sustain.  
 For in that case, without debate  
 Things must be had in greater state,  
 More ceremonies than before,  
 With two or three companions more,  
 For fear I shou'd at home remain,  
 Or go abroad without a train.  
 Men slaves, with coaches and a *stand*  
 Of horses too, I must command.  
 Now can I go serene and cool,  
 More pleasant on my bob-tail mule,  
 E'en to Tarentum, if it suit,  
 With cloak-bag, and myself to boot:

Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atq; eques armos.  
 Objiciet nemo sordes mihi, quas tibi Tulli;  
 Quum Tiburte via prætorem quinque sequuntur  
 Te pueri, lasanum portantes, cenophorumque.  
 Hoc ego commodius, quam tu, præclare senator,  
 Millibus atque aliis, vivo. quacunque libido est,  
 Incedo solus: percontor quanti olus, ac far:  
 Fallacem circum, vespertinumque pererro  
 Sæpe forum: assisto divinis: inde domum me  
 Ad porri & ciceris refero laganique catinum.  
 Cæna ministratur pueris tribus: & lapis albus  
 Pocula cum cyatho duo sustinet: astat echinus  
 Vilis, cum patera gustus, Campana supellex.  
 Deinde eo dormitum, non sollicitus, mihi quod cras  
 Surgendum sit mane, obeundus Marisa, qui se  
 Vultum ferre negat Noviorum posse minoris.  
 Ad quartam jaceo; post hanc vagor, aut ego lecto,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

choose any other parents, such as a man would wish for himself to gratify his ambition; I satisfied with my own, would not take to myself those that are of high account for their ensigns and seats of dignity; mad in the estimation of the vulgar, but in yours, probably, a man of sense therefore; because I would not like to sustain a troublesome burthen, by no means ever accustomed to it. For then instantly a larger revenue must be sought out by me, and more people must be saluted; and a companion or two must be taken along with me, so that I could neither take an airing unto my country-seat, or go abroad by myself: more servants, and more horses must be fed; coaches also must be drawn in state. Now, if I like it, I can go as far as Tarentum, upon my mule, with his saddle dockt, whose loins the cloak-bag galls with its weight, and the horseman kicking upon his shoulders. Nevertheless, no one

can

Yet none alive in this respect,  
 Will stingyness to me object;  
 In such as Tullius, is thy due,  
 When five slaves only follow you,  
 A mighty prætor, as you are,  
 With wine, and necessary jar.  
 Sage senator, on this account,  
 Thee, and ten thousand I surmount.  
 Where'er I will is in my pow'r  
 To walk, and cheapen greens and flow'r.  
 The Circus, where they trick and thieve,  
 And Forum I frequent at eve.  
 The temples duly I attend,  
 Then homewards make my journey's end,  
 And take my supper at my ease,  
 Of onions, pancakes, or of pease.  
 Three slaves the supper serve—at hand  
 Two large mugs, and a tumbler stand  
 Upon a marble slab, with ew'r  
 And bowl, and cruet mean and poor.  
 I go to sleep, without dismay,  
 That I must rise betimes next day,  
 And in my rambles stand the shock  
 Of Marfya's phiz, who tho' a block,  
 Still signifies with hideous stare,  
 That he cannot young Novius bear.  
 To the fourth hour I lay me down,  
 Then take a walk about the town;  
 Or my still privacy delight  
 By reading, or by what I write.

Aut scripto quod me tacitum juvet. ungor olivo.  
 Non quo fraudatis immundus Natta lucernis.  
 Ast ubi me fessum Sol acrior ire lavatum  
 Admonuit, fugio rabiosi tempora signi.  
 Pransus non avide, quantum interpellat inani  
 Ventre diem durare, domesticus otior, hæc est  
 Vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.  
 His me consolor, victurus suavius ac si  
 Quæstor avus, pater atque meus patruusque fuissent.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

can tax me with meanness, as Tullius; well may they, when five slaves only attend you as a prætor on the Tiburtian-way, carrying a conveniency and a travelling cellar. Thus, O renowned senator! I live more commodiously than thee, and ten thousands of others. Wherever I have an inclination, I parade by myself. I ask what is the price of greens and meal; and traverse the fraudulent Circus, and frequently the market-place at evening: I assist at the divine services; thence I betake myself home to a mess of leek, pease, and pancakes. My supper is served up by three slaves, and a white marble slab holds two mugs and a tumbler, close to them stands a mean ewer, and a cruet with a bowl-dish, Campanian ware. Then I go to sleep, not in the least anxious, that I must rise in the morning, and surround the statue of Marsyas, who denies that he is able to bear with the aspect of the younger Novius. I lie a-bed to the fourth hour: after that I make an excursion; or I write a little, or read what may give me a silent pleasure. I am anointed with oil, but not with such as the filthy Natta defrauds the lamps of. But when the sun more vehement, has advised me to go and wash, I shun the season of the raging sign. Having dined, not greedily, just enough to prevent me from enduring an empty stomach, the residue of the day I lounge at home. This is the life of those who are free from miserable and cumbrous ambition. With such things I comfort myself, about to live more sweetly, than if my grandfather, and father, and uncle, into the bargain, had enjoyed the Quæstorship.

S A T.



Then I take oil—but better chuse,  
Then Natta robs the lamps to use.  
But when the sun with fiercer beam  
Warns me to seek the cooling stream,  
I foil the dog-star's heat, and swim.  
Next after dining in such wise,  
As with an appetite to rise ;  
I lounge at home——such are the days  
Of men, whom no ambition sways.  
With these few comforts I console  
Myself, more happy on the whole,  
Than if my fire and grandfire both,  
Had fairly took the Questor's oath.

## S A T. VII.

*Rixam Rupilii cognomento Regis cum Graculo quodam  
Persio describit.*

**P**roscripti Regis Rupili pus atque venenum  
Hybrida, quo pacto sit Persius ultus, opinor  
Omnibus & lippis notum & tonsoribus esse.  
Persius hic permagna negotia dives habebat  
Clazomenis, etiam lites cum Rege molestas :  
Durus homo, atque odio qui possit vincere Regem :  
Confidens, tumidusque : adeo sermonis amari,  
Sisennas Barros ut equis præcurreret albis,  
Ad Regem redeo, postquam nihil inter utrumque  
Convenit (hoc etiam sunt omnes jure molesti,  
Quo fortes, quibus adversum bellum incidit inter

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

After what fashion the mongrel Persius, returned the spite and venom of Rupilius Rex, is (I imagine) known, to all the bleer-eyed fellows, and their barber-surgeons in Rome. This Persius being wealthy had affairs of great consequence at Clazomene, and withal a vexatious contest with Rex ; a hardened fellow, and who could beat even Rex in spitefulness ; vain, puff'd up, and of such bitter language, that he wou'd out-go the Sisennæ and Barri with a wet-sail\*. Now I return to Rex, after nothing could be adjusted between them, (for champions to whom their happens dissention unto war, are offensive in proportion as they are brave. The rage, for instance, between Hector the son of Priam, and the fero-

\* Literally with white horses, supposed to be more fleet than others.

## S A T I R E VII.

*He describes a squabble between Rupilius, surnamed King, with one Persius, a Grecian of mean account.*

HOW Persius, ev'n that mongrel thing,  
 Aveng'd himself against one King,  
 Who by Octavius was proscrib'd,  
 He had such spite and gall imbib'd,  
 I make no doubt but long ago,  
 All Barbers and their patients know.  
 This Persius was compell'd to be  
 On business at Clazomenae,  
 Because his bulk of wealth was there,  
 With King too a perplex'd affair.  
 This man was harsh, and of such hate,  
 That even King's was not so great,  
 Full of all confidence and vain,  
 And still in such abusive strain,  
 That he cou'd distance and out do,  
 The Barri and Sifennæ too.  
 But now return we to this King,  
 When they cou'd to no issue bring  
 Their contest, (for when war breaks out,  
 Its longer, as the men are stout ;

\* This is one of the meanest productions in all Horace, and seems to have been written for the sake of a sorry pun upon the word Rex.

Hec̃tora Priamiden, animosum atque inter Achillem  
 Ira fuit capitalis, ut ultima divideret mors :  
 Non aliam ob causam, nisi quod virtus in utroque  
 Summa fuit, (duo si discordia vexet inertes :  
 Aut si disparibus bellum incidat, ut Diomedī  
 Cum Lycio Glaucō : discedat pigrior, ultro  
 Muneribus missis) Bruto prætorē tenente  
 Ditem Asiā, Rupili & Persi par pugnāt, uti non  
 Compositus melius cum Bitho Bacchius, in jus  
 Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum uterque.  
 Persius exponit causam : ridetur ab omni  
 Conventu : laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem.  
 Solem Asiæ Brutum appellat, stellasque salubres,  
 Appellat comites, excepto Rege : canem illum,  
 Invisum agricolis sydus, venisse. ruebat  
 Flumen ut hybernum, fertur quo rara securis.  
 Tum Prænestinus falso multumque fluenti

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

cious Achilles was so capital, that death alone in the end  
 could determine it ; and for no other reason, than that bravery  
 in both of them was of the highest pitch ; but if a difference  
 hampers two cowards, or if a rencounter falls outbetween two  
 unequally matched, as that of Diomede and Glaucus the Ly-  
 cian ; let the worst have leave to depart, by giving presents  
 of his own free will). Brutus being possessed of wealthy Asia,  
 as prætor, this pair of combatants, Rupilius and Persius, en-  
 gaged in such a manner, that Bacchius was never better  
 matched against Bithus. Vehement they rush into court,  
 each of them a magnificent spectacle. Persius expounds his  
 cause first ; and is laughed at by all the concourse ; he praises  
 Brutus, and praises the cohort under his command ; he terms  
 Brutus the sun of Asia, and his followers propitious stars,  
 except Rex ; who (he affirmed) came as the dog-star, de-  
 tested by the husbandmen ; on he rushed like a wintry torrent  
 by

Thus to such lengths did Priam's son  
 And spirited Achilles run,  
 That their intolerable rage,  
 Cou'd nought but death itself assuage.  
 And this too was the very cause,  
 Since each deserv'd so great applause;  
 And if there shou'd begin a fight  
 'Twixt heroes of unequal might,  
 The worst by presents must recede,  
 As Glaucus did by Diomede)  
 When Brutus was the prætor chose  
 Of Asia, these intrepid foes  
 Like † Bacchius with Bithus match'd,  
 Hastened to have th' affair dispatch'd,  
 With vehemence they both proceed,  
 And were a curious sight indeed:  
 Persius the first the case expounds,  
 Till laughter from all sides rebounds;  
 He praises Brutus and his band,  
 "The fun of Asia for command,"  
 And all that follow'd him to fight,  
 He calls his satellites of light,  
 Except this King, who all things mars,  
 Curs'd as the Dog amongst the stars.  
 Made of precipitance and mud,  
 He rush'd on like a wintry flood;  
 The King then on his running on,  
 Wou'd have attack'd him pro and con,

† *A pair of gladiators.*



Expressa ar busto regerit convitia, durus  
 Vindemiator, & invictus, cui sæpe viator  
 Cessisset, magna compellans voce cucullum.  
 At Græcus, postquam est Italo perfusus aceto,  
 Persius, exclamat, Per magnos, Brute, deos te  
 Oro, qui reges consueris tollere, cur non  
 Hunc Regem jugulas? operum hoc (mihi crede)  
 tuorum est.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

by a wood, where the axe is rarely carried. Then upon his going on so archly and fluently, the Prenestine Rex would have directed some taunts, taken from the cant of the vineyard, himself a sturdy vine-dresser, and not to be beat in abuse, to whom the traveller had frequently been forced to give out, upon his calling him with a bellowing voice, cuckold. But the Grecian Persius, as soon as he had been sufficiently steeped in the vinegar of Italy, bawls out, "I implore you, by the great Gods, O Brutus! who are wont to take off kings, tell me why you do not stab this Rex; [King, in Latin] believe me, this is properly one of your operations."

According to the cant express  
Of clowns, who're sent the vines to dress,  
For all the passengers gave out,  
When he cried cuckold, thief, or lout——  
But this same Grecian dipt in gall,  
From Italy began to bawl——

" By all th' immortal Gods, O Brute,  
" To thee I make my fervent suit,  
" Thou that are wont all kings to kill,  
" Use this King also as you will,  
" For take my word, it is the task  
" Of him that bears both *ax* and *mask*."

## S A T. VIII.

*Priapum deum, custodem hortorum, inducit querentem de  
Canidiâ & Saganâ veneficis, & quæ ab illis in oc-  
culto fierent describentem.*

**O** Lim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum :  
Quum faber incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum,  
Maluit esse deum, deus inde ego, furum aviumque  
Maxima formido, nam fures dextra coercet,  
Ast importunas volucres in vertice arundo  
Terret fixa, vetatque novis confidere in hortis.  
Huc prius angustis ejecta cadavera cellis  
Conservus vili portanda locabat in arcâ :  
Hoc miseræ plebi stabat commune sepulchrum,  
Pantolabo scurræ, Nomentanoque nepoti.  
Mille pedes in fronte, trecentos cippus in agrum

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Sometime since I was the stump of a bastard-fig-tree, a piece of timber unfit for service, when the carpenter, dubious whether he should make a form, or a Priapus of me, at last chose that I should be a god. From that time I was a god, and the greatest fright imaginable to robbers and birds: for my right hand checks thieves; but a cane fastened upon the crown of my head, scares the troublesome birds, and fordids them to settle in these new gardens of Mæcenus. Before this hither did the fellow-slave bestow dead bodies, thrown out of narrow holes, in order to be borne away in sorry coffins. This spot stood the common burying-ground for the unhappy poor, for Pantolabus the Zany, and Nomentatus the rake-shame: here an inscribed pillar of stone, set apart a thousand feet in front, and three hundred wide into the

## S A T I R E VIII.

*He introduces the god Priapus, keeper of the gardens, complaining of the witches Canidia and Sagana, and describing what was done by them in secret.*

CUT from the bastard-fig of yore,  
 A lumpish useleſs form I bore,  
 When the poſ'd joiner was in doubt,  
 What in the end I ſhou'd turn out,  
 A God, or chopping block—at laſt  
 My lot was for Priapus caſt.  
 Hence as a pow'r divine, I ſtand  
 To ſcare the thieves and birds—my hand  
 The former checks, but for the crows  
 A reed is fix'd above my noſe,  
 Which ſtill forbids them to parade  
 In theſe fine gardens, newly made.  
 Here ſometime ſince the fellow-ſlave,  
 Brought out dead corpeſes to the grave,  
 From all their narrow cells thrown out,  
 And in vile coffins borne about.  
 This was the common burying place,  
 For wretches of Plebeian race,  
 Where fool Pantolabus they bore,  
 And Nomentanus rakes no more.  
 A pillar here inſcrib'd, aſſign'd  
 A thouſand feet in front—behind  
 Three hundred tow'rds the fields adjoin'd;

Hic dabat. hæredes monimentum ne sequeretur,  
 Nunc licet Esquilis habitare, salubribus atque  
 Aggere in aprico spatium, quo modo tristes  
 Albis informem spectabunt ossibus agrum.  
 Quum mihi non tantum furesque, feræque, suctæ  
 Hunc vexare locum, curæ sunt atque labori:  
 Quantum, carminibus quæ versant atque venenis  
 Humanos animos, has nullo perdere possum  
 Nec prohibere modo, simulac vaga Luna decorum  
 Protulit os, quin ossa legant, herbasque nocentes.  
 Vidi egomet nigrâ succinctam vadere pallâ  
 Canidiam, pedibus nudis, passoque capillo,  
 Cum Saganâ majore ululantem (pallor utraque  
 Fecerat horrendas aspectu) scalpere terram  
 Unguibus, & pullam divellere mordicus agnam  
 Cœperunt. cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the field; that the burying-ground should not fall to the heir of the adjoining land. Now one may inhabit the Esquiliae, being made a healthy spot, and expatiate upon a sunny bank; where but now the pensive walkers saw the ground deformed with white human bones. In the mean time the thieves and wild beasts, accustomed to trouble this place, are not so much vexation and pain to me as these witches, that turn peoples minds by their charms and poisons. These I cannot suppress nor prohibit by any means that I can take, but that, as soon as the wand'ring moon has produced her beauteous face, they will collect bones and hurtful weeds. I myself beheld Canidia with her black gown tucked up, going with naked feet, and hair about her ears, and howling with the elder Saganâ. A ghastliness had made each of them dreadful to be seen. They began to scratch up the ground with their claws, and to tear a black ewe-lamb to pieces by biting it.



A fixt memorial, to assert  
 It could not to the heir revert.  
 But now so good th' Esquilian air,  
 That one may like a lodging there,  
 And on a sunny terras stalk,  
 Where grieved spectators us'd to walk,  
 And view with lamentable groans,  
 The place deform'd with human bones.  
 Tho' both the thieves and ev'ry brute,  
 That us'd to haunt this place to boot,  
 Gave me not half the plague and care,  
 As these old hags that here repair,  
 And with their magic drugs and charms  
 Turn people's brains—by no alarms  
 These can I quell or drive away,  
 When the vague beauteous moon-beams play.  
 But that both bones they will collect,  
 And simples of a curs'd effect,  
 I saw Canidia in black gown  
 Succinct, and walking up and down  
 With naked feet, dishevell'd hair,  
 And howling to the midnight air;  
 And Sagana that elder scold——  
 They both were ghastly to behold.  
 Then they began with nails to scratch  
 The earth, and with their teeth dispatch  
 A black ewe-lamb alive and crude,  
 His blood into a ditch they spew'd,

Manes elicerent, animas responsa daturas.  
 Lanea & effigies erat, altera erea, major  
 Lanea, quæ pœnis compesceret inferiorem,  
 Cerea suppliciter stabat, servilibus, utque  
 Jam peritura, modis. Hecaten vocat aliera, sævam  
 Altera Tisiphonem, serpentes atque videres  
 Infernas errare canes: Lunamque rubentem,  
 Ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulcra.  
 Mentior at siquid merdis caput inquiner albis  
 Singula quid memorem; quo pacto alterna loquentes  
 Umbræ cum Sagana resonarent triste, & acutum?  
 Utque lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ  
 Abdiderint furtim terris? & imagine cerea  
 Largior arserit ignis? & ut non testis inultus  
 Horruerim voces Furiarum & facta duarum?  
 Nam, displosa sonat quantum vesica, pepedi  
 Dississâ nate ficus, at illæ currere in urbem.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

The blood was poured into a ditch, that from thence they might entice out departed souls to give them answers. There was also a figure made of wooll, and another of wax: that of wooll was the greater, which was intended to inflict punishment on the less. That of wax stood in a supplicatory attitude, and as one about to perish by the torture appointed to slaves. One of the witches calls upon Hecate, the other upon cruel Tisiphone. You might see serpents and hell-hounds questing about them, and the blushing moon skulking behind the great sepulchres, that she might not be witness to these horrors. But if I tell any lie now, may I be daubed all over with the white dung of the crows. Why should I enumerate every circumstance, after what manner holding a dialogue, the ghosts and Sagana re-echoed the growlings and the shriekings; and how they hid by stealth  
in

That so they might the ghosts compel,  
To give them answers out of hell.  
A woollen effigy they bring,  
And one of wax—the former thing  
Was largest, and in act express,  
As if 'twas punishing the less.  
The waxen was in suppliant mood,  
As bound to perish on the rood.  
This hag did Hecate invoke,  
That fell Tisiphone bespoke ;  
While serpents and infernal curs,  
And moon behind the sepulchres  
You might have seen to blush for shame,  
Lest she, forsooth, should bear the blame.  
Now if one lie defile my tongue,  
May all the crows my form bedung !  
Why should I mention every fact,  
And tell each circumstance exact ?  
How Sagana to a spectre speaks,  
The one by grumbling, one by shrieks,  
And how in earth, with wolf's grim beard,  
They teeth of spotted snake interr'd.  
How from the image made of wax,  
A rousing fire awakes and cracks.  
How at these furies I was shock'd,  
But not intirely foil'd and mock'd ;  
For as a bladder sounds, when broke,  
I from my fig-posteriors spoke.  
They scar'd, into the city hied,  
With laughter then you might have died.

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Canidiæ dentes, altum Saganæ caliendrum  
Excidere, atque herbas, atque incantata lacertis  
Vincula, cum magno risuque jocoque videres.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

in the ground, the beard of a wolf, and the teeth of a variegated adder, and how a larger flame than ordinary blazed out of the waxen figure; and how I was in horror at the noises and actions of these furies; a spectator, however, by no means without being even with them; for as loud as sounds a bursted bladder, I broke wind from my fig-tree posteriors—but they scowered into the city: and then with exceeding laughter and pleasantry, you might have seen Canidia's sham-teeth, and Sagana's tower of false hair falling off, and the drugs and bracelet which was fastened by enchantment upon her arms.

Satire 8. THE SATIRES OF HORACE. IIII

Canidia's artificial bones  
For teeth, came tumbling on the stones:  
And what the jest shou'd not abate,  
Old Sagana soon lost her tete,  
With magic herbs upon the ground,  
And bracelet from her arm unbound.



## S A T. IX.

*Describit cujusdam, in quem forte inciderat, importunam & pertinacem garrulitatem.*

**I**Bam forte viâ sacrâ (sicut meus est mos)  
 Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis:  
 Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum,  
 Arreptâque manu, Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?  
 Suaviter, ut nunc est, inquam: & cupio omnia quæ vis.  
 Quum affectaretur, Num quid vis? occupo. at ille,  
 Noris nos (inquit) docti sumus. Hic ego, Pluris  
 Hoc (inquam) mihi eris. Misere discedere quærens,  
 Ire modo ocyus, interdum consistere: in aurem  
 Dicere nescio quid puero, quum fudor ad imos  
 Manaret talos. ô te Bollane cerebri

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

I casually went along the sacred way, (according to custom) musing upon some of my trifling performances, and totally taken up with them.—A certain person, known to me merely by name, runs up to me, and catches hold of my hand; “How do you do, thou sweetest fellow in nature?” Pretty hearty, as things are at present, I say, and wish you well in every thing you are inclined to. When he continued to follow me; I took him up, with “do you want any thing?” But he, “You must know me,” he says, “I am a man of parts.” Here rejoined I, you will be of more account with me for this very reason. Wanting sadly to make off, sometimes I put forwards quickly, sometimes I stopped, and spoke something into the ear of my boy. When the sweat flowed down ancle-deep; O Bollanus! says I, tacitly, how happy are you in the thickness of your skull! Mean while he kept

## SATIRE IX.

*He describes the impertinence and persevering garrulity of a certain person whom he happened on by chance.*

A Saunt'ring on the sacred way,  
 (As is my custom every day)  
 Upon some trivial thing intent,  
 With all my thoughts engag'd, I went.  
 When, lo! a chap, whom by his name  
 I barely knew, abruptly came,  
 And grasping hard my hand in his,  
 "How does the dearest man, that is?"  
 The times consider'd, I can do,  
 With my best wishes, Sir, for you.  
 But finding that he still kept on,  
 I ask'd him, what he was upon?  
 He answer'd, "Sir, you must know me,  
 "A scholar of the first degree."—  
 I told him on that very score,  
 He must of me be priz'd the more.  
 Now in the last distress my pace  
 I mend, and sometime for a space  
 Stand still—and whisper to my lad,  
 Sweating from head to foot, like-mad:  
 O blest Bollanus! in my heart  
 I said, ev'n blockhead as thou art!

Fœlicem, ajebam tacitus. quum quidlibet ille  
 Garriret vicos, urbem laudaret : ut illi  
 Nil respondebam, Misere cupis (inquit) abire :  
 Jamdudum video. sed nil agis : usque tenebo.  
 Persequar. hinc quo nunc iter est tibi ? nil opus est te  
 Circumagi : quendam volo visere non tibi notum :  
 Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos.  
 Nil habeo quod agam, & non sum piger ; usq; sequar te  
 Demitto auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis asellus,  
 Quum gavius dorso subiit onus. incipit ille :  
 Si bene me novi, non Viscum pluris amicum,  
 Non Varium facies. nam quis me scribere plures  
 Aut citius possit versus ? quis membra movere

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

kept talking upon any thing, that came in his head, cried up the streets and the city—when I answered him nothing : “ You desire terribly (says he) to get away ; but you make no hand of it, I shall still keep my hold ! I will even follow you from this place—pray where is your route now ? ” —There is no occasion for your going so much about : I want to see a person that you are not acquainted with. He is situated at a great distance, at the other side the Tiber, close by Cæsar’s gardens. “ I am quite disengaged, and am by no means inactive, I will accompany you thither.” —I hang down my ears like a grudging ass, when he has stooped his back to a burthen over heavy.—He begins again, “ If I know myself fully, you will not value Viscus or Varius for a friend, rather than me ; for who can scribble more verses, or with greater expedition ? Who can move his feet more gracefully in dancing ? And I sing such a strain, that Hermogenes may envy.” —Here there was room to interrupt him. Have you a mother, or any kinsfolk, that are interested in your well being ? “ I have not so much as one : I have seen them all decently interred.” Happy they, that you have done it. Now I alone survive. Dispatch me ;

Still he went on my ears to greet,  
 "A noble town! a glorious street!"

Whatever came into his head;

But when he found I nothing said,

Says he, "I know you are in pain

"To get away, 'tis very plain.

"But you are ne'er the near, good friend!

"I'll still keep up, and still attend——

"And pray, Sir, which way is your route?"

—You need not go so much about,

It is upon a man to wait,

You do not know at any rate,

Across the Tiber, and as far

Almost, as Cæsar's gardens are.

"Brisk, and quite disengaged, I'll cleave

"Unto your honour, by your leave."

Here brought to such a sorry pass,

I hang my ears, like some poor ass,

Whose grudging spirit cannot bear

A heavier burthen, than is fair.

Again his tongue began to run,

"Me, if you knew, you wou'd not shun,

"Nor wou'd ev'n \* *Viscus* *close ally*,

"Or Varius be more dear than I.

"For who's a better bard than me,

"Or writes so fast, or flows so free?"

\* *There is a very pleasant equivocation in the proper name Viscus, which likewise signifies bird-lime.*

Mollius? invidet quod & Hermogenes, ego canto.  
 Interpellandi locus hic erat, est tibi mater?  
 Cognati, queiste salvo est opus? Haud mihi quisquam.  
 Omnes composui. Fœlices. nunc ego resto.  
 Confice, namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella  
 Quod puero cecinit, divina mota anus urna.  
 Hunc neque dira, venena, nec hosticus auferet ensis;  
 Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra.  
 Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque, loquaces  
 Si sapiat, vitet, simulatque adoleverit ætas.  
 Ventum erat ad Vestæ, quartâ jam parte diei  
 Præteritâ, & casu, tunc respondere vadato  
 Debebat; quod ni fecisset perdere litem.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

me; for the direful fate is pressing upon me, that an old Sabine witch predicted to me a boy, her divining urn being shaken. "This lad, neither shall baleful poison, nor the sword of the adversary, nor the pain in the side, nor cough, nor limping gout take off; a chattering fellow shall on a time demolish him: if he prove discreet, let him shun loquacious folks, as soon as his maturity shall be perfected." We came to Vesta's at last, one fourth of the day being already gone; and fortunately he was forced to appear to his recognizance, which if he did not do, he must have been non-suited. "If you have any regard for me, (says he) be present there." May I perish in the most cruel manner, if I am able to stand, or know any thing of the civil law, and am hastening to you know where. "I am dubious" (cries he) what I shall do; whether I shall forsake you, or my cause." Me, I implore you—"I will not do it;" (says he) and began to lead the way. I (as it is too hard a thing to resist a conqueror) follow: "How is it with Mæconas and you? Here he repeats his impertinence—He is a gentleman of but few acquaintance, and of exceeding good sense. No man has made use of good fortune



"Who dances with an easier grace?

"Then for your treble and your base,

"I raise with voice so tun'd to please,

"The envy of Hermogenes."——

Here was a respite, to thrust in

A word or two——Have *you* no kin,

Are you no mother's darling hope,

Who would not wish you to elope!——

"——No not a soul—I've buried all."——

Thrice blessed in their funeral.

Alas! now I alone survive,

Dispatch and havock me alive.

For now the hour is come, foretold

By Sabine forcerefs of old,

When for my fate her urn she shook——

This child (I read it in his look)

Nor poison, nor the hostile spear,

Nor pleurisy, nor cough need fear——

Nor shall the gout affect his brain;

Born by a babbler to be slain;

Such he'll avoid, if he is sage,

Shou'd he but live, and come of age.——

To Vesta's now (one fourth of day

Quite gone and spent) we made our way.

And he, by a most lucky chance,

Was call'd upon recognizance,

Which if he shou'd neglect to do,

An instant non-suit must ensue.

"Step in (says he) my dearest bard,

"If you retain the least regard."——

Si me amas, inquit, paulum hic ades. Inteream si  
 Aut valeo stare, aut novi civilia jura :  
 Et propero quo scis. Dubius sum quid faciam inquit:  
 Tene relinquam, an rem Me, sodes. Non faciam inquit  
 Et præcedere cœpit. Ego (ut contendere durum est  
 Cum victore) sequor. Mæcenâs quomodo tecum ?  
 Hinc repetit, Paucorum hominum, & mentis bene  
 Nemo dexterius fortuna est usus. Haberes (sanæ  
 Magnum adiutorem, posset qui ferre secundas,  
 Hunc hominem velles si tradere, dispeream ni  
 Summosq; omnes. Non isto vivimus illic  
 Quo tu rere modo, domus hac nec purior ulla est.  
 Nec magis his aliena malis, nil mi officit unquam,  
 Ditior hic, aut est quia doctior, est locus uni  
 Cuique suus. Magnum narras, vix credibile. Atqui  
 Sic habet. Accendis quare cupiam magis illi

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

fortune with more address.—“ But you would have a great  
 “ ally, who could support an under character, if you  
 “ would recommend this man, (meaning himself) may I  
 “ die, if you would not displace all the rest.” The man-  
 ner of life there is not according to your conceits. There  
 is no house whatever that is cleaner, or more averse to mischief  
 of this kind. It hurts not me, that any one is wealthier,  
 or more learned than I am : every one has his special de-  
 partment. “ You tell me a prodigious thing, scarcely to  
 “ be believed.”—Nevertheless, this is the case.—“ You  
 “ inflame me but the more to be very near his person.”—  
 Should you only affect it, such is your merit, that you will  
 carry the point, and he is one that can easily be over-  
 powered ; and therefore, he has his first approaches difficult.  
 “ I will not be wanting to myself ; I will bribe his servants  
 “ with gifts ; if I am shut out to-day, I will not give out ;  
 “ I

'Sdeath! Sir, I scarce can stand or go,  
 And hurry to the place, you know—  
 Nor am I vers'd in civil law.  
 Says he, "Now whether to withdraw  
 "From you, or to desert my cause,  
 "Is that on which I needs must pause."——  
 Me, Sir, I beg you would forbear——  
 "I cannot do it, Sir, I swear."——  
 Then he began to take the lead;  
 I (for no parley can succeed  
 Against the victor) creep behind.  
 "Mæcenas, how is he inclin'd?"  
 Cries he, continuing his prate——  
 Few men with him are intimate;  
 A man of excellent good sense,  
 No one man has greater eminence,  
 By fairly pushing of success."——  
 ——"Here is your man, whose clean address  
 "Cou'd much assist you, hand and heart,  
 "And finely play an underpart;  
 "Of all the rest you'd soon dispose."——  
 ——We are not on such terms as those;  
 Nor is there any house in Rome  
 More free from that, which you presume.  
 My circumstance is not concern'd,  
 Tho' one's more rich, and one's more learn'd,  
 All have their special ranks and cares.——  
 ——"You tell me marvellous affairs,  
 "Scarce credible!"——'Tis even so.——  
 ——"Now you inflame me more to know,

Proximus esse Velis tantummodo. quæ tua virtus,  
 Expugnabis & est qui vinci possit : eoque  
 Difficiles aditus primos habet. Haud mihi deero :  
 Muneribus servos corrumpam : non, hodie si.  
 Exclusus fuero, desistam. tempora quæram :  
 Occurram in triviis. deducam. Nil sine magno  
 Vita labore dedit mortalibus. Hæc dum agit, ecce,  
 Fuscus Aristius occurrit, mihi charus : & illum  
 Qui pulchre nosset : consistimus. Unde venis ? &  
 Quo tendis ? rogat. & respondet. vellere cœpi,  
 Et prensare manu lentissima brachia, nutans,  
 Distorquens oculos, ut me eriperet. male falsus  
 Ridens dissimulare. meum jecur urere bilis.  
 Certe nescio quid secreto velle loqui te  
 Ajebas mecum. Memini bene : sed meliori  
 Tempore dicam : hodie tricesima sabbata, vin tu  
 Curtis Judæis oppedere ? Nulla mihi (inquam)

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

" I will watch opportunities ; I will confront him in the  
 " streets ; I will conduct him home. The condition of life  
 " has granted nothing to mortals without great toil." While  
 he was harranguing all this, behold up comes Aristius Fuscus,  
 particularly dear to me, and one who understands this chap  
 perfectly.—We halt—Whence come you ? and whether  
 are you bound ? he asks, and answers to the same questions.  
 I began to give him a pull, and to lay hold of his insensible  
 arms, nodding and winking with my eyes, that he would  
 take me away with him. Wickedly funny, he shammed  
 ignorance with a laugh : while wrath inflamed my liver.—  
 Surely, says I, you told me you wanted to mention some-  
 thing to me secretly. " I remember well, but will mention  
 " it at a more convenient season : To-day is the thirtieth of  
 " the month—a great holiday with the Jews—would you  
 " give

" And to be near him ; "——To desire  
 A thing from him is to acquire ;  
 Such is your merit, 'twill be done,  
 And he is easy to be won ;  
 Wherefore he's apt to keep on guard,  
 And make his first approaches hard.——  
 ——" I'll not be wanting to my plan,  
 " But bribe his servants, man by man.  
 " And if I am repuls'd to-day—  
 " I'll not desist—I'll mark his way,  
 " I will for all occasions wait,  
 " I'll see his honour home in state.  
 " The lot of human life is such,  
 " Nought's done but by endeavouring much."——  
 Thus while he rattled without end,  
 Aristius Fuscus, my dear friend,  
 One who full well this fellow knew,  
 Came up and met us—how do you do,  
 And whether bound, each ask'd and told—  
 I twitch his sleeve, and strive to hold  
 His arms reluctant—from this scrape,  
 Nodding and winking to escape.  
 He laugh'd, and scrupled by the dint  
 Of ill-tim'd jest to take the hint——  
 I, with my vitals all inflam'd,  
 Cry " sure you lately something nam'd,  
 " That you in secret had for me"——  
 O ! I remember it (says he)  
 But I a fitter time shall choose,  
 'Tis a great sabbath with the Jews,



Religio est, At mi, sum paulo infirmior, unus  
 Multorum ignosces; alias loquar. Huncine solem  
 Tam nigrum surrexe mihi! fugit improbus ac me  
 Sub cultro linquit. casu venit obviu illi  
 Adversarius: &, Quo tu turpissime? magnâ  
 Exclamat voce: &, Licet antestari? Ego vero  
 Oppono auriculum. rapit in jus. clamor utrinque  
 Undique concursus. sic me servavit Apollo.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

“give umbrage to these circumcised gentry.” I reply, I have  
 no qualms of conscience.—“But I have, (says he) I am  
 “a little more liable to infirmity, one of the majority. You  
 “will excuse me. I will converse with you elsewhere.”—  
 That this day should rise so black upon me!—The rogue  
 makes off, and leaves my throat under the knife.—But  
 haply the plaintiff met him; “Where are you a going, you  
 “most filthy fellow?” he vociferates with a prodigious noise,  
 and “may I beg of you, Horace, to witness the action.”—  
 I agree of course.—He forces him into court—a bawling  
 ensues on both sides, and a concourse from all quarters.—  
 Thus did Apollo save my life.

When surely you wou'd not offend——

“ I'm not so scrupulous, dear friend.”

But pardon him of weaker turn,

One of the many—we'll adjourn——

Another day—and I'll advise——

(O that so black a sun shou'd rise !)

Away the traitor runs for life,

And leaves my throat beneath the knife——

By happiest chance the plaintiff came,

And “ where away, thou son of shame ;”

He roar'd aloud—then me address——

“ Sir, will you witness this arrest.”——

I yield—he's hurried to the hall——

Both parties make a grievous bawl——

The concourse on all sides is great——

Thus Phœbus stav'd his poet's fate.

## S A T. X.

*Hâc Satyrâ respondet iis quos offenderat supra Satyra quarta, quum Lucilii versus reprebenderet: ac sue reprebensionis rationem reddit, quâ eam fuisse justam ostendit.*

**N**Empe incompósito dixi pede currere versus  
 Lucili. quis tam Lucili fautor inepte est,  
 Ut non hoc fateatur? at idem, quod sale multo  
 Urbem defricuit, chartâ laudatur eâdem. (sic  
 Nec tamen hoc tribuens, dederim quoq; cætera; nam  
 Et Laberi mimos, ut pulchra poemata, mirer.  
 Ergo non satis est risu diducere rictum  
 Auditoris: & est quædam tamen hic quoque virtus.  
 Est brevitæ opus: ut currat sententia, neu se

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Forsooth I did assert that the verses of Lucillius ran with unlaboured feet; who is a favourer of Lucillius in so stupid a degree that he will not allow this? But the same man is praised in the same paper, that he touched off the town with abundance of wit. However, admitting of this, I will not consequently give up every thing else; for so I might admire likewise, the mimes of Laberius as beautiful poems. Therefore it is not enough to make the audience grin with laughter, (and yet this also is a certain degree of excellence) there is brevity necessary that the period may flow off, nor hamper itself with a parcel of words, that overload the wearied ears and sometimes a severer stile, often a pleasant one is requisite, sustaining the part now of the rhetorician, and now of the poet; now and then a clever fellow, sparing his strength, and abating it wittingly. For raillery often determines mat-  
 ters

## S A T I R E X.

*This Satire is an answer to those who had taken offence at the Fourth, in which he finds fault with the verses of Lucilius;—and he renders a reason for such reprehension, and shews it to be just.*

WELL, I did say Lucilius penn'd  
Lame verses—who's so much his friend,  
And fawning dupe, to praise amiss,  
As not at least to grant me this?  
But that he smartly lash'd the age,  
I praise him in the self-same page.  
Yet, tho' I this one truth attest,  
I cannot grant you all the rest.  
For so I might admire each mime,  
Laberius wrote, as true sublime.  
Wherefore 'tis not enough to win  
The hearer's ear, and make him grin,  
(Tho' this is merit in degree)  
But that the period may run free,  
Nor with vain words the ear be tir'd—  
There is a brevity requir'd.  
The stile too sometimes shou'd of right  
Be grave, and often arch and light,  
As acting now the poet's part,  
And now the pleader to the heart;  
And sometime lower'd, to acquit  
The part of a familiar wit,

Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures,  
 Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosò :  
 Defendente vicem modo rhetoris, atque poetæ,  
 Interdum urbani parentis viribus, atque  
 Extenuantis eas consulto. ridiculum acri  
 Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res.  
 Illi, scripta quibus Comœdia prisca viris est,  
 Hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi : quos neque pulcher  
 Hermogenes unquam legit, neque simius iste,  
 Nil prætor Calvum & doctus cantare Catullum.  
 At magnum fecit, quod verbis Græca Latinis  
 Miscuit, ô seri studiorum ! quive putetis  
 Difficile & mirum, Rhodio quod Pitholeonti  
 Contigit. at sermo linguâ concinnus utrâque  
 Suavior, ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.  
 Quum versus facias, te ipsum percontor, an & quum  
 Dura tibi peragenda rei sit causa Petilli;  
 Scilicet oblitus patriæque patrisque Latini,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ters of consequence, more ably and better than bitterness. Those from whom the ancient comedy proceeded, stood upon this principle, and upon this are they imitable ; which authors neither smock-faced Hermogenes ever read, nor that monkey (Demetritus) who is learned in nothing, but to sing Calvus and Catullus.—But Lucillius did a mighty feat (it seems) while he interlarded Greek words with his Latin.—O behind hand with your studies ! How can you think that difficult and wonderful, which Pitholeon the Rhodian attained unto ! But still (they insist) the stile neatly made up of both languages is more agreeable ; as if the Falernian wine should be dashed with Chian. When you compose verses, I ask you this, were you to undertake the knotty cause of the culprit



Who will his strength and skill neglect,  
 The more to heighten the effect.  
 By satire in a pleasant vein,  
 A weighty point we oft'ner gain,  
 Than talking in severer strain.  
 The writers of the Comic cast,  
 Who wrote their plays some ages past,  
 Their works on this foundation rear,  
 And all are imitable here.  
 But these Hermogenes the beau,  
 And ape Demetrius did not know,  
 Which last, not learning better things,  
 Still Calvus and Catullus sings.——

But this Lucilius cou'd atchieve  
 A mighty feat, and interweave  
 His Latin with a deal of Greek. —  
 O ye late-learn'd, and still to seek —  
 To think ought wonderful or hard,  
 Performed ev'n by the Rhodian bard! ——  
 But yet, they cry, the stile combin'd  
 Of diff'rent tongues is more refin'd;  
 As Chian wine is always best,  
 Well mixt with the Falernian zest.

Now let me fairly ask your muse,  
 If for your subject you shou'd choose  
 Petillus his intangled case,  
 Wou'd you forget your native place  
 And Roman fire, to inter-lard  
 Words taken from a foreign bard?

Quum Pedius causas exfudet Poplicola, atque  
 Corvinus, patriis intermiscere petita  
 Verba foris malis, Canusini more bilinguis,  
 Atque ego quum Græcos facerem, natus mare citra.  
 Versiculos, vetuit me tali voce Quirinus  
 Post mediam noctem visus, quum somnia vera;  
 In sylvam non ligna feras insanius, ac si  
 Magnas Græcorum malis implere catervas.  
 Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque  
 Diffingit Rheni luteum caput: hæc ego ludo  
 Quæ nec in æde sonent certantia iudice Tarpa,  
 Nec redeant iterum atque iterum spectanda theatris.  
 Argutâ meretrice potes, Davoque Chremeta  
 Eludente senem, comis garrere libellos,  
 Unus vivorum, Fundani. Pollio regum  
 Facta canit, pede ter percusso: forte epos acer,  
 Ut nemo, Varius ducit: molle atque facetum

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Petillus, whether, for instance, unmindful of your country and Roman father, you would choose to interperse phrases taken from abroad, after the fashion of the Canusinian with his broken Latin, while Pedius Poplicola, and Messala Corvinus, were elaborately pleading the cause in their native tongue?—But with regard to myself, born on this side the water, when I was about to do Greek verses, Romulus appearing to me after midnight, when dreams are to be depended upon, interrupted me in a speech like this, “You could not with greater infatuation carry timber to the wood, than if you are inclined to fill up the vast multitudes of the Grecian authors.”—While the tumid Alpinus butchers Memnon, and while he disgraces \* the muddy head of the Rhine, I sport with such essays as these; which

\* A citation from Alpinus himself.

And ape the Canusian folk,  
Where only broken Latin's spoke,  
Tho' Pedius and Corvinus sweat  
With zeal, and a great pattern set.

To me one time about to speak,  
And write my verses all in Greek,  
Tho' born upon th' Italian coast  
At midnight Romulus his ghost  
Appear'd, the hour that dreams are true,  
My scheme forbidding to pursue:  
"The plan wou'd be as wise and good,  
"To carry timber to the wood,  
"As to augment th' enormous throng  
"Of Grecian books in prose and song."

While puff't Alpinus blows his blast,  
And butchers Memnon in bombast,  
Or Rhine with muddy head displays,  
I sport with these satiric lays;  
Which nor in Phœbus' temple dare  
Be shewn, if Tarpa shou'd be there,  
Nor in the play-house give delight,  
Nor have a run from night to night.

You, O Fundanius! far surpass  
All moderns of the comic class,  
While you th' arch dialogue repeat,  
How Davus and the doxy cheat  
That old huncks Chremes——Pollio sings  
In lively verse the deeds of kings;  
Varius is masterly and strong,  
Unrival'd in th' heroic song\*;

\* *Virgil had not then published the Æneid.*

Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camœnzæ.  
 Hoc erat, experto frustra Varrone Atacino,  
 Atque quibusdam aliis, melius quod scribere possem,  
 Inventore minor : neque ego illi detrahere ausim  
 Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.  
 At dixi fluere hunc lutulentum, sæpe ferentem  
 Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis, age, quæso,  
 Tu nihil in magno doctus reprendis Homero?  
 Nil comis tragici mutat Lucilius Acci?  
 Non ridet versus Enni gravitate minores,  
 Quum de se loquitur, non ut majore reprensus?  
 Quid vetat, & nosmet Lucili scripta legentes,  
 Quærere num illius, num rerum dura negarit  
 Versiculos natura magis factos, & euntes

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

can neither be resounded in the temple of Palatine Apollo, as vying for the prize, when Metius Tarpa sits as judge, nor can come over again and again to be shewn in the theatres.—You, O Fundanius! of all men living are able to write play-books in the comic dialogue, while a shrewd miss and a Davus take in an old Chremes. Pollio chants the deeds of kings in Iambic verse of three beats: the spirited Varius conducts the nervous epic, in such a manner, as nobody else can: the muses that delight in rural nature, have granted to Virgil the soft and pleasant. It was this kind of composition, the Atacinian Varro, and certain others, having made experiment upon to no purpose, which I can write with more address; of lower rank, however, than the inventor; nor could I dare to pull off the laurel crown fixed upon his head with so much approbation.—But I said, that this poet run muddily frequently, carrying along with him more things indeed that should be erased, than spared.—Go to, I pray you, do you, learned as you are, find no fault in the mighty Homer? Does the humorous Lucillius make no parodies upon the tragic Accius?

While all the Muses of the field,  
 The delicate and pleasant yield  
 To Virgil——writings of this strain,  
 Which Varro cou'd attempt in vain,  
 And certain others, I pretend  
 In some degree to recommend,  
 But of inferior rank in Rome  
 To him, th' \* original, from whom  
 I shall not dare to pluck the bays,  
 That crown his head with so much praise.——

But I objected that his song,  
 Flow'd oft so muddily along,  
 That the more part of what he said  
 Shou'd rather be eras'd, than read.  
 Well! well! do you so great a clerk,  
 No fault in Homer's self remark?  
 Does not Lucilius revise

In wagg'ry Accius' comedies?  
 And laugh at Ennius as too free,  
 With his poetic gravity,  
 When ev'n his noble self he names  
 No better, than the men he blames?——

What in like manner can impede  
 But I, who this Lucilius read,  
 May make enquiry, as I go,  
 Which was the real cause, to know,  
 His subject's nature, or his own,  
 That he no better skill has shown,

\* *Lucilius.*



Mollius? ac si quis pedibus quid claudere senis  
 Hoc tantum contentus, amet scripsisse ducentos  
 Ante cibum versus, totidem cœnatus: Etrusci  
 Quale fuit Cassi rapido ferventius amni  
 Ingenium: capsis quem fama est esse librisque  
 Ambustum propriis. fuerit Lucilius, inquam,  
 Comis & urbanus, fuerit limatior idem,  
 Quam rudis, & Græcis intacti carminis autor,  
 Quamque Poetarum seniorum turba: sed ille,  
 Si foret hoc nostrum fato dilatus in ævum;  
 Detereret sibi multa, recideret omne quod ultra  
 Perfectum traheretur, & in versu faciendo  
 Sæpe caput scaberet, vivos & roderet ungues.  
 Sæpe stylum vertas, iterum, quæ digna legi sint,  
 Scripturus: neque te ut miretur turba, labores,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

cus? Does not the same poet deride many of Ennius his verses as beneath his dignity, when he speaks of himself as not a jot better than the persons he reprehends.—What can forbid me also, while I am perusing the writings of Lucilius to consider, whether it is his own disposition or the harsh nature of his subject, that makes his verses to be no more finished, nor to flow more harmoniously, than if any one, content with this only, viz. to conclude something with six feet, should delight to have scribbled two hundred lines before he takes his food, and as many more when he has got his supper? Such was the genius of the Tuscan Cassius, more vehement than a rapid current; who (as the story goes) was burnt on the funeral pyre, with his own boxes of books and papers. Let it be taken for granted, I say then, that Lucilius was a pleasant and elegant author; that he was more polished than Ennius, that rude writer and inventor of verse, not touched upon by the Grecians, and more refined also than the mob of our old poets: but yet he,  
 if

Nor lets his numbers smoother glide,  
 Than if a man shou'd take a pride  
 The measure with six feet to close,  
 And lines by hundreds to compose,  
 Before he sits him down to eat,  
 And then as many after meat.  
 Such was the \* Tuscan poet's trade,  
 With genius fierce as a cascade,  
 Whose works gave fuel for the fire,  
 Upon his own funereal pyre.

But grant Lucillius form'd to write,  
 At once the hum'rous and polite,  
 More learn'd than Ennius every piece,  
 The fire of verse unknown to Greece,  
 And more correct in ev'ry page,  
 Than poets of the earlier age—  
 Yet he (continued to our day)

Much from himself had par'd away,  
 And prun'd off every useless shoot,  
 On which was neither song nor fruit;  
 And in the tuning of his wit,  
 Had often scratch'd his head, and bit  
 His nails, in an extatic fit.

You that wou'd write a taking strain,  
 And worthy to be read again,  
 Oft turn your style in act to blot,  
 Nor care if crouds admire, or not,

\* *Cassius* (not *Severus*) but another poet of that name.

134 Q. HORATII FLACCI SATYRARUM. L. I.

Contentus paucis lectoribus. an tua demens  
 Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis? (audax  
 Non ego, nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere: ut  
 Contemptis aliis explosa Arbuscula dixit.  
 Men' moveat cimax Pantilius? aut crucier, quod  
 Yellicet absentem Demetrius? aut quod ineptus  
 Fannius Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli?  
 Plotius, & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque,  
 Valgius, et probet hæc Octavius optimus, atque  
 Fuscus: & hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterque.  
 Ambitione relegatâ, te dicere possum.  
 Pollio, te Messalla, tuo cum fratre; simulque  
 Vos Bibuli & Servi: simul his te candide Furni,  
 Complures alios, doctos ego quos & amicos  
 Prudens prætereo, quibus hæc, sint qualiacunque,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

if he had been postponed by the fates to this age of ours, would have filed off many things from himself: he would have cut away every thing that was drawn out beyond the perfection; and in the making of his verses, would have often scratched his head and gnawed his nails to the quick. You that are about to write what may merit a second reading, often turn the † stylus to the blotting end, nor make it your study that the mob admire you, satisfied rather with a few readers.—What would you be so fond as to choose that your verses should be dictated in a paltry school? Not I. For it is sufficient for me that a knight applauds me, as that bold hussy Arbuscula said in contempt of others, when she was hissed off the stage. What shall that bug Pantilius disturb me? or shall I be tormented in mind, because Demetrius rails at me in my

† The stylus had one end like a graver's needle, and the other flat like a spatula, with the former they wrote upon wax, and blotted out with the latter.

Content with readers more select—  
 What wou'd you foolishly affect,  
 To have your verses taught in schools,  
 To shew poor boys the grammar-rules?  
 Not I—for whom it will suffice,  
 If knights allow my works the prize;  
 As in contempt of all the rest,  
 The hild \* Arbuscula profess'd.  
 Me shall the gnat Pantilius fret,  
 Or shall I feel a thought's regret,  
 That by Demetrius I am spurn'd,  
 As soon as e'er my back is turn'd.  
 Or that Hermogenes's friend,  
 Weak Fannius loves to discommend—  
 May Plotius, Varius, and the Knight  
 Of Tuscan, praise what I write?  
 And Virgil, Valgius, and that best  
 Of men Octavius, with the rest;  
 And Fuscus I cou'd wish indeed,  
 And either Viscus wou'd accede!  
 And here with no ambitious view,  
 O Pollio! I cou'd mention you,  
 Messala, and his brother too;  
 On Servius, Bibulus insist,  
 And candid Furnius in my list:  
 With many more, whom learn'd and dear,  
 I wittingly insert not here.  
 These only, and the like of these,  
 I do desire my works shou'd please,

ITHIUO \* *An address.*

Arridere velim; doliturus, si placeant spe  
 Deterius nostra. Demetri, teque Tigelli  
 Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.  
 I puer, atque meo citus hæc subscribe libello

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

absence? or because that silly fellow Fannius, the guest of Hermogenes Tigellius, is injurious? May Plotius and Varius, Mæcenas and Virgil, Valgius, and that best of men Octavius, approve these essays, and Fuscus also, and I could wish that either Viscus would give their praises; thee too, O Pollio! I could cite without the imputation of ambition; thou, O Messala! together with your brother, and at the same time you ye Bibuli and Servi, and in company with these, you, O ingenuous Furnius! I wittingly omit very many others, who are men of letters and my friends, to whom I am inclined that these satires, such as they are, should appear in a good light, but to be mortified, if they please beneath my hope. O Demetrius! and thee, O Tigellius! I command to snivel among your female disciples.—Go, boy, and immediately transcribe this satire into my volume.



Satire 10. THE SATIRES OF HORACE. 137

Such as they are, and shall be griev'd,  
If my fond hope shou'd be deceiv'd.  
Avaunt Demetrius, and the fool  
Tigellius to the finging-school,  
There snivel 'midst your female tribe——  
Ho! quick, my boy, these lines transcribe.

Such as they are, and shall be given of  
If my fond hope should be deceiv'd,  
Avarice, I beseech, and the fool  
Telling to the living-school,  
There shall your temple rise—  
He! quick, my boy, these lines transcribe.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI

SATYRARUM.

LIBER II.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

SATIRES OF HORACE.

PROSE INTRODUCTION.

There are some to whom I appear too late in time, and to carry on my business licentiously: another party think that whatever I have composed, is without nerves, and that a thousand verses from any man, might be cited out in a day.

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QUINTI HORATII FLACCI  
SATYRARUM.

LIBER II.

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SAT. I.

*Sibi datum à Trebatio consilium de scribendis rebus gestis  
Augusti potius quam Satyris exponit : Et cur ei parere  
non possit, ostendit.*

**S**UNT quibus in Satyrâ videar nimis acer : & ultra  
Legem tendere opus : sine nervis altera quicquid  
Composui, pars esse putat : simileisque meorum  
Mille die versus deduci posse, Trebati,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

There are some to whom I appear too tart in satire, and to  
carry on my business licentiously : another party think, that  
whatsoever I have composed, is without nerves, and that a  
thousand verses such as mine, might be eked out in a day.

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THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF THE  
SATIRES OF HORACE.

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SATIRE I.

*He sets forth the advice given him by Trebatius, in respect to writing the achievements of Augustus, rather than Satires, and gives his reasons why he cannot follow it.*

THERE are to whom my lines appear  
Far too satiric and severe,  
As driving things too great a length—  
Others conceive there is no strength  
In any thing I sing or say,  
And that a thousand lines a day  
May be spun out, if such as mine—  
Trebatius, what do you opine?—



Quid faciam, præscribe. Quiescas. ne faciam, inquis  
 Omnino versus? ajo. peream male, si non  
 Optimum erat, verum nequeo dormire. ter uncti  
 Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto:  
 Irriguumque mero sub noctem corpus habento.  
 Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude  
 Cæsaris invicti res dicere, multa laborum  
 Præmia laturus, cupidum, pater optime, vires  
 Deficiunt. neque enim quivis horrentia pilis  
 Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuspide Gallos,  
 Aut labentis equo describat vulnere Parthi.  
 Attamen & justum poteras, & scribere fortem,  
 Scipiadem ut sapiens Lucilius. haud mihi deero,  
 Cum res ipsa feret. nisi dextro tempore, Flacci,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Trebatius! prescribe what course I am to take.—Keep the peace.—You urge that I should not make any more verses at any rate.—I say it—may I perish in a scandalous manner, if that would not be the best method: but I am not able to sleep.—Let those that stand in need of deep sleep, swim three times across the Tiber, after having anointed themselves with oil, and have their bodies well soaked with strong liquor over night. Or if so great a love of writing run away with you, dare to recount the feats of the unconquerable Augustus, about to carry off many rewards for your trouble.—O my very good father! my strength fails me, zealous as I am, nor can every writer draw the squadrons bristled with spears, nor the Gauls perishing, their javelins being broke to pieces, nor the wounds of the Parthian falling dead from his horse.—However, you might set him down as just and magnanimous, as the prudent Lucilius did Scipio.—I shall scarcely be wanting to myself, when the matter shall bear it: unless at a very apt season, the words of Horace will not reach the ears of Cæsar, so as to gain attention,

Be quiet—you advise, I see,  
 That I shou'd leave off poetry—  
 —Aye—may I make a sorry end,  
 If you are not my worthiest friend,  
 But then I cannot rest, but start  
 A nights—why, if your sleep depart,  
 Good oiling is the best advice,  
 \* And then to swim cross Tiber thrice,  
 Or take strong liquor in your head,  
 Some hours before you go to bed,  
 But if so great an itch to write  
 Infect you—stand forth to recite  
 Augustus an unconquer'd Lord,  
 Sure to acquire a vast reward——  
 Old boy—tho' fervent be my zeal,  
 Yet I inferior skill must feel;  
 Nor can a common pen presume  
 To draw the troops, which horrors plume,  
 And Gauls from shiver'd darts, that bleed,  
 And Parthian dying off his steed.  
 —Yet you might paint him just and brave,  
 The character Lucilius gave  
 To Scipio, and was therefore wise——  
 I'll not be hindmost for the prize,  
 Cou'd I bring things to have a face:  
 Unless in proper time and place  
 The words of Horace will not speed,  
 To make a mighty chief give heed,

\* There is a passage in Cicero which mentions Trebatius as extravagantly fond of swimming; his advice to Horace is therefore very natural.

Verba per attentam non ibunt. Cæsaru aurem:  
 Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.  
 Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi ludere versu—  
 Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumque nepotem:  
 Cum sibi quisq; timeret, quamquam est intractus, & odit?  
 Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto  
 Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.  
 Castor gaudet equis: ovo prognatus eodem  
 Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum  
 Millia. me pedibus delectat claudere verba  
 Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.  
 Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus, olim  
 Credebat libris: neque si male cesserat, nunquam  
 Decurrens alio, neque si bene. quo fit, ut omnis  
 Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

tention, whom, if you make much of unhandily, he will kick back again, on all sides upon his defence.—Yet how much better would this be, than to wound with your cruel verses Pantolabus the mimic, and Nomentanus the profligate? When at the same time every one is in terror for himself, and hates you, tho' he is as yet untouched.—What shall I do? Milonius begins to dance, soon as the heat comes upon his head, struck with the vapours of the wine, and an augmentation of number to the candles. Castor takes delight in horses, and he that came from the same egg, in boxing. As many thousand heads as there are, so many different pursuits. It pleases me to form words into feet, after the model of Lucilius, who was a better man than both of us. He long since intrusted his secrets to his manuscripts, as to faithful companions; never having recourse else where, whether he had not done things to his mind, or whether he had, insomuch that the whole life of this old gentleman is as evident to the view, as if it had been drawn upon a votive tablet.

Who like a horse, when strok'd too hard  
 Will kick, at all times on his guard.—  
 —Yet better this—than to defame  
 Pantolabus of merry name,  
 And Nomentanus, son of shame;  
 While all men fear you and detest,  
 Ev'n those, not yet the public jest.—  
 What shall I do? the dance is led  
 By brisk Milonius, when his head  
 Is hot, and all the lights augment;  
 Castor with horses is content,  
 But he that sprung from the same shell,  
 Prefers to box, or wrestle well.  
 For many men of many minds—  
 My spirit consolation finds  
 To scribble verses, on the plan  
 Lucillius chose, a better man  
 Than you or I can boast to be,  
 Whether in genius or degree,  
 He, as to faithful friends, he chose,  
 Did to his books his mind disclose,  
 And this was his amusement still,  
 If his affairs went well or ill.  
 Whence the whole tenor of his days,  
 His own descriptive page displays,  
 As if, enjoy'd or undergone,  
 His life were in a picture drawn.  
 Him follow I—no matter whom  
 You're please to call me here in Rome;

Vita senis, sequor hunc, Lucanus, an Appulus, anceps.  
 Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,  
 Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis :  
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis.  
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Leucania bellum  
 Incuteret violenta. sed hic stylus haud petet ultro  
 Quenquam animantem. & me, veluti custodiet ensis  
 Vaginâ tectus : quem cur distingere coner  
 Tutus ab infestis latronibus ? ô pater : & rex  
 Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum :  
 Nec quicquam noceat cupido mihi pacis : at ille,  
 Qui me commôrit (melius non tangere, clamo :)  
 Flebit, & insignis totâ cantabitur urbe.  
 Servius iratus leges minitatur & urnam,  
 Canidia Albuci, quibus est inimica, venenum,  
 Grande malum Turius, si quis se iudice certet,  
 Ut, quo quisque valet. suspectos terreat. utque

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

tablet. Him I follow, uncertain whether I am a Lucanian or Apulian ; for the Venusian husbandmen plough upon the borders of either country, sent (as the old story goes) on the driving out of the Sabines for this end, that the enemy might make no inroads upon the Romans, thro' an unguarded post, whether the Apulian people, or the fierce Lucanian should be disposed to act offensively.—But this stile of mine shall not wittingly make assault upon any living creature, and shall guard me, like a sword sheathed in the scabbard, which why should I endeavour to draw while I am safe from riotous robbers ? O fire and sovereign Jove ! may my weapon thrown aside perish with rust, nor may any one hurt me, who am so fond of peace ! But that man, who shall give me provocation, (I cry aloud, that it is better not to touch me) shall



Lucanian, or Apulian wight,  
 For all Venusium has a right  
 The borders of them both to plough;  
 A race (as old records allow)  
 Were sent, and this same country held,  
 What time the Sabines were expell'd,  
 To such intent, that station'd here,  
 They might keep guard on this frontier,  
 If an Apulian disobey'd,  
 Or fierce Lucanian shou'd invade.

But this same pointed style of mine,  
 Shall not hurt any by design,  
 And like a scabbard-loving sword,  
 Mere personal defence afford;  
 For why shou'd I my weapon draw,  
 Secure from knaves against the law!  
 O fire and sov'reign Jove on high,  
 Grant this my steel in rust may lie,  
 Nor any person make a breach,  
 Upon the peace I love and teach!  
 But he, who such a deed shall dare,  
 (I give due warning to forbear)  
 Shall rue, and be a song and jest  
 Thro' all the city in request.—

If Cervius you to wrath inflame,  
 He threatens to take the law—the dame,  
 Albucius keeps, with poison fights:  
 Judge Turius all his foes affrights,  
 Who can such damages denounce—  
 Thus how all creatures crack and bounce

Imperet hoc natura potens, sic collige mecum.  
 Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit. unde, nisi intus  
 Monstratum? Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti  
 Matrem: nil faciet sceleris pia dextera. mirum.  
 Urneque calcelupus quenuquam, neque dente petit bos.  
 Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.  
 Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus  
 Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;  
 Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exul,  
 Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color. O puer ut sis  
 Vitalis metuo, & majorum ne quis amicus  
 Frigore te feriat. Quid, cum est Lucillius ausus  
 Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem  
 Detrahare & pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora  
 Cederet, introrsum turpis? num Lælius, aut qui  
 Duxit ab oppressâ meritum Carthagine nomen,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

lament, and made notorious shall be sung all over the city. Cervius, when in wrath, threatens the law, and the urn\*; Canidia, that is kept by Albutius, poison to those whose enemy she is; Turius most grievous damages, if you dispute any matter, where he is judge. How every thing frights away that which it suspects, according to the utmost of its power, and how strong Nature enjoins this, thus collect with me. The wolf aims at you with his teeth, and the bull with his horn, whence, but from internal direction? Commit his long-liv'd mother to the care of Scæva; his pious hand will do no wickedness: wonderful! you will say—but it is just as the wolf does not kick you, nor the bullock bite: however, hemlock mixed with honey, will as effectually take

\* In matters of doubt, where both plaintiff and defendant were rejected by the judges, they sometimes decided the controversy by throwing lots in an urn.

Against their foes with all their force,  
 As nature orders in her course,  
 Observe with me——The wolf with fangs,  
 The bull with horns will give you pangs,  
 Whence but by instinct?—to the care  
 Of rakish Scæva, who is heir,  
 Shou'd you his long-liv'd mother lend,  
 His pious hand will not offend.  
 Strange! but upon the very plan,  
 That wolves will never kick a man,  
 Nor bullock bite you, if he can :  
 He'll only take th' old lady off  
 With honey'd hemlock for her cough.  
 But to make short with our debate,  
 Whether a tranquil age await,  
 Or death already be my doom,  
 Poor, wealthy, shou'd I live in Rome,  
 Or be expell'd for God knows what,  
 Whate'er the colour of my lot,  
 I'll still write on——O youth! I fear,  
 You cannot long continue here,  
 But that some favourite bustling slave  
 Of state, will send you to your grave.——  
 What if the bold Lucillius durst,  
 To make these kind of verses first,  
 And all that borrow'd skin to bare,  
 Which make th' external man seem fair,  
 Tho' foul within——Did Lælius blame,  
 Or who from Afric won his name!

Ingenio offensus ? aut læso doluere Metello ?  
 Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus ! atqui  
 Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributum :  
 Scilicet uni æquus virtuti, atque ejus amicis.  
 Quin ubi se à vulgo, & scenâ, in secreta remorat  
 Virtus Scipiadæ, & mitis sapientia Læli,  
 Nugari cum illo, & discincti ludere, donec  
 Decoqueretur olus, soliti ; quicquid sum ego, quamvis  
 Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque, tamen me  
 Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque  
 Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,  
 Offendet solido. nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,  
 Dissentis. equidem nihil hîc diffindere possum,  
 Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti  
 Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum :  
 Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the old lady off.—That I may not be so long about the matter, whether a peaceable old age awaits me, or whether death is now hovering about me with his black wings ; rich, poor, at Rome, or, if chance should so appoint it, a banished man ; whatever be the complexion of my life, I will scribble on.—O my boy ! I am afraid you cannot hold it out long, and that some favourite of the great ones, will strike a damp to your heart.—What ? when Lucilius dared to be the first to compose verses after this fashion, and to pull off the borrowed skin, by the means of which many one strutted with a seemly aspect, tho' corrupt within ; what was Lælius, or he who drew a merited title from demolished Carthage, exasperated at his genius ? Or were they grieved at Metellus his being girded, or Lupus bespattered with scandalous verses ? But he (Lucilius) fell foul of the chiefs of the people, and the people themselves tribe by tribe, to wit, alone upon terms with virtue and her friends. However, when the valour of Scipio,

Griev'd they at what Metellus hurt,  
 Or Lupus tumbld in the dirt.  
 But he cou'd at the great ones gibe,  
 And lash the people tribe by tribe;  
 As he profess'd to favour none,  
 But Virtue and her friends alone.  
 With him when Scipio brave and great,  
 And Lælius gentle and sedate,  
 Retir'd into the rural scene,  
 And went to sport upon the green,  
 And strip'd them of their robes, and toil'd  
 At tennis, till the fallad boil'd.  
 Whate'er I am, tho' something worse  
 Than him in genius and in purse,  
 Envy must own, till she be griev'd,  
 That with the great I am receiv'd,  
 And aiming with the file to deal,  
 Will break her teeth against the steel,  
 Unless, learn'd Sir, you should dissent——  
 —No, on the whole I am content.  
 But that you may be upon guard,  
 And lest you push your fun too hard,  
 Thro' inexperience in the laws,  
 You must observe there is a clause,  
 " If any man bad verse devise,  
 " His neighbour's fame to scandalize,  
 " He may be cast——an action lies."——  
 Granted—bad verse—but if my pen  
 Shou'd only write good verse—what then?



Judiciumque esto, si quis mala. sed bona si quis  
 Judice condiderit laudatur Cæsare. si quis  
 Opprobriis dignum latraverit, integar ipse,  
 Solventur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Scipio, and the mild philosophy of Lælius, had removed from the croud and scene of action, they were won't to amuse themselves with him, and carelessly to play at any thing, till the sallad was boiled enough. Whatever I am, tho' beneath the fortune and genius of Lucillius, yet envy, against her will, shall own, that I have lived intimate with great men, and seeking to fasten her tooth upon a brittle part, will strike upon a solid one: unless you, O Trebatius! learned in the law, are of another opinion.—For my part, I cannot demur concerning these affairs. However, that you may be cautious by being forewarned, lest unskilfulness in our sacred laws should bring you into a scrape: Know, “That if any man shall make libellous verses against any individual, there is law for him, and judgment may be given against you.”—Be it so—if they be libellous—but if a man make good ones, commended for them in the judgment of Cæsar. If a man attack such only as are worthy of abuse, sound himself all the while? Why then the proceedings will be dropped, with the laughter of the judges, and you may walk off with your dismissal.

Shou'd a man send such lines abroad,  
 Judicious Cæsar will applaud,  
 And shou'd he bring a wretch to shame,  
 Himself the while exempt from blame?—  
 The cause will drop—the judges scoff—  
 And you may decently walk off.

## S A T. II.

*Sub Ofelli personâ, luxui deditos insectatur. Atque ut incommoda recenset quæ comitantur hunc, qui circa vitium est luxum, sic commoda, quæ tenui & frugali insunt, enumerat.*

QUÆ virtus, & quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,  
(Nec meus hic sermo est : sed quem præcepit Ofellus)  
Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassâque Minervâ  
Discite non inter lanceis, mensasque nitentes.  
Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, & cum  
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat ;  
Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite. cur hoc ?  
Dicam si potero, MALE verum examinat omnis  
Corruptus iudex. leporem sectatus, equove  
Lassus ab indomito : vel, si Romana fatigat  
Militia assuetum græcari, seu pila velox,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

What and how great a merit it is to live on a little ; (nor is this my language in particular, but what Ofellus the farmer, an irregular philosopher, and of a rough genius prescribed to me) learn not amongst plate, and splendid dishes, when the eye is stupified with the wild glare, and the mind biased to false ideas, rejects the things that are better ; but here make your disquisitions along with me, unclogged with dinner. Why this ? I will tell you, if I am able. Every judge that is bribed, considers the truth amiss. After hunting the hare, or fatigued from an unmanageable horse ; or if the Roman manual exercise weary you, that are used to play the Greek : or the rapid tennis-ball, your zeal at the sport

## S A T I R E II.

*Under the person of Ofellus he inveighs against persons given to luxury: and as he recounts the inconveniences that attend this high way of living, so he likewise enumerates the benefits which are in a moderate and frugal diet.*

WHAT and how great it is to be  
 A pattern of œconomy;  
 (Nor is this doctrine fairly mine,  
 But what Ofellus wou'd injoin,  
 A rustic without learning taught,  
 And wise by downright strength of thought)  
 Learn, my good friends, while I debate,  
 But not amongst a glare of plate,  
 When the maz'd eye is at a loss,  
 And mind mis-judges, dup'd by gloss,  
 But here, while fasting, let us weigh—  
 Why so?—I'll tell you, if I may—  
 A judge corrupted with a fee,  
 Cannot the truth so clearly see;  
 If after hunting of the hare,  
 Or gall'd by some unruly mare,  
 Or Roman \* *Manual* make you weak,  
 As you are us'd to † play the Greek,

\* *The manual exercise of the sword and spear.*

† *To be effeminate.*

Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem,  
 Seu te discus agit : pete cedentem aera disco.  
 Cum labor extuderit fastidia, siccus inanis  
 Sperne cibum vilem : nisi Hymettia mella Falerno  
 Ne biberis diluta. foris est promus, & atrum  
 Defendens pisces hyemat mare. Cum sale panis  
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. Unde putas aut  
 Qui partum ? non in caro nidore voluptas  
 Summa, sed in te ipso est : tu pulmentaria quære  
 Sudando. pinguem vitis albumque, nec ostrea,  
 Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois,  
 Vix tamen eripiam posito pavone, velis quin  
 Hoc potius, quam Gallina tergere palatum,  
 Corruptus vanis rerum : quia veneat auro  
 Rara avis : & pictâ pandat spectaculâ cauda.  
 Tanquam ad rem attineat quicquam, num vesceris istâ

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

sport kindly deceiving the severity of the toil ; or if the quoits  
 take with you, cleave the yielding air with quoits ; when  
 labour has worked off the sickness upon your stomach, thirsty  
 and empty, despise, if you can, mean viands, and not drink  
 Falernian wine, unless diluted with Hymettian honey. Your  
 butler is out of the way, and the tempestuous sea defends the  
 fish by its storms : bread with some salt to it, will sufficiently  
 mollify an outrageous appetite. From whence, do you sup-  
 pose ? or how acquired ? Why the height of the gratification  
 is not in the earthly rubbish, but in yourself. Do you look for  
 sauce, by working till you sweat. Neither oysters, nor scar,  
 nor the foreign \* Lagois can give any satisfaction to one  
 bloated, and white-swoln with his vices. However, in case

\* A very dear rarity, but whether fish or flesh is not certain.  
 BOND, who is one of the ablest men that ever published Horace,  
 thinks it was the former.



Or while the rapid ball recoils,  
 The heat of contest cheat your toils,  
 Or if your pleasure is the quoit,  
 You smite the air in that exploit;  
 When exercise has cur'd your squeam,  
 And droughth and hunger are extream,  
 Then let me see you scorn plain fare,  
 Nor for the best Falernian care,  
 Unless there's honey in the wine——  
 Your butler is gone out to dine,  
 And the tempestuous ocean saves  
 The fish, by his black wintry waves,  
 Why then a bit of bread and cheese,  
 The barking stomach will appease.  
 From whence do you think this wisdom's gain'd?  
 Whence this philosophy obtain'd?  
 Not the rich flavour gives delight,  
 The relish is your appetite;  
 Seek, and you'll not be at a loss,  
 By downright exercise for sauce;  
 Nor fowls that fly, nor fish that swim,  
 Can give the least content to him,  
 Who's bloated with th' effects of vice——  
 Yet I might fail, thou'd I intice  
 Your palate to an humble chick,  
 A peacock ent'ring in the nick,  
 Struck by appearance, you regale  
 Upon th' idea of his tail;  
 Scarce bird! that cost the lord knows what,  
 As if that signified a jot.

Quam laudas plumâ ? coctove num adest honor idem ?  
 Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hâc magis illa,  
 Imparibus formis deceptum te patet. esto,  
 Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus in alto  
 Captus hiet : pontesne inter jostatus, an amnis  
 Ostia sub Tusci ? laudas insane trilibrem  
 Mullum : in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.  
 Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo  
 Proceros odisse lupos ? quia scilicet illis  
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.  
 JEIUNUS raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.  
 Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino  
 Vellem, ait Harpyjis gula digna rapacibus. at vos  
 Præsentis Austri coquite horum obsonia. quanquam

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

of a peacock's being set before you, I should scarcely drive you off from indulging your palate with that rather than a pullet, since you are prejudiced by the glare of things ; because the scarce bird sells for gold, and displays a fine show with its gawdy tail ; as if that signified any thing. What do you feed upon that plumage that you praise ? Has the bird the same splendor when it is dressed ? However, since there are no odds in the flesh in this rather than the other, it is evident you are deceived by the difference of their appearances. Let it rest so. Whence do you think it is given you to know, whether this \* lupus, that gapes so wide, was taken in the Tiber or the great deep ? or whether it was cast ashore between the bridges, or at the head of the Tuscan river ? You praise, crack-brained as you are, a mullet of three pounds, which you are forced by the fashion to cut into small pieces. I perceive appearances lead you by the nose. To

\* *A fish, not clear of what kind ; but by the description seems to be a pike.*

What do you eat those gaudy dyes,  
 Which you so much extol and prize,  
 And is the bird as much possess'd  
 Of beauty, when 'tis pluck'd and dress'd.  
 Yet as there is no odds betwixt  
 Their several tastes, the truth is fix'd,  
 That you're deceiv'd by outward shew—  
 Yet grant in this it were not so—  
 By what conjecture can you dive,  
 Whether this pike that gapes alive,  
 Was in main ocean trepann'd  
 Or Tiber, and was thrown to land  
 Between the bridges, or the head  
 From whence the Tuscan river's fed—  
 You ninny, you are apt to praise  
 A mullet that full three pound weighs,  
 Which you must mangle, as a dupe  
 To stupid custom in your soupe.  
 I see appearance is your guide;  
 Why are the pikes so much decried?  
 Because they're of a longer sort,  
 And mullets naturally short.  
 An appetite with hunger keen,  
 Will seldom loath the coarse and clean.—  
 O cou'd I see a banging fish,  
 Extended in a swinging dish,  
 A rav'nous glutton cries aloud,  
 Whose maw might make a harpy proud!  
 But, O ye blasts! that taint the air,  
 Come blow upon their luscious fare;

Putet aper, rhombusque recens, mala copia quando  
 Ægrum sollicitat stomachum : cum rapula plenus,  
 Atque acidas mavult inulas. nec dum omnis abacta  
 Pauperies epulis regum : nam vilibus ovis,  
 Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem  
 Galloni præconis erat acipensere mensa  
 Infamis, quid ? tum rhombos minus æquor alebat ?  
 Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido  
 Donec vos author docuit prætorius. Ergo  
 Si quis nunc mergos suaveis edixerit assos :  
 Parebit pravi docilis Romana juvenus.  
 Sordidus à tenui victu distabit, Ofello  
 Judice, nam frustra vitium vitaveris illud,  
 Si te aliò pravum detorseris. Avidienus,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

what end then do you despise long lupuses ; because forsooth, nature has given to them a greater measure, and to these (the mullets) a small weight. A stomach, that has fasted sufficiently, rarely contemns ordinary food. O that I could see a banging mullet extended upon a banging dish, cries a gullet, that is worthy of the devouring harpies ! But, O ye southern blasts ! be present to cook the sumptuous fare of these gormandizers : the boar and turbot really are rank enough, when the nauseous plenty fatigues the sick stomach ; and when crammed, they prefer turnips and acid elicampane. However, all poor fare is not as yet expelled from the banquets of our great men ; for there is to this day room found for sorry eggs and black olives. Not long ago the table of Gallonius the auctioneer, was made the town-talk for a sturgeon. What was the sea at that time less productive of turbot ? The turbot was safe, and the stork in her safe nest, till the pretorian Rufus, as the original, taught you to eat them. Wherefore, if any one was to assert that roasted cormorants are exquisite, the Roman youth, so teachable in that  
 which

Tho' there's no mighty need of you,  
 Since both the boar and turbot too,  
 First taken are offence to them,  
 Whose stomach now o'ercharg'd with phlegm  
 Prefer the rising food to curb,  
 The turnip, and the acid herb.  
 Yet still at sumptuous boards we see  
 Some traits of old oeconomy;  
 Ev'n to this day eggs first appear,  
 And the black olives in the rear—  
 But now the table of the \* Cry'r,  
 Did most notoriously aspire,  
 Exhibiting a sturgeon whole—  
 Had sea no turbot, nor a sole?  
 The turbot late was undistress'd,  
 And safe the stork within her nest,  
 Until th' exploded Prætor taught,  
 That they might be devour'd and caught;  
 Wherefore if any fool shou'd boast,  
 That cormorants were good to roast,  
 So fond of lies, the Roman youth  
 Wou'd all receive it as a truth.

But if Ofellus we retain  
 As judge, there's difference again,  
 Betwixt the SORDID and the PLAIN.  
 For pomp and pride in vain you shun,  
 If you to downright meanness run.

\* Gallenius, an infamous gutler, of whom see Cic. lib. ii.  
 de finibus.



Cui Canis ex vero dictum cognomen adhæret,  
 Quinquenneis oleas est, & sylvestria corna,  
 Ac, nisi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum, &  
 Cujus odorem olei nequeas preferre (licebit  
 Ille repotia, nataleis, aliosve dierum  
 Festos albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri  
 Caulibus instillat, veteris non parvus aceti.  
 Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur? & horum  
 Utrum imitabitur? hâc urget lupus, hâc canis angit.  
 Mundus erit, qui non offendat sordibus, atque  
 In neutram partem cultus miser. hic neque servis,  
 Albuci senis exemplo, dum munia didit,  
 Sævus erit: neque sic, ut simplex Nævius, unctam  
 Convivis præbebit aquam, vitium hoc quoq; magnum,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

which is absurd, would submit to it.—Ofellus being the judge, however, a sordid way of living will be very different from moderate viands. For you will in vain avoid that vice of extravagancy, if in depravity you warp to the other extreme. Avidienus, to whom the name of dog sticks with justice, eats olives of five years standing, and wild cornels, and spares to rack off his wine, unless it first be changed, the smell of whose oil one cannot support, which (tho' arrayed in white he keeps his wedding-feast, his birth-day, or any other festivity) he pours out himself drop by drop, from a horn that contains two pounds, upon his greens, by no means a niggard of his old vinegar. What manner of diet therefore shall a wise man use? and which of these shall he imitate? On one side the wolf presses on, and on the other the dog is as vexatious. He will be neat of course, who gives none offence by slovenliness, and is a wretch on neither part of his management. This man will not, after the pattern of old Albucius, be a brute to his servants, as he allots them their several appointments; nor like the ninny Nævius, will he give greasy water to his company: this also is a grievous misconduct.

Avidienus, whom they call  
 A cur, in justice after all,  
 Eats olives, which have fairly stood  
 Five years, and cornels of the wood,  
 And even spares his wine to pour  
 Into the cup, till chang'd and four:  
 Then for his oil, you cannot bear  
 The scent, (tho' 'tis some great affair  
 He celebrates in white array,  
 His birth, perhaps, or wedding-day)  
 By his own hand it is distill'd,  
 From horn that holds two pounds when fill'd,  
 Upon the cabbage—but for *tart*  
 He is no niggard, and can part  
 From vinegar with all his heart!

What food then shall a wise man use,  
 And which of this examples choose!  
 For difficulties press around,  
 And here's the wolf, and there's the hound.  
 He shall be near who does not sin  
 In nastiness, and keeps within  
 Due bounds, no wretch on either side,  
 Who will not imitate the pride  
 Of old Albucius, who raves,  
 When'er he's tasking of his slaves—  
 Nor will he bear for want of thought,  
 That greasy water shou'd be brought,  
 As noodle Nævius serves his guest,  
 Which is as bad as all the rest.

Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum  
 Afferat. Imprimis valeas bene. nam, variæ res  
 Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ,  
 Quæ simplex olim tibi federit. at simul assis  
 Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliæ turdis,  
 Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum  
 Lenta feret pituita. vides, ut pallidus omnis  
 Cœnâ defurgat dubiâ ? quin corpus onustum  
 Hesternis vitiis animum quoque, prægravat una,  
 Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.  
 Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori  
 Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.  
 Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam,  
 Sive diem festum rediens adduxerit annus,  
 Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus : ubique  
 Accedent anni & tractari mollius ætas

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

conduct. Now hear what and how great advantages a moderate way of living brings along with it. In the first place you may be well in health ; for you may easily believe, how a variety of things hurt a man, mindful of that food, which being simple formerly, digested so well in your childhood. But when you have once jumbled boiled and roast together, and shell-fish and black-birds together ; the sweets will turn into bitterness, and the sticky phlegm bring a sickness upon the stomach. Do you not see how every man gets up with a fallow look, from a supper, where the dishes are so various, that the guest does not know where to fix ? Moreover, the body overloaded with yesterday's excesses, bears down the soul along with it, and afflicts even to the ground the portion of divine spirit. Another, when he has yielded, his limbs properly taken care of, to repose, sooner than you can speak, it rises fresh to his prescribed departments. He however may sometimes

Now hear how many and how great  
 The comforts that spare meals await——  
 First then there is your health preserv'd,  
 For various things, when they are serv'd,  
 You well may think can do no good,  
 When you reflect upon the food,  
 So well digested when a boy,  
 Too simple to offend or cloy.  
 But when you once begin your tricks,  
 And boil'd and roast together mix,  
 And fish and foul—the sweetest juice  
 Will turn to bile by gross abuse,  
 And the tough phlegm, that forms and stays,  
 Will tumults in your stomach raise.  
 Observe how pale the guests arise  
 From courses of varieties;  
 Besides the body overpower'd  
 With what you yesternight devour'd,  
 Afflicts the mind, and brings to shame,  
 Your portion of th' ethereal flame.  
 Another, who but plainly fed  
 Springs active to his early bed,  
 Betimes arises fresh and gay,  
 For all the duties of the day.  
 But he sometimes may have recourse  
 To better cheer without remorse,  
 At some great festal revolution,  
 Or on defect of constitution,  
 When weakness comes, and years implore  
 More tender usage than before.

Imbecilla volet. Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,  
 Quam puer, & validus præsumis, molliciem, seu  
 Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?  
 Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant; non quia, nasus  
 Illis nullus erat: sed, credo, hac mente, quod hospes  
 Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam  
 Integrum edax dominus consumeret. hos utinam inter  
 Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset!  
 Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior autem  
 Occupat humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque  
 Grande ferunt una cum dampo dedecus. adde  
 Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,  
 Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti  
 Æs, laquei pretium, jure inquis, Trasius istis  
 Jurgatur verbis. ego vectigalia magna,  
 Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. ergo  
 Quod superat, non est, melius quo infumere possis?  
 Cur eget, indignus quisquam te divite? quare  
 Templâ ruunt antiqua deum? cur improbe charæ

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

sometimes make a transition to better cheer, whether the returning year shall bring on feasts, or if he shall be inclined to relieve his body weakened with toil, and when years shall come on, and helpless age desire to be used with more tenderness. But what addition can be made to that soft indulgence, which you a boy, and in strength, take beforehand, if a hardship with regard to your health, or a lingering old age should happen to you!—Our ancestors extolled a boar when it was rank, not because they had no noses, but with this intention, I apprehend, that a visitor coming of the latest, might share it tho' a little faulty, better than if the gormondizing master should eat it up intirely himself. I wish that  
 earth



But as for you, if sickness come,  
 Or creeping old-age shou'd benumb,  
 What kind indulgence can be lent,  
 Which you in youth and strength prevent.  
 A rancid boar our fathers chose,  
 And yet these Romans had a nose.  
 But I presume this was their view,  
 That for a visitor or two,  
 At times they'd take it from their shelves,  
 Rather than eat it all themselves.  
 O that I had been born and nurs'd,  
 Amongst such heroes at the first!  
 Come are your ears for fame inclin'd,  
 The more than music of the mind,  
 Plate, turbots, e'en such show and cheer  
 Are scandalous as well as dear:  
 To all these items you may add,  
 Your uncle, and your neighbours mad,  
 Desp'rate yourself, and without hope  
 Of death, or credit for a rope.—

That Traſius, (you'll be apt to urge)  
 With these invectives you may scourge,  
 But I have very great estates,  
 Enough to keep three potentates.  
 Why therefore do you not prepare  
 A fund of what you have to spare?  
 Why shou'd one good man be distress'd,  
 While you are of such wealth possess'd?  
 Why do the holy temples fall,  
 Ingrate! have you no love at all

Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo ?  
 Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res ?  
 O magnus posthac inimicis risus ! uterne  
 Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius ; hic, qui  
 Pluribus affuerit mentem, corpusque superbum :  
 An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri,  
 In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello ?  
 Quo magis his credas : puer hunc ego parvus Ofellum  
 Integris opibus novi non latius usum,  
 Quàm nunc accisis. Videas metato in agello  
 Cum pecore ; & gnatis fortem mercede colonum,  
 Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profestâ  
 Quicquam præter olus fumosæ cum pede pernæ,  
 Ac, mihi seu longum post tempus venerat hospes  
 Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

earth in her prime, had brought me forth amongst worthies  
 such as these were ! Do you give any thing to fame, which  
 touches upon the human ear more grateful than poetry ?  
 Great turbots, and plates in proportion, bring a great scandal  
 along with them, together with the expence. Add to all  
 this an enraged uncle, your neighbours likewise, you quar-  
 reling with yourself, and in vain greedy of death, since there  
 will be wanting to you in a state of indigence, the brass far-  
 thing, that is the price of a rope. Trajans, you rejoin,  
 may justly be rated with such words as these : I possess great  
 finances, and riches abundant enough for three kings. Why  
 then have you not got a better way of dispersing that which  
 overflows ? Why is any man, not deserving such a fate scarce,  
 while you are wealthy ? Wherefore do the old temples of the  
 Gods tumble down ? Why, abandoned as you are, do you  
 not measure something for your dear country, out of so vast  
 an hoard ? For you only shall things perpetually go on  
 smoothly ? O thou ! that hereafter shall afford great laughter

For native Rome? but she may reap  
 A little, from your monst'rous heap.—  
 Must thou alone be still exempt,  
 O object of your foes contempt  
 Hereafter—which shall best confide  
 In his own heart, when he is tried,  
 He who has us'd to more than due,  
 His pamper'd mind and body too,  
 Or who with meaner things content,  
 Prepar'd and cautious of event,  
 In wisdom knows what peace is for,  
 And hoards supplies against a war.

But that my doctrine may appear  
 More acceptable, you shall hear—  
 I knew Ofellus, when a boy,  
 Who did not formerly enjoy  
 With more expence his lands intire,  
 Than now oblig'd those lands to hire.  
 There may you see him walk about  
 In fields with elegance laid out,  
 Stout farmer, tho' his rent be large,  
 With wife and children, all his charge,  
 Having such things as these to say :  
 " I never on a common day,  
 " Ought more than herbs and bacon eat,  
 " But when compell'd a friend to treat,  
 " After long interval receiv'd,  
 " Or when from all our toils reliev'd,  
 " A neighbour, whom the tempest drives,  
 " Most acceptable guest arrives—



- " Then we liv'd well, but not so high,  
" As fishes ev'n from Rome to buy :  
" But pullets, or a kid was caught ;  
" And for the second course they brought  
" Some grapes, for raisins, hung and dried,  
" With nuts, and a few figs beside.  
" After this fare we had a \* play,  
" To take our glass in turn, or pay.  
" Then Ceres by our vows ador'd,  
" A plenteous harvest to afford,  
" Smil'd on our jovial cup, to chace  
" The wrinkles of each serious face.  
" Let fortune rage, new broils foment,  
" What more 'gainst me can she invent ?  
" Have I my boys more sparing been,  
" Or have we gone less tight and clean,  
" Since the new lord has here been seen ?  
" For nature has appointed none,  
" To call an earthly thing his own,  
" Nor him, nor me, nor any third—  
" He drove us out by war preferr'd ;  
" To him his conduct past all shame,  
" Or quirks in law shall do the same,  
" Or heir surviving after all——  
" This field Umbrenus's they call,  
" Which lately did to me pertain,  
" For none long while shall it remain——

\* *A game like snip, snap, snorum.*



Dictus, erit nulli proprius: sed cedet in usum  
Nunc mihi. nunc alii. Quocirca vivite fortes:  
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

“ served, for raisins; and some nuts, with a couple of figs,  
“ adorned our second course. After this we had a pastime to  
“ drink with the \* cup only, for the mistress of the cere-  
“ monies: then Ceres worshipped with a prayer, that she  
“ would spring up in tall stems, smoothed with wine the se-  
“ riousness of a frowning brow. Let fortune rage, and pro-  
“ mote new broils, what can she subtract from hence? How  
“ much more sparingly have I kept house, and how less tidy  
“ have you, my boys, gone, since this new inhabitant came?  
“ For nature has ordained neither him, nor me, nor any per-  
“ son, to be master of this land as his own property. He  
“ expelled us; him, or wickedness, or want of skill in the  
“ subtleties of the law, shall do the like to; finally, at all  
“ events, a surviving heir will drive him out. Now this  
“ field is denominated under the title of Umbrenus, lately of  
“ Ofellus, it shall be the property of no one for a certainty,  
“ but shall pass off to the occupation now of me, and then  
“ of another. Wherefore live like heroes, and oppose stout-  
“ hearted breasts to the accidents of adversity.”

\* This is a much disputed passage, occasioned by two readings, *cuppâ* and *culpâ*; I have favoured the latter in the poetical version, and the former in the prose interpretation, for the reader to take his choice.

" But still be ceded to the plea  
 " Of any person, you or me——  
 " Wherefore act bravely, and oppose  
 " A manly heart to worldly woes."

## S A T. III.

*Damafippum inducit ipsum accusantem quod nihil scriberet : deinde sub persona Damasippi Stoicum paradoxon trahit, nimirum, Stultos omnes insanire.*

SIC raro scribis, ut tōto non quater anno  
 Membranam poscas, scriptorum quæque retexens,  
 Iratus tibi quod vini somnique benignus  
 Nil dignum sermone canas. quid fiet ? ab ipsis  
 Saturnalibus huc fugisti. sobrius ergo  
 Dic aliquid dignum promissis : incipe, nil est,  
 Culpantur frustra calami, immeritusque laborat  
 Iratis natus paries diis atque poetis.  
 Atqui vultus erat multa & præclara minantis,  
 Si vacuum tepido cepisset villula tecto.  
 Quorsum pertinuit stipare Platona Menandro ?  
 Eupolin, Archilochum, comites educere tantos ?

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

So rarely you write, that you do not demand your skin of vellum four times in a twelvemonth, retouching every one of your pieces, and exasperated at yourself, that indulging in wine and repose, you sing nothing worthy to be talked of. What will be the end of all this ? But you retreated here, forsooth, on the very feast of Saturn, in a sober mood. Utter therefore something suitable to your promises. Begin—There is nothing to begin with—The pens are found fault with in vain, and the wall, which was built, where all the Gods and poets were out of humour, suffers without deserving such treatment. But your aspect was that of one threatening many and famous exploits, if your country-seat should again

## S A T I R E III.

*He introduces Damaspus accusing him, that he wrote nothing; and then under the same person he handles that paradox of the Stoics, viz. that all fools are mad.*

YOUR works so seldom now appear,  
 You scarcely wrote four times a year;  
 Employ'd your poems to retouch,  
 And wroth you have indulg'd so much  
 In wine and sleep, till all your lays  
 Are far beneath the public praise.  
 What now? you come here with a view,  
 The feast of Saturn to eschew——  
 So now you're sober, drive your trade,  
 And keep the promise that you made.  
 Begin—there is no let at all,  
 In vain you blame your pen, and scrawl  
 Upon the harmless, helpless wall. }  
 And yet your features were intent,  
 As pregnant with some huge event,  
 If once you compass'd your retreat  
 To leisure, and your country-seat,  
 What boots it to make such ado  
 With Plato and Menander too,  
 To bring down Eupolis to us,  
 And that great bard Archilochus;

Invidiam placare paras virtute relicta ?  
 Contemnere miser, vitanda est improba Siren  
 Desidia, aut quicquid vitâ meliore parasti,  
 Ponendum æquo animo. Dii te Damasippe, deæque  
 Verum ob consilium donent tonsore. sed unde  
 Tam bene me nosti ? Postquam omnis res mea Ianum  
 Ad medium fracta est, aliena negotia curo,  
 Excussus propriis, olim nam quærere amabam  
 Quo vaser ille pedes lavisset Sisyphus ære,  
 Quid sculptum infabre, quid fustum durius esset.  
 Callidus huic signo ponebam millia centum :  
 Hortos egregiasque domos mercarier unus  
 Cum lucro noram. unde frequentia Mercuriale  
 Imposuerunt mihi cognomen compita. Novi,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

again receive you, at leisure, under its warm roof. To what—and was it to crowd Plato upon Menander ? Eupolis upon Archilochus ? to lead forth such pompous companions ? Are you then preparing to mitigate envy, by giving up merit ? You will be contemned for a wretched creature. That wicked siren, indolence must be avoided, or whatever you acquired in a better part of your life, must be relinquished with an even temper. O Damasippus ! may the Gods and Goddesses grant you a barber for your true good-council. But from what quarter did you know me so well ?—After all my goods and chattels were disposed of at the middle of the forum, being shooed off from all affairs of my own ; I am solicitous about those of others. For formerly I was fond of enquiring, in what vessel of brass that shrewd Sisyphus had washed his feet ; what was sculptured in a bungling manner, and what was cast clumsier than it should be ; being of great skill, I laid down an hundred thousand sesterces for such a suit. I knew how, in a singular manner, to buy gardens and fine villas, a pennyworth, from whence the populace gave me the  
name



If you shall think to silence spite,  
 By quitting valour and the fight,  
 They'll call you a most wretched wight.  
 That siren indolence divorce,  
 Or you must lose all fame of course,  
 You gain'd in better days of yore——  
 ——O Damasippus! I implore  
 All male and female pow'rs above,  
 For your good council and your love,  
 A shaver for your beard to send;  
 But whence are you so much my friend,  
 And see so deep in my affairs?——  
 To other men I give my cares,  
 By no concerns of self controul'd,  
 E'er since my goods were 'prais'd and sold;  
 For formerly my chief employ,  
 Was to be curious in a toy,  
 And at th' identic vase I guess'd,  
 Corinthian Sisyphus possess'd.  
 What cut without the master's hand,  
 And what too roughly east, I scan'd,  
 As connoisseur for such a head,  
 Some thousand sesterces I *bled*.  
 I was the only man, that knew  
 To buy fine seat and gardens too,  
 And that to such advantage, Sir,  
 That I was call'd the MANAGER,  
 Both in the streets and at the 'change——  
 I know it, and to me 'tis strange,

Et morbi miror purgatum te illius. Atqui  
 Emovit veterem mire novus, ut solet, in cor  
 Trajecto lateris miseri capitisque dolore :  
 Ut lethargicus hic, quum fit pugil, & medicum urget.  
 Dum ne quid simile huic, esto ut libet, ô bone, ne te  
 Frustrere : insanis & tu stultique, prope omnes :  
 Si quid Stertinus veri crepat : unde ego mira  
 Descripsi docilis præcepta hæc, tempore quo me  
 Solatus jussit sapientem pascere barbam,  
 Atque à Fabricio non tristem ponte reverti.  
 Nam male re gestâ quum vellem mittere operto  
 Me capite in flumen, dexter stetit, & cave faxis  
 Te quicquam indignum. pudor (inquit) te malus urget,  
 Insanos qui inter vereare insanus haberi.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

name of a son of Mercury.—I was well acquainted with this circumstance, and am surprized you was cured of that malady. Why a new disorder drove out the old one in a wonderful manner, as it is wont to do, when the pain of the tortured side or head passes into the stomach, or as when this lethargical patient turns fighter, and pummels the doctor. As long as nothing happens similar to this, be it as you will. O my good sir, do not impose upon yourself—you also are mad, and all fools pretty nearly so, if Stertinus asserts any thing of the truth, from whom, docile as I am, I drew these excellent precepts, at that time, when consoling me he gave me his instructions to nourish a philosophical beard, and to return without chagrin from the Fabrician-bridge. For my affairs turning out badly, when I was inclined to throw myself into the river with my head covered, he luckily stood at my right hand, and take heed, (says he) least you do any thing unworthy of yourself. A false modesty afflicts you, who are afraid of being counted a madman amongst madmen. For first of all I will investigate what it is to be mad ;

So frantic you shou'd e'er get well——  
 Some new disorders came t' expel  
 The old, which sometimes is the case,  
 When pain and sickness shift their place,  
 And from the head and sides depart,  
 To make advances on the heart.  
 Or as it is when from his bed  
 The dull lethargic lifts his head,  
 And beats the doctor for his fee——  
 So that you do not this to me,  
 Be things as you wou'd have them be. }  
 ——Do not deceive yourself, good sir,  
 You're mad, and so are all that err  
 From wisdom mad, or nearly so,  
 If truth our great Stertinius know,  
 From whom these admirable rules  
 I have deriv'd, concerning fools,  
 What time he order'd me to save  
 A sapient beard, and never shave,  
 And speed without concern and pain,  
 From that Fabrician bridge again.  
 For when, as all my wealth was spent,  
 I there for self-destruction went,  
 He very happily stood near,  
 And have a care (says he) for fear  
 You thro' false shame are on a plan,  
 Which is unworthy of a man,  
 Since born amongst the mad-brain'd race,  
 You dread a personal disgrace.

Primum nam inquiram, quid sit furere, hoc si erit in te  
 Solo, nil verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam.  
 Quem mala stultitia, & quæcunque inscitia veri  
 Cæcum agit, insanum Chrysippi porticus & grex  
 Autumat, hæc populos, hæc magnos formula reges  
 Excepto sapiente, tenet, nunc accipe quare  
 Disipiant omnes æque ac tu qui tibi nomen  
 Insano posuere. velut sylvis, ubi passim  
 Palantes error, certo de tramite pellit,  
 Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit : unus utrique  
 Error, sed variis illudit partibus. hoc te  
 Crede modo insanum : nihilo ut sapientior ille,  
 Qui te deridet, caudam trahat. est genus unum  
 Stultitiæ, nihilum metuenda timentis : ut ignes,  
 Ut rupes, fluviosque in campo obstare queratur :

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

mad ; and if this malady be in thee only, I will not add a syllable more, but that you may fall resolutely.

The school and sect of Chrysippus esteem every man mad, whom vicious folly, or whomsoever the ignorance of any truth hurries blindly on. This definition comprehends whole nations, this even great kings themselves, the wise man alone being exempt. Now learn, why all those who have put the name of madman upon you, are as disturbed as yourself. As in the woods, where a mistake makes people run astray from the right path ; one goes out of the way to the right, another to the left ; but there is the same mistake on both sides, only the deception is in diverse directions : in this manner, suppose yourself to be mad ; so that he who ridicules you, hangs his tail not one jot wiser than yourself. There is one species of folly that is in apprehension of things, not in the least to be dreaded ; inasmuch, that it will complain of fires, and rocks, and rivers obstructing it on the open plain : there is another different from this, but not a whit

more

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First then I will inquire to see  
What's madness? if alone in thee,  
I will not add a word, not I  
But you may bravely plunge and die.

Cryssippus both his school and sect,  
Do madness to all men object.  
For fools of a malicious mind,  
While ignorant of truth, and blind,  
Are madmen properly defin'd. }  
In this we comprehend you all  
Both king and people, great and small,  
Except the stoic great and wise,  
Who bade us thus philosophize.

Now hear how those, that give to you  
The name of madman, are so too.  
As in the woods when people stray,  
Driv'n by some blunder from the way,  
If right or left their route's oblique,  
The error ends to each alike.

In such conceive yourself *insane*,  
So that another, who is vain,  
And laughs at you is no less mad,  
And hangs his hamper'd tail as bad.  
One kind of folly is to fear  
All peril, when no hurt is near:  
So that upon the open lea  
Fires, rivers, rocks, they seem to see.  
Another opposite direct,  
Nor wiser in the least respect:



Alterum & huic varium, & nihilo sapientius, ignes  
 Per medios, fluviosque ruentis, clamet amica,  
 Mater, honesta soror, cum cognatis, pater, uxor:  
 Hic fossa est ingens, hic rupes maxima: serva:  
 Non magis audierit, quam Fufius ebrius olim,  
 Quum Ilionem edormit, Catienis mille ducentis  
 Mater te appello, clamantibus, huic ego vulgum  
 Errori similem cunctum insanire docebo.  
 Insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo,  
 Integer est mentis Damasippi creditor? esto.  
 Accipe quod nunquam reddas mihi, si tibi dicam,  
 Tune insanus eris, si acceperis? an magis excors  
 Rejectâ prædâ, quam præsens Mercurius fert?  
 Scribe decem à Nerio: non est satis: adde Cicutâ,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

more the property of wisdom, that runs headlong thro' the flames and floods. Let the loving mother, the virtuous sister, the father, the wife, together with all the relations of a man possessed with this latter phrensy, cry out: "Here is a deep ditch, here is a vast rock; beware of yourself:" He would give no more attention, than did the drunken player Fufius sometime ago, when he overslept Ilione, two hundred thousand Catieni at the same time bauling out, "O mother I call you!" I will convince you, that the most part of mankind are mad, in the commission of some folly like to this.—Damasippus is a madman for buying up antique statues: but is Damasippus's creditor in his senses think you? Well, suppose I should say to you, here take this sum of money, which you can never return; will you be a madman if you take it? Or would you not be more out of the way for refusing a booty, which propitious Mercury presents? Take up of the banker Nerius ten thousand sesterces: it will not signify: add all the forms of Cicutâ, so versed in the quirks of the law; add a thousand valuable considerations, yet

That is thro' floods and flames to fly,  
 Let mistress, mother, sister cry,  
 With all his kindred, and his wife:

"This ditch is dreadful—save your life——

"This precipice is monstrous steep,

"From headlong death your footsteps keep."

He wou'd not hear or be controul'd,

Better than \* Fufius did of old,

When he was drunk to that degree,

He overslept ILIONE,

The while two hundred thousand roar,

"Hear, mother, hear thy Polydore."

Now I shall shew you, that the case,

Is parallel with all our race.

If Damasippus is unwise,

For ancient bustos, that he buys,

Are they that lend him money SANE?

Well be it so—but to explain.

Here, sir, receive, if I shou'd say,

That which you never can repay,

Is't mad to take me at my word,

Or wou'd you not be more absurd,

To spare the purse and its contents,

Which lucky Mercury presents.

Grant that to Nerius there are due

Ten thousand pieces——'twill not do.

\* Catienus performed Polydore, and Fufius Ilione, in a tragedy of that name written by Pacuvius. Fufius was only to have sham'd to be asleep, which being drunk, he was in earnest.

Nodosi tabulas centum : mille adde catenas :  
 Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.  
 Quum raptēs in jura, malis ridentem alienis,  
 Fiet aper, modo avis, modo saxum, & quum volet, arbor.  
 Si mali rem gerere, infani est ; contra bene sani ;  
 Putidius multo cerebrum est (mihi crede) Perilli,  
 Distantis quod tu nunquam rescribere possis.  
 Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis  
 Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore :  
 Quisquis luxuriâ, tristive superstitione,  
 Aut alio mentis morbo calet. huc propius me,  
 Dûm doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.  
 Danda est ellebori multo pars maxima avaris :  
 Nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem.  
 Hæredes Staberi summam incidere sepulchro :

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

yet this wicked Proteus will evade all these ties. And when you shall drag him to justice, laughing at other men's misdeeds, he will be metamorphosed into a boar, sometimes into a bird, sometimes into a stone, and, when he pleases, into a tree. If to manage one's matters badly be the part of a madman, and the reverse, be that of a man of good sense ; the brain of Perillus, (believe me) who advances you that sum of money, which you can never repay, is much more delirious than yours.—Whoever is afflicted with evil ambition, or the love of money ; whoever is brainstruck with luxury, or gloomy superstition, or any other disease of the mind, I injoin him to adjust his garment and give ear : hear, all of ye, come near me, in order, while I teach you that you are mad.—By far the largest dose of hellebore is to be given to the covetous : I know not whither reason does not destine all Anticyra † for their use. The heirs of Staberius inscribed

† *An island in the Archipelago, noted for the growth of hellebore in great abundance.*

Add then a million forms and ties,  
 That quaint Cicuta can devise :  
 Yet Proteus shifting off his shape,  
 Shall all these chains and bars escape,  
 And when you drag him into court,  
 With your misfortunes making sport,  
 At pleasure boar, or bird, or rock,  
 Or oak he'll be to stand the shock.  
 Misconduct if his want of sense,  
 And care to wisdom claims pretence.  
 Perillius forward to advance  
 The sum, for which he stands no chance,  
 Is of a head by far more weak  
 Than thee, if I my mind may speak.

Whome'er ambitious thoughts assail,  
 Who are with watching money pale,  
 Who for luxurious viands pants,  
 Or sour with superstition cants,  
 Or finds his intellectual man  
 At all impair'd, come rear and van  
 To me, your most especial friend ;  
 Adjust your garments and attend,  
 While I demonstrate to your face,  
 That madness is your common case.

First to the avaritious tribe,  
 Most hellebore I must prescribe :  
 Perhaps, these wretches with their hoards,  
 Claim all Anticyra affords.

Staberius' heirs were forc'd to write,  
 The sum he left in black and white

Ni sic fecissent, gladiatorum dare centum  
 Damnati populo paria, atque epulum, arbitrio Arri,  
 Frumenti quantum metit Africa. Sive ego prave,  
 Seu recte hoc volui, ne sis patruus mihi. Credo  
 Hoc Staberi prudentem animum vidisse, Quid ergo  
 Sensit, quum summam patrimoni insculpere saxo  
 Hæredes voluit? Quoad vixit, credidit ingens  
 Pauperiem vitium, & cavit nihil acrius: ut si  
 Forte minus locuples uno quadrante periret,  
 Ipse videretur sibi nequior. omnis enim res,  
 Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque pulchris  
 Divitiis parent: quas qui construxerit, ille  
 Clarus erit, fortis, justus, sapiens etiam, & rex,  
 Et quicquid volet. hoc, veluti virtute paratum,  
 Speravit magnæ laudi fore. quid simile isti  
 Græcus Aristippus? qui servos projicere aurum

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the sum he left them upon this tomb; unless they proceeded in this manner, they were under judgment to exhibit an hundred pair of gladiators to the people, besides a feast under the management of Arrius, and as much corn as all Africa reaps. Whether I have willed this absurdly, or justly, be not like a rigid uncle to me. I imagine, the sagacious mind of Staberius foresaw this. What then could he think, when he in-joined by will, that his heirs should engrave the sum of their patrimony upon his monument? As long as he lived, he deemed poverty a heinous vice, and nothing did he more industriously shun; insomuch, that had he died less wealthy by one farthing, the more injurious would he have seemed to himself. For every thing in nature, virtue, fame, glory, divine and human affairs, are subordinate to riches; which, whoever shall have heaped up, he shall be famous, brave, just—What, wise too? Aye, and a king, and whatever else  
 he



Upon his tomb, for on neglect  
 They were injoin'd to this affect :  
 That they shou'd to the mob bestow  
 An hundred fencers, for a show,  
 With a grand banqueting beside,  
 Ev'n such as Arrius shou'd provide,  
 With as much corn as in a year,  
 The fields of fertile Afric bear :  
 " Whether you deem that this my will  
 " Be right or wrong, yet pray fulfill,  
 " Nor on my mem'ry be too hard."  
 The man, I think, was on his guard.  
 What therefore do you think he dreamt,  
 When he commanded on contempt,  
 His heirs upon his tomb shou'd grave  
 The money he was said to have.  
 Know then, while yet alive, he sneer'd  
 At want, as vice, which most he fear'd,  
 So that he all wou'd self deny,  
 Lest one mite poorer he shou'd die.  
 For all things, virtue, fame, and grace,  
 Divine and human must give place  
 To wealth, which if one can acquire,  
 He's just, fam'd, brave, and sov'reign fire,  
 With all things else he can desire.  
 These heaps, as if for merits gain  
 He thought wou'd to his land remain.—  
 With him, how little of a piece,  
 Was Aristippus sprung from Greece,

In media ufsit Lybia ? quia tardius irent  
 Propter onus segnes. uter est infanior horum ?  
 Nil agit exemplum litem quod lite refolvit.  
 Si quis emit citharas, emptas comportet in unum,  
 Nec studio citharæ, nec Musæ deditus ulli :  
 Si scalpra & formas non futor, nautica vela  
 Adversus mercaturis ; delirus & amens  
 Undique dicatur merito, quid discrepat istis  
 Qui nummos aurumque recondit, nescius uti  
 Compositis, metuensque velut contingere sacrum ?  
 Si quis ad ingentem frumenti semper acervum  
 Porrectus vigilet cum longo fuste ; neque illinc  
 Audeat efuriens dominus contingere granum,  
 Ac potius foliis parvus vescatur amaris :  
 Si positis intus Chii veterisque Falerni

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

he has a mind to. This he was in hope would greatly redound to his praise, as if it had been the fruit of his virtue. In what point did the Grecian Aristippus do like this ? Who ordered his slaves to throw away his gold in the middle of Africa, because, encumbered with the burthen of it, they travelled too slow. Which is the madder of these two ? An example is nothing to the purpose, that determines one dispute by bringing up another. If any person was to buy harps, and when he had bought them, board them up in some one particular place, tho' neither given to play on the harp, nor any one muse ; if a man was to purchase paring knives and lasts, who was no shoemaker ; tackling for a ship, and yet averse to merchandising ; he would every where meritoriously be called phrenetic, and out of his senses. And how does he differ from those examples, who treasures up cash and gold, and knows not how to make use of them, when they are so treasured up, and is afraid to touch them as if they were sacred things ? If any person before a great heap of corn,  
 should

Who made his slaves by his commands,  
 Disperse his gold on Lybian sands?  
 As going slowly on the road,  
 Encumber'd with so great a load.  
 Which is the madder of the two——  
 ——An instance here will little do,  
 Which strives to help a question out,  
 By bringing up another doubt.——  
 If any man shou'd buy guittars,  
 And keep them up with locks and bars,  
 Unskill'd the lyre or lute to use,  
 And wholly inscious of the muse;  
 Or be worth many a last and awl,  
 That is no shoemaker at all;  
 Or sails and ropes a fool shou'd hoard,  
 Who never dar'd to go *aboard*,  
 Why sure delirious and unsound,  
 He wou'd by all his peers be found.  
 And now I wou'd be told is *be*  
 From such-like imputations free,  
 Who dreads to use his hoarded plate,  
 And money, as if *consecrate*.  
 Shou'd any person stand before,  
 A heap of corn upon his floor,  
 And arm'd upon the watch remain,  
 Yet dare not take a single grain,  
 And tho' his heart with hunger grieves,  
 Had rather fare upon dry leaves——  
 Or shou'd a thousand casks possess,  
 From Chian or Falernian PRESS,

Mille cadis (nihil est, tercentum millibus;) acre  
 Potet acetum: age, si & stramentis incubet, unde-  
 Octoginta annos natus, cui stragula vestis,  
 Blattarum ac tinearum epulæ, putrescat in arcâ:  
 Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod  
 Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.  
 Filius, aut etiam libertus ut ebibat hæres,  
 Diis inimice senex custodis, ne tibi desit?  
 Quantulum enim summæ curtabit quisque dierum,  
 Ungere si caules oleo meliore caputque  
 Cœperis impexâ fœdum porrigine? quare,  
 Si quidvis satis est, perjuras, furripis, aufers  
 Undique? tun sanus? populum si cædere saxis  
 Incipias, servosque tuos. quos ære pararis;  
 Iusanum te omnes pueri clamentque puellæ.  
 Quum laqueo uxorem interimis, matremque veneno.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

should watch with a long club, and tho' the possessor, should not dare to take a single grain therefrom, when famished, and should rather feed upon bitter herbs: if, while a thousand hogsheds of Chian, or old Falernian, was laid up within, nay, three hundred thousand, he drinks nothing but what is mere vinegar: again, if wanting but one year of eighty, he should lie upon straw, who has good bed cloaths mouldering in his chest, the food of worms and moths: he would seem mad, belike, but to few persons; because the greatest part of mankind labour under the same infirmity.—  
 Thou dotard, odious to the Gods, dost thou guard these things, for fear of wanting thyself, to the end that thy son, or even thy freedman, thy heir, should swallow it all up? For how little will each day take away from your capital, if you begin to pour better oil upon your salad, and your head, filthy with the scurf not combed out of it? If any thing is a competency, wherefore are you guilty of perjury, wherefore

Nay more, three hundred thousand say,  
 And yet drink vinegar all day.  
 Again, shou'd one of sev'nty-nine,  
 Lie down on straw, tho' on his *line*  
 The bedding rot, and in his chest  
 The food of moths and worms at best,  
 Yet few wou'd hold him as posselt. }  
 Because the bulk of all mankind,  
 Are equally absurd and blind.  
 Thou dotard scorn'd in heav'n and here,  
 Do you still watch your wealth, for fear  
 Of want yourself, when in the end,  
 Your son and servant all shall spend ?  
 For what a trifle wou'd each day,  
 Take from your capital away,  
 Shou'd you once venture to produce,  
 Some better oil from out your cruise ;  
 Both for your cabbage and your hair,  
 Uncomb'd, and scurf'd for want of care ?  
 If any pittance will suffice,  
 For what are all your oaths and lies,  
 Why do your frauds and thefts abound  
 In ev'ry quarter ? are you found ?  
 If you shou'd be so indiscreet,  
 To pelt the mob along the streets,  
 Or use, the slaves you bought, as bad,  
 Each boy and girl wou'd call you mad.  
 You hang your wife, and in despight  
 Your mother poison, are you right ?



Incolumi capite es? Quid enim? Neque tu hoc facis Argis,

Nec ferro, ut demens genitricem occidit Orestes.

An tu reris eum occisâ insanivisse parente?

Ac non ante malis dementem actum furiis, quam

In matris jugulo ferrum tepescit acutum?

Quin ex quo est habitus male tutæ mentis Orestes,

Nil sane fecit quod tu reprehendere possis,

Non Pyladen ferro violare aususve sororem

Electram: tantum maledicit utrique, vocando

Hanc, furiam, hunc aliud, jussit quod splendida bilis.

Pauper Opimius argenti positi intus & auri,

Qui Vejentanum festis potare diebus

Campanâ solitus trullâ, vappamque profestis;

Quondam lethargo grandî est oppressus, ut hæres.

Jam circum loculos & claves lætus ovanisque

#### PROSE INTERPRETATION.

do you rob and ravage from all quarters? Are you in your senses? If you were to begin to pelt the mob with pebbles, and your slaves which you bought with your own money; all the very boys and girls will bawl out, madman! When you dispatch your wife with a rope, and your mother with poison, are you right in your head? For what? you neither did this at Argos, nor with the sword, as the mad Orestes killed his mother. What, do you suppose that he ran mad after his matricide? and that he was not rather drove raving by the wicked furies, before he warmed his pointed weapon in his mother's throat? Nay, from the time Orestes is held by you to have been of an unsafe mind, he did nothing really that you can reprehend; he did not dare to wound with his sword Pylades, or his sister Electra; he only gave bad words to both of them, by calling her a fury, and him some other thing, that his violent choler suggested.—

Opimius

For why? because you did not do  
 The fact at the same place, nor drew  
 The sword to perpetrate your shame,  
 As mad Orestes slew the dame?  
 Think you his madness did proceed,  
 Merely from this flagitious deed,  
 Or that he was not rather wrought  
 By furies, e'er he ev'n in thought  
 Cou'd cut his mother's throat—but stay—  
 Ev'n from the time that you wou'd say,  
 A dang'rous fit had seiz'd her son,  
 Nought reprehensible was done.  
 He did not dare Electra seize,  
 Nor draw his sword on Pylades,  
 He only his hot wrath to vend,  
 Call'd *her* a fury, and his friend  
 Some other most outrageous name,  
 Which from his indignation came.

Opimius, who amidst his hoard,  
 Cou'd nothing to himself afford,  
 Who us'd to drink from potter's clay  
 \* *Veientan*, on a holiday,  
 While dregs, or any kind of stuff,  
 Were for a work-day well enough,  
 Was lately seiz'd, and like to die  
 Of a prodigious lethargy,  
 In such that his triumphant heir,  
 With eager joy already there,

\* *An exceeding bad wine.*

Curreret. hunc medicus multum celer atque fidelis  
 Excitat hoc pacto: mensam poni jubet, atque  
 Effundi saccos nummorum, accedere plures  
 Ad numerandum; hominem sic erigit, addit & illud,  
 Ni tua custodis, avidus jam hæc auferet hæres,  
 Men', vivo? Ut vivas igitur, vigila: hoc age,  
 Quid vis?

Deficient inopem venæ te, ni cibus atque  
 Ingens accedat stomacho fultura ruenti.  
 Quid cessas? agedum, sume hoc ptisanarium orizæ.  
 Quanti emptæ? parvo. quanti ergo? octo assibus. Eheu  
 Quid refert, morbo, an furtis pereamque rapinis?  
 Quisnam igitur sanus? Qui non stultus. Quid avarus?  
 Stultus & insanus. Quid? si quis non sit avarus,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Opimius, poor even in that silver and gold which was accumulated within his own house, who used to drink out of Campanian ware, the meagre Veientan wine on holidays, and dregs on common days, was sometime ago seized with a prodigious lethargy; insomuch, that his heir was already running about his coffers and keys, in joy and triumph. His physician, a man of much fidelity and dispatch, raises him after this fashion; he commands a table to be brought, and the bags of money to be emptied out, and several persons to advance to tell it: by this method he sets the man upon his legs again, and at the same time he accosted him to this purpose; "Unless you guard this money of yours, your ravenous heir will even now convey it away."—"What, while I am alive?"—"That you may live therefore, watch, observe this advice."—"What would you have me do?"—"Why your blood will fail you, that are so emaciated, unless food, and some great strengthener, be administered to your decayed stomach. Do you hesitate, come on; take this emulsion of rice."—"How much did it cost?"—"A trifle."—"How

About his keys and coffers ran——  
 His doctor, a most active man,  
 And faithful too, did thus contrive  
 The means his patient to revive,  
 He bade them bring the table out,  
 And throw the money bags about,  
 Then certain came to count the pelf——  
 Which, rais'd at once, he did himself.  
 Then thus the doctor spake, "beware,  
 "Or all goes to your greedy heir;"  
 What, while I am living?—"if you chuse  
 "To live, you must the methods use,  
 "Watch—bustle," what wou'd you persuade?  
 "Why your poor body's so decay'd,  
 "Unless your stomach is renew'd,  
 "Your veins will fail for lack of food——  
 "Why do you hesitate, th' advice  
 "Is good, here take this bowl of rice:"  
 What cost it? "never mind the price;"  
 But what I say? "three farthings;" oh!  
 What signifies which way I go,  
 Whether I die of my disease,  
 Or rapine, theft, and doctor's fees.——  
 Who therefore is quite *sane* and cool?  
 Why ev'ry man, that's not a fool,  
 What is the churl? give him his due,  
 He is both fool and madman too.  
 But say a person is not *near*,  
 Are therefore his conceptions clear?

Continuo sanus? Minime. Cur Stoice? Dicam.  
 Non est cardiacus (Craterum dixisse putato)  
 Hic æger, Recte est igitur? surgetque? Negabit.  
 Quod latus aut renes morbo tententur acuto.  
 Non est perjurus, neque sordidus. Immolet æquis  
 Hic porcum Laribus. Verum ambitiosus & audax.  
 Naviget Anticyram. quid enim differt, Barathrone  
 Dones quicquid habes, an nunquam utare paratis?  
 Servius Oppidius Canusi duo predia, dives,  
 Antiquo censu, natis dixisse duobus  
 Fertur, & hæc moriens pueris dixisse vocatis  
 Ad lectum: Postquam te talos Aule nucesque  
 Ferre sinu laxo, donare & ludere vidi,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

—How much then? “Eight asses †.”—Alas! what does it signify, whether I die of a disease, or by thefts and rapine?—Who then is sane? He who is not a fool. What is the covetous man? Both a fool and a madman. What? If a man be not covetous; is he therefore immediately to be esteemed sane? By no means. Why so, Stoic? I will tell you. Such a patient, (suppose Craterus the physician said it) is not sick at the heart. Is he therefore well, and shall he get up? No, he will forbid that: because his side or his reins are tortured with an acute disease. In like manner, such a man is not perjured, nor sordid. Let him then sacrifice a hog to his favourite household gods! But he is ambitious and arrogant. Let him therefore set sail for Anticyra. For what is the difference, whether you squander whatever you have upon a scoundrel, or make no use of the provision you have made.—Servius Oppidius, rich in the possession of an ancient estate, is mentioned, upon his demise, to have divided his farms at Canusium, betwixt his two sons, and to have spoke to the boys, called to his bed-side, the following

† *These was about three farthings.*



By no means in the world——why so,  
 Good master Stoic?——you shall know;  
 Suppose that \* Craterus shou'd tell  
 This patient, that his heart is well.  
 Is he then right, and shall he rise?  
 The doctor certainly denies,  
 If in his reins, or either side,  
 The poignant symptoms still abide.

This person is quite clear of both,  
 The miser's crime, and breach of oath.  
 Let him then sacrifice a swine,  
 In honour to the pow'rs divine——  
 But he is vain and bold——away  
 Conduct him to † Anticyra.  
 For what's the difference in th' abuse,  
 Whether you waste your wealth profuse,  
 Or let it have no end or use? }

Opidius Servius, rich and great,  
 In an old family estate  
 Divided (as the story runs)  
 Two of his farms betwixt his sons,  
 And when upon his dying bed  
 He call'd his sons, and thus he said——  
 “ Aulus, when thee a little lad,  
 “ I saw so free with what you had,  
 “ And bear more loosely than the rest  
 “ Your nuts, and play-things in your breast,

\* An eminent physician. † A place famous for the growth  
 of bellebore.

Te, Tiberi, numerare, cavis abscondere tristem.

Extimui ne vos ageret vesania discors :

Tu Nomentanum, tu ne sequerere Cicutam.

Quare per divos oratus uterque Penates,

Tu cave ne minuas, tu ne majus facias id

Quod satis esse putat pater, & natura coerces.

Preterea ne vos titillet gloria, jure-

Jurando obstringam ambo : uter ædilis fuerit vel

Vestrum prætor, intestabilis & sacer esto.

In cicere atque fabâ, bona tu perdasque lupinis,

Latus ut in circo spatiere, aut æneus ut stes,

Nudus agris, nudus nummis, infâne; paternis ?

Scilicet ut plausus, quos fert Agrippa, feras tu,

Astuta ingenium vulpes imitata leonem ?

#### PROSE INTERPRETATION.

words : " When I saw thee, Aulus, carry your play-things and  
 " nuts heedlessly in your bosom, and to give them and play them  
 " away : you, Tiberius, to count them, and anxious to bury  
 " them in holes. I was afraid lest a phrenzy of a different cast  
 " should take you both ; lest you, Aulus, should follow the  
 " pattern of Nomentanius, and you, Tiberius, that of Ci-  
 " cuta. Wherefore, each of you, implored by our household  
 " gods, do you take care, lest you diminish ; you lest you  
 " make that greater, which your father thinks, and the pur-  
 " poses of nature ascertain to be enough. Furthermore, lest  
 " glory should allure you. I will bind each of you by an  
 " oath ; which ever of you shall be an Edile or a Prætor,  
 " let him be attainted and accursed. Would you destroy  
 " your effects in bribes of pease, beans, and lupines, that  
 " you may stalk in the Circus at large, or stand a statue of  
 " brass, a madman stript of your paternal estate, stript of  
 " your money. To the end, forsooth, that you may gain  
 " those applauses, which Agrippa gains ; a sneaking fox,  
 " imitating a generous lion !" — Agamemnon, why do you  
 prohibit

" Which you wou'd give or game away——  
 " Thee too, Tiberius, when at play,  
 " I mark'd to count your toys, and hide;  
 " I fear'd lest both there shou'd betide  
 " A phrenzy, of a diff'rent cast,  
 " Lest he shou'd learn to live too fast  
 " Of Nomentanus, and that you  
 " Might, like the scrub Cicuta, do;  
 " Wherefore, by all the Gods adjur'd,  
 " Let me have each of you secur'd;  
 " Aulus, lest all by you be spent——  
 " Tiberius, or that you augment  
 " Too much, what in your father's sense  
 " And nature, is a competence.  
 " Besides lest glory with its glare  
 " Beguile you, both of you shall swear,  
 " That he who shall be Edile first,  
 " Or Prætor, be cut off and curst.  
 " Wou'd you destroy your wealth and ease,  
 " By largesses of \* beans and pease,  
 " That in the Circus you may strut  
 " At large, or have your statue cut,  
 " And there in brazen dulness stand,  
 " A dupe depriv'd of cash and land?  
 " Yes, you wou'd have Agrippa's praise——  
 " A silly fox that over-plays  
 " His cunning, nor can have the heart  
 " To act the lion's noble part."

\* Distributed by way of bribery to the populace on elections.

Nequis humasse velit Ajacem Atrida vetas cur?  
 Rex sum. Nil ultra quæro plebejus. Et æquam  
 Rem imperito: ac si cui videor non justus, inulto  
 Dicere, quæ sentit, permitto. Maxime regum  
 Dii tibi dent captâ classẽ redducere Trojâ:  
 Ergo consulere, & mox respondere licebit?  
 Consule. Cur Ajax heros ab Achille secundus  
 Putrescit, toties servatis clarus Achivis,  
 Gaudeat ut populus Priami, Priamusque inhumato,  
 Per quem tot juvenes patrio caruere sepulchro?  
 Mille ovium insanus morti dedit, inclytum Ulyssẽ,  
 Et Menelaum unâ mecum se occidere clamans,  
 Tu quum pro vitulâ statuis dulcem Aulide natam  
 Ante aras, spargisque molâ caput improbe falsâ,  
 Rectum animi servas? Quorsum? Insanus quid  
 enim Ajax  
 Fecit, quum stravit ferro pecus? abstinuit vim

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

prohibit any one from burying Ajax? "I am a king."  
 Being a plebeian, I seek no farther. "And I ordain an equit-  
 "able thing; but if I seem unjust to any one, I suffer him  
 "to speak his sentiments with impunity." Greatest of kings,  
 may the gods permit, that after the taking of Troy, you  
 may conduct your fleet in safety home: may I then have the  
 liberty to ask questions, and reply in my turn? "Ask."  
 Why does Ajax, a hero, second only to Achilles, rot above  
 ground, so often glorious for having preserved the Grecians;  
 that Priam, and Priam's people, may rejoice in his being un-  
 buried, by whose means so many youths have been deprived  
 of burial in their own country. "In his madness he killed a  
 "thousand sheep, crying out at the same time, that he was  
 "destroying the celebrated Ulysses, and Menelaus, together  
 "with me." When you at Aulis placed before the altar,  
 your sweet daughter, in the stead of a heifer, and, horrible!  
 sprinkle

Satire 3. THE SATIRES OF HORACE. 201

Atrides, whence the royal word,  
 That Ajax shou'd not be interr'd?  
 "I am a king,"——as you think fit,  
 Born a plebeian I submit.  
 "And just was the severe decree,  
 "Which if you do not clearly see,  
 "You have my leave to speak your mind."  
 Great king, may all the gods combin'd,  
 Grant you from conquer'd Troy to make  
 A happy voy'ge——so I may take  
 The liberty of *pro* and *con*,  
 To ask and to reply——"Go on."——  
 Then why does Ajax so renown'd,  
 And only to Achilles found  
 Inferior, rot above the ground?  
 Oft fam'd for saving yours and you,  
 That Priam, and his people too,  
 May triumph in his fate and shame,  
 That made their youths endure the same.  
 "So great the phrenzy of his brain,  
 "By him a thousand sheep were slain,  
 "Which at the time he thought *to be*  
 "My brother, and my friends and me."  
 When thou humanity's disgrace,  
 At Aulis didst thy daughter place  
 Before the shrine, and on her head  
 The consecrated salt you shed,  
 Cou'd you a man of sense be said?  
 "Why not?"——why what did Ajax do.  
 "Who without cause the mutton slew."——



Uxore, & gnato, mala multa precatus Atridis :  
 Non ille aut Teucrum, aut ipsum violavit Ulyssim.  
 Verum ego, ut hærentes adverso littore naves,  
 Eriperem, prudens placavi sanguine divos.  
 Nempe tuo, furiose. Meo, sed non furiosus.  
 Qui species alias veris scelerisque tumultu  
 Permissas captet, commotus habebitur : atque  
 Stultitiæ erret, nihilum distabit, an irâ.  
 Ajax immeritos dum occidit, desipit, agnos ?  
 Quum prudens scelus ob titulos admittis inanes.  
 Stas animo ? & purum est vitio tibi quum tumidum  
 Si quis lecticâ nitidam gestare amet agnam (est cor ?  
 Huic vestem ut gnata, parat, ancillas parat, aurum,  
 Pusam aut pusillam appellet, fortique marito  
 Destinet uxorem. interdicto huic omne adimat jus  
 Prætor, & ad sanos abeat tutela propinquos.  
 Quid ? si quis gnatam pro mutâ devovet agnâ,  
 Integer est animi ? ne dixeris, ergo ubi prava

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

sprinkle her with the salt cake : did you retain soundness of mind ? " Why not ! " What then did the mad Ajax do, when he massacred the flock with his sword ? He abstained from any violence on his wife, or child, though he imprecated many curses on the sons of Atreus : he neither wounded Teucer, nor even Ulysses himself. " But I, out of wisdom, made " atonement to the gods, with the blood of my daughter, " that I might loose the ships, that were weather-bound on " an adverse shore ? " What, madman, with your own blood. " With my own, but not mad therefore. " — Who- ever shall form ideas remote from truth, and confused in the tumult of impiety, will always be reckoned disturbed in mind : and it will not matter, whether he act absurdly thro' folly or rage. Is Ajax delirious when he kills the harmless lambs ?

Why he abstain'd from wife and child,  
 Tho' each Atrides he revil'd :  
 He hurt not Teucer in his rage,  
 Nor with Ulysses did engage.  
 " To loose my fleet from th' hostile shore  
 " Wise I appeas'd the gods with gore."——  
 What with your own, thou madman ?—" yea—  
 " But mad not in the least degree."  
 Who'er false images has built,  
 Form'd in the hurry of his guilt,  
 Will be esteem'd disturb'd in mind,  
 Nor does it boot what he's defin'd,  
 Or fool or furious——Ajax doats,  
 Who harmless sheep to death devotes :  
 He who for empty fame commits  
 An horror, is he in his wits ?  
 And is your wicked heart allied,  
 To purity, when sworn with pride ?  
 If any man shou'd in his *chair*,  
 Conduct a lamb to take the air,  
 And for her maids, gold, garments get,  
 And call it *dantling* or *pufette*,  
 And ev'n design her for the bed  
 Of some stout youth, to such a head,  
 The Prætor wou'd without delay,  
 All conduct of itself gainsay ;  
 And give up to his friends and heirs,  
 The management of his affairs.  
 What if a fire his girl depute,  
 A victim for the bleating mute,  
 Are his brains right ?—no, 'twill not suit.

Stultitia, hic summa est infania. qui sceleratus,  
 Et furiosus erit, quem cepit vitrea fama,  
 Hunc circumtonuit gaudens Bellona cruentis.  
 Nunc age luxuriam & Nomentanum arripe mecum.  
 Vincet enim stultos ratio insanire nepotes.  
 Hic simul accepit patrimoni mille talenta,  
 Edicit piscator uti, pomarius, auceps,  
 Unguentarius, ac Tusci turba impia vici,  
 Cum scurris fartor, cum Velabro omne macellum  
 Mane domum veniant. quid tum? Venere frequentes,  
 Verba facit leno quicquid mihi, quicquid & horum.  
 Cuiq; domi est, id crede tuum: & vel nunc pete, vel cras  
 Accipe, quid contra juvenis responderet æquus:  
 In nive Lucanâ dormis ocreatus, ut aprum

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

lamb? Are you right in your head, when you willingly are guilty of a crime for empty titles? And is your heart clear, when it is puffed up with the vice of ambition? If any person should affect to carry about him in his sedan, a pretty lambkin; and should seek out cloths, should seek out maids and gold for it, as for a daughter; should call it darling, or little baby, and should destine it a wife for some stout husband; the prætor would take all power from him, as in a state of interdiction, and the management of him would devolve to his kindred, that were in their senses. What? If a man offers up his daughter instead of a dumb lambkin, are his brains intire? Never say it. Therefore, where there is a wayward folly, there will be madness in perfection; he who is wicked will be insane too: Bellona who delights in bloodshed, has thunderstruck his head, whom fickle fame has captivated.—Now, come on, arraign with me prodigality and Nomentanus: for reason will evince that foolish spendthrifts are crazy. This fellow as soon as he received a thousand talents of patrimony, gives out an edict, that the fishmonger, the fruiterer, the perfumer, and the impious gang

Wherefore whenever in one mind  
Are folly and perverseness join'd,  
There's rank insanity, for sin  
And raving madness are a-kin.  
Fond of frail fame, the warrior's pains,  
End in the cracking of his brains.

Come on——let Nomentanus bear  
The lash, that is the squand'rer's share :  
For reason this conclusion makes,  
None are more mad than foolish rakes.  
This fellow, after he was paid  
A thousand talents, instant made  
An edict, that next morn for state,  
The fruit'rer, fishmonger shou'd wait,  
The poul't'rer and perfumer too,  
The play'rs, with that indecent crew  
That traffic in the \* Tuscan street,  
With all that dealt in oil or meat.  
Well what was the event ?—they came.

The bawd the first began to frame  
His speech, “ whatever I or these  
“ Possess at home, is, if you please  
“ Your own, which you may take away,  
“ Alike to-morrow, or to-day.”

Now hear with what benign concern,  
The youth bespeaks them in his turn.

“ In boots upon Lucanian snows,  
“ You take a comfortless repose,

\* *Much such another place as Drury-lane.*

Cœnem ego. tu pisces hyberno ex æquore verris :  
 Segnis ego, indignus qui tantum possideam. aufer :  
 Sume tibi decies, tibi tantundem, tibi triplex,  
 Unde uxor media currat de nocte vocatâ.  
 Filius Æsopi detractam ex aure Metellæ,  
 (Scilicet ut decies solidum exorberet) aceto  
 Diluit insignem baccam, qui sanior ac si  
 Illud idem in rapidum flumen jaceretve cloacam ?  
 Quinti progenies Arri, par nobile fratrum,  
 Nequitia & nugis, pravorum & amore gemellum,  
 Luscinias soliti impenso prandere coemptas.  
 Quorsum abeant sani ? cretâ an carbone notandi ?  
 Ædificare casas, plostello adjungere mures,  
 Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longâ,  
 Si quem delectet barbatus ; amentia verset,  
 Si puerilius his, ratio esse evincet, amare ;

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

of the Tuscan-alley, with the poulterer, buffoons, the whole  
 shambles, together with all Velabrum, should come to his  
 house in the morning. What was the consequence ? Why  
 they came in a posse. The bawd makes a speech : " What-  
 " ever I, or whatever each of these has at home, reckon it  
 " to be entirely yours ; and give your command for it either  
 " now or to-morrow." Now hear, what reply the placid  
 youth made. " You sleep with your boots on in Lucanian  
 " snow, that I may sup on a boar : you sweep the wintry  
 " seas for fish : I am inactive, and without merit to possess so  
 " much. Here, take what I have : do you receive for your  
 " share, ten hundred thousand sesterces ; you as much ; you  
 " thrice the sum, from whose house your spouse runs, when  
 " sent for at midnight." The son of Æsopus, the actor,  
 (that he might forthwith demolish a million of sesterces at a  
 draught) dissolved a precious pearl, which he had taken from  
 the ear of Metella, in vinegar : how much wiser was he in  
 doing



" That I may sup upon a boar,  
 " You fish upon the wintry shore.  
 " I pass my time without employ,  
 " This wealth unworthy to enjoy.  
 " Here take ye, every one your due——  
 " A million sesterces for you;  
 " For you as much; for you twice-told,  
 " With whose fair spouse I make so bold,  
 " When to my call at midnight fold.

Æsopus' son by folly taught,  
 To waste a million at a draught,  
 Dissolv'd in vinegar a pearl,  
 He ravish'd from his fav'rite girl;  
 Not one jot wiser to be sure,  
 Than if he'd thrown it in the sewer.

The boys of Arrius, curious twins,  
 In trifles as enormous sins,  
 Were wont on nightingales to feed  
 At any price—say, was their deed  
 Of sense or fondness, and of right,  
 To be put down in black or white?

If once you see a grey-beard take  
 To toys, and baby-houses make,  
 Yoke mice to go-carts, pebbles hide,  
 To play at odd and even, ride  
 About the house upon a cane,  
 You'd think his phrenzy very plain.  
 If it's as childish as all this  
 In reason's eye, to love a *miss*,

Nec quicquam differre, utrumne in pulvere, trimus  
 Quale prius, ludas opus, an meretricis amore  
 Sollicitus plores : quæro, faciasne, quod olim  
 Mutatus Polemo ; ponas insignia morbi,  
 Fasciolas, cubital, focalia. potus ut ille  
 Dicitur ex collo furtim carpisse coronas,  
 Postquam est impransu correptus voce magistri.  
 Porrigis irato puero quum poma, recusat.  
 Sume Catelle : negat. si non des, optat. amator  
 Exclusus qui distat ? agit ubi secum, eat, an non,  
 Quo rediturus erat non accersitus, & hæret  
 Invisis foribus. Nec nunc, quum me vocet ultro,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

doing this, than if he had thrown the same into a rapid river, or the draught ? The issue of Quintus Arrius, and notable pair of brothers, true twins in wickedness and trifling, and their fondness for perverse things, used to dine upon nightingales bought at a vast expence : how do these turn out to be in their senses ? Are they to be scored up with chalk or charcoal ?—If a person with a grey beard, should take a delight to build baby-houses, to yoke mice to a cart, to play at odd and even, and to ride upon a long cane ; madness must give him such a turn. If reason should evince, that to be in love is a more childish thing than these, and that there is no difference whether you play the same game in the dust, as when three years old, or anxious whine for the love of a harlot : I beg to know if you act as the reformed Polemo did of old ? Will you lay aside those ensigns of your malady, your rollers, your mantle, your mufflers ? As he in his drink is said to have privately torn the chaplet from his neck, after he was chastised by the speech of his fasting master. When you offer apples to a cross boy, he refuses them : “ Here take them, you little rogue.” He denies you : if you give them not, he wants them. In what does an excluded lover differ from such a boy ? when he disputes with himself whether he should go or not, to that very place he was returning to  
 without

And that it matters not, if you  
 Play in the dust, as wont to do  
 When three years old, or shou'd deplore  
 Your fate in fondness to a whore.  
 I ask you if you will behave  
 Like \* Polemo reform'd, and wave  
 The ensigns of your fond disease,  
 Your mantle, garters below knees,  
 And lac'd cravat, as it is said  
 He did with liquor in his head,  
 And took by stealth his chaplet off,  
 Converted by th' abstemious soph.

If to a boy that's cross in grain  
 You offer apples, he'll refrain——  
 "Here take them, little rogue."—Not I——  
 But if they are not giv'n he'll cry.  
 A whining lover in disgrace,  
 Barr'd out is in the self-same case.  
 When with himself he argues so,  
 Whether he shall, or shall not go,  
 Unto the place for which he steers,  
 Altho', unsent for, and adheres  
 Ev'n to the hated threshold——"What!  
 "When dunn'd to see her, shall I not?"

\* Polemo, when drunken and crowned with chaplets, went into the school of Xenocrates, who happened to be upon the topic of temperance, to which the young rake gave such attention, that he became perfectly reformed, insomuch, that he lived to succeed the philosopher in his school.

Accedam? an potius mediter finire dolores?  
 Exclufit, revocat: redeam? non, fi obsecret. ecce  
 Servus, non paulo fapientior, O here, quæ res  
 Nec modum habet, neq; confilium, ratione modoque  
 Tractari non vult. in amore hæc funt mala: bellum  
 Pax rurſum, hæc fi quis tempeſtatis prope ritu  
 Mobilia, & cæcâ fluitantia forte, labore  
 Reddere certa ſibi, nihilo plus explicet, ac fi  
 Inſanire paret certâ ratione, modoque.  
 Quid? quum Picenis excerptis ſemina pomis,  
 Gaudes, ſi cameram percuſti forte, penes te es?  
 Quid? quum balba feris annoſo verba palatò,  
 Ædificante caſas qui ſanior? adde cruorem  
 Stultitiæ, atque ignem gladio ſcrutare. modo (inquam)  
 Hellade percuſſa Marius quum præcipitat ſe,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

without being ſent for; adhere to the deteſted doors:  
 “What, ſhall I not go to her now when ſhe invites me of  
 “her own accord? or ſhall I rather think of putting a period  
 “to my pains? She has excluded me; ſhe recalls me: ſhall  
 “I return? No, not if ſhe ſhould implore me.” But the  
 ſervant, not a little wiſer: “O maſter! that which has  
 “neither moderation nor conduct, cannot be guided by rea-  
 “ſon or method. In love theſe evils are inherent: war one  
 “while, then peace again. If any one ſhould endeavour to  
 “ſettle theſe things, that are various as the weather, and  
 “fluctuating by blind chance; he will make no more of it  
 “than he ſhould ſet about raving by a certain rule and mea-  
 “ſure.” What? when picking the pips from the Pice-  
 nian apples, you rejoice if haply you have ſtruck the vaulted  
 roof; are you yourſelf? What? when you ſtrike our falter-  
 ing accents from your aged palate, how much wiſer are  
 you than a child that builds houſes of clay? Then add to the  
 folly of love and bloodſhed, its conſequence, and ſtir the fire  
 with a ſword. I aſk you, when Marius lately, after he  
 ſtabbed Hellas, threw himſelf down a precipice, was he

raving

" Or shall I not myself befriend,  
" And rather all my sorrows end ?  
" Shut out—recall'd—shall I repeat  
" My suit—no—shou'd she at my feet  
" Implore me ;"—lo ! the servant here,  
Whose head's a thousand times more clear—  
" O Sir, in things that have no mean,  
" Our conduct cannot be foreseen,  
" And govern'd by a rule and form :  
" In love these contradictions swarm—  
" War—peace anon, which as they veer  
" Like fortune or the atmosphere,  
" If any one to fix shou'd try,  
" He'd do no better, by the bye,  
" Than if he rav'd and play'd the fool  
" By gamut, or by grammar-rule."

When taking from Picenian fruit,  
The seeds you to the cieling shoot,  
It gives you joy—are you yourself ?  
Or when you act a fondling elf  
In impotence, and lisp, and toy,  
Are you then wiser than a boy  
Who builds dirt-houses, as he plays ?  
How think you too of bloody frays,  
And stirr'd by swords how fire will blaze !  
When Marius, who had Hellas smote,  
Did death unto himself devote,  
Was he then mad, or will you free  
The culprit from his lunacy,



Cerritus fuit ? an commotæ crimine mentis  
 Absolves hominem, & sceleris damnabis eundem,  
 Ex more imponens cognata vocabula rebus ?  
 Libertinus erat, qui circum compita siccus  
 Lautis mane senex manibus currebat, & unum,  
 (Quiddam magnum addens) unum me surpите morti,  
 Diis etenim facile est, orabat : sanus utrisque  
 Auribus atque oculis, mentem, nisi litigiosus  
 Exciperet dominus, quum venderet. hoc quoq; vulgus  
 Chryppis ponit fœcundâ in gente Meneni.  
 Jupiter, ingentes qui das adimisque dolores,  
 Mater ait pueri menses jam quinque cubantis  
 Frigida si puerum quartana reliquerit, illo  
 Mane die, quo tu indicis jejunia, nudus  
 In Tiberi stabit. casus medicusve levarit  
 Ægrum ex præcipiti, mater delira necabit  
 In gelida fixum ripâ, febrimque reducet,  
 Quone malo mentem concussa ? timore deorum,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

raving mad ? or will you absolve the man from the imputation of a disturbed mind, and condemn him for the crime, according to your custom, imposing on things names that have an aptitude, and yet a diversity in signification.— There was a certain freedman, who, in years, ran about the streets in the morning fasting, with his hands washed, and prayed thus, “ Snatch me alone from death ; (adding, “ some mighty matter) me alone, for it is an easy thing “ for the gods ;” this man was found in both his ears and eyes : but his master when he sold him, would except his understanding, unless he was fond of law-suits. This croud too, Chryppus places in the fruitful family of Menenius.— “ O Jupiter ! who givest and takest away the greatest afflictions,” (cries the mother of a boy now lying sick a-bed for five months) “ if this cold quartane ague should leave my child, “ that day in the morning on which you appoint a fast, he

“ shall

And so condemn him for the fact  
 By being in your terms exact?  
 A wretch in years, a freedman's son,  
 Was seen about the streets to run  
 With washen hands, at early day,  
 And "me alone, (for that I pray,  
 "Is no great thing for pow'rs like you,  
 "Ye Gods, which all with ease can do)  
 "Save me alone from death and hell."

This man in eyes and ears was well,  
 But him if e'er his lord should sell,  
 He must his intellects exclude,  
 Unless he wanted to be sued.

Such (says Chrysippus) must be clast  
 'Mongst numbers of \* Menenian cast.

"O thou! that giv'st, or canst remove  
 "The worst afflictions, sov'reign Jove!"

(Cries the fond mother of a lad,  
 Bed-rid five weeks and very bad)

"If this cold quartan shall recede

"The first day, that a fast's decreed,

"In Tiber naked shall he stand."——

Shou'd luck, or some physician's hand,

From dang'rous case restore the boy,

The mother will herself destroy,

By stripping him in frantic vein,

And bringing back the fit again.

How driv'n to such a foolish freak?

Why superstition makes her weak.

\* *A crazy person of a numerous family.*

Hæc mihi Stertinius sapientum octavus amico  
 Arma dedit, posthac ne compellarer inultus.  
 Dixerit insanum qui me, totidem audiet, atque  
 Respicere ignoto discet pendentia tergo.  
 Stoice, post damnum sic vendas omnia pluris;  
 Quâ me stultitiâ (quoniam non est genus unum)  
 Insanire putas? ego nam videor mihi sanus.  
 Quid? caput abscissum demens quum portat Agave  
 Gnati infelicis. sibi tum furiosa viderur?  
 Stultum me fateor (liceat concedere veris)  
 Atque etiam insanum: tantum hoc ediffere, quo me  
 Ægrotare putas animi vitio, Accipe: primum  
 Ædificas. hoc est, longos imitaris, ab imo  
 Ad summum totus moduli bipedalis. & idem  
 Corpore majorem rides Turbonis in armis

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

"shall stand naked in the Tiber." Should chance, or the  
 physician, relieve the patient from his imminent danger: the  
 infatuated mother will destroy the boy, exposed on a cold  
 bank, and will bring back the fever. With what disorder of  
 the mind is she stricken? Why with a false fear of the gods!—  
 These arms Stertinius, the eighth of the women, gave to me,  
 as to a friend, that for the future I might not be roughly at-  
 tacked without revenging myself. Whoever shall call me mad-  
 man, shall hear as much from me in turn; and shall learn to  
 look back upon the bag suspended behind him.—O Stoic! so  
 may you, after your damage, sell all your merchandises the bet-  
 ter: what folly (for it seems there are more sorts than one) do  
 you think I am infatuated with? for to myself I seem quite sane.  
 What? When Agave carries the amputated head of her un-  
 happy son in her hands, does she then seem insane to herself?  
 I allow myself a fool (let me yield to the truth) and a mad-  
 man likewise: only declare this, with what particular malady  
 of mind you think me afflicted. Hear then: in the first place  
 you build; that is, tho' from top to bottom you are but of the  
 two-foot size, you imitate the tall: and yet you, the same  
 person,

These instances, attacks to stave,  
 That *eighth* wise man Stertinius gave  
 In friendship, that some future day  
 I might the Cavillers repay.  
 Whoever calls me mad, shall hear  
 The same re-echoed in his ear,  
 And be compell'd to turn his mind,  
 Upon the \* bag, that hangs behind.

Stoic (so may you re-imburse  
 Your damages and make a purse)  
 Of what infatuation, pray,  
 (Since there are many kinds you say)  
 Am I by thee as guilty found  
 For to myself I seem quite sound.

When mad Agave bears the head  
 Of her unhappy son, that bled  
 By her own hands, does she conceive  
 Herself a fury?—give me leave,  
 I'll own the truth, I am a fool,  
 And in my senses not quite cool,  
 Only speak out, and tell me all  
 That I particularly ail—I shall—  
 First you're a builder, that's to vie  
 With giants, tho' but two feet high.  
 Yet you the self same dwarf deride  
 When little Turbo's strut and pride

\* Alluding to a fable of *Æsop*, where Jupiter is feigned to have put bags upon every man, the one filled with his neighbour's faults before, the other filled with his own behind, so that he sees the former, but not the latter.

Spiritum & incessum qui ridiculus minus illo?  
 An quodcunque facit Mæcenas, te quoq; verum est  
 Tanto dissimilem, & tanto cætare minorem?  
 Absentis ranæ pullis vituli pede pressis,  
 Unus ubi effugit, matri denarrat, ut ingens  
 Bellua cognatos eliserit, illa rogare,  
 Quantane? num tandem (se inflans) sic magna fuisset,  
 Major dimidio. Num tanto? Quum magis atque  
 Se magis inflaret, Non, si te ruperis (inquit)  
 Par eris. Hæc à te non multum abludit imago.  
 Adde pœmata nunc: (hoc est, oleum adde camino)  
 Quæ si quis sanus fecit, sanus facis & tu.  
 Non dico horrendam rabiem (jam desine) cultum  
 Majorem censu, (Teneas Damasippi tuis te.)  
 O major tandem parcas insane minori.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

person, laugh at the spirit and strut of Turbo in armour, too great for his little body: pray, how are you less an object of laughter than him? What is it fitting, that in every thing Mæcenas does, you, who are so very much dissimilar, and so much his inferior, should vie with him? The young ones of a frog being in her absence crush'd by the foot of a calf, when one of them had made his escape, he told his mother what an huge beast had dashed his brethren to pieces. She began to ask, how big? "What, prithee, was it so great?" says she, puffing up herself. Then the young one answered, greater by half: "What so big?" when she had swell'd herself more and more; if you should burst yourself, says he, you will not be upon a par with it. This allusion differs but little from your case. Now add poems: (that is, add oil to the fire) which if ever any man in his senses made, why so do you. I do not mention your dreadful rage of temper. At length, have done.—Your way of living beyond your fortune.—Confine yourself—to your own affairs, Damasippus.—Thou greater lunatic of the two, spare him that is not quite so mad.

S A T.



In armour far too big you see—  
Pray are you less a jest than he?  
What if Mæcenas built in Rome,  
Must such a chap as you presume  
'Gainst all propriety, so small,  
And so dissimilar withal?  
The young ones of an absent frog,  
Crush'd by a bull-calf in the bog,  
The mother was inform'd by one  
That 'scap'd what an huge beast had done.  
She asks him of the monster's size,  
And puffing up herself she cries,  
"Was he so great?" as great again—  
Then after many a grievous strain,  
"Was he as big as this?" indeed  
You wou'd not, shou'd you burst, succeed.  
This little piece, that Esop drew,  
Bears a strong likeness, sir, to you.  
Now introduce your odes and lyre,  
That is, add fuel to the fire,  
The verses, which from men of sense  
If e're they come, you've some pretence.  
I do not name your desp'rate wrath—  
Have done—and greater than your cloth  
Your coat—my philosophic friend,  
Pray to your own affairs attend,  
And those that nearer reason rave  
Thou maddest of all mad-men wave.

## S A T. IV.

*Sub personâ cujusdam Catii philosophi Epicurei, irridet  
Epicureorum præcepta ad artem culinariam spec-  
tantia.*

U Nde, & quo Catius? Non est mihi tempus, audenti  
Ponere signa novis præceptis: qualia vincant  
Pythagoran, Anytique reum, doctumque Platona.  
Peccatum fateor, quum te sic tempore lævo  
Interpellarim: sed des veniam bonus, oro.  
Quod si intercideret tibi nunc aliquid, repetes mox.  
Sive est naturæ hoc, sive artis. mirus utroque.  
Quin id erat curæ, quo pacto cuncta tenerem,  
Ut pote res tenues tenui sermone peractas.  
Ede hominis nomen: simul, an Romanus, an hospes.  
Ipsa memor præcepta canam: celabitur autor.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Whence come you, Catius, and whither are you going? I have not time to tell you, being eager to fix terms for some new rules: such as may beat Pythagoras, and he that was accused by Anytus, and the profound Plato. I acknowledge my offence, since I have interrupted you at so inconvenient a juncture: but grant me your pardon, I intreat you. If any thing should have slipped you now, you will immediately recover it: whether this gift of yours be of nature, or of art, for you are admirable in both. Nay, but I was solicitous, how I might retain all these precepts, as being things of a subtle nature, and in an exquisite style. Tell me the name of this professor; and at the same time whether he is a Roman, or a foreigner? As I have them by heart, I will recite the precepts: the author shall be suppressed. Remember in the  
first

## S A T I R E IV.

*Under the person of one Catius, an Epicurean philosopher, he derides the precepts of that sect, so far as they relate to the culinary art.*

FROM whence arriv'd, and where away  
 Good Catius?—Sir, I cannot stay—  
 In haste some maxims to set down,  
 Form'd to out-rival the renown  
 And works of Plato's learned ease,  
 Pythagoras and Socrates——  
 I own myself a little rude,  
 At such a juncture to intrude  
 With interruptions indiscreet;  
 But pardon me, I do intreat.  
 If any thought you lost, you'll find,  
 So great the presence of your mind,  
 Whether 'tis nature, or mere skill,  
 You're great in both, a wit at will.  
 —But I am lab'ring might and main,  
 How I might every thing retain,  
 As matters to refinement wrought,  
 Both in the diction and the thought—  
 The name of him you thus applaud,  
 Is he of Rome, or from abroad?—  
 The author's rules shall be reveal'd,  
 Which I can do; his name conceal'd.

Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento  
 Ut succi melioris, & ut magis alba rotundis  
 Ponere namque marem cohibent callosa vitellum.  
 Caule suburbano, qui siccis crevit in agris,  
 Dulcior, irriguo nihil est elutius horto.  
 Si vespertinus subito te oppresserit hospes,  
 Ne gallina malum responset dura palato,  
 Doctus eris vivam misto mersare Falerno;  
 Hoc teneram faciet. pratensibus optima fungis  
 Natura est: aliis male creditur. ille salubres  
 Æstates peraget, qui nigris prandia moris  
 Finiet, ante gravem quæ legerit arbore solem.  
 Aufidius forti miscebat mella Falerno,  
 Mendose: quoniam vacuis committere venis  
 Nil nisi lene decet, leni precordia mulso  
 Prolueris melius, si dura morabatur alvus.  
 Mitulus & viles pellent obstantia conchæ:

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

first place, to serve up those eggs that are of an oblong figure, as being of a sweeter flavour, and finer colour, than the round ones: for being tough-shelled, they contain a male yoke. Cabbage that grows in dry lands, is sweeter than that about town: nothing is more flashy than a garden much watered. If a visitor should come unawares upon you in the evening, lest the old hen, being tough, ill suit his palate, you will be a man of skill to drown it in Falernian wine, mixed with water, this will make it tender. The mushrooms that grow in meadows are of the best kind: all others are unsafely trusted. That man shall pass his summers healthy, who shall finish his dinners with mulberries, black with ripeness, which he shall have gathered from the tree, before the heat of the sun is too afflicting. Aufidius used to mix honey with strong Falernian, inaccurately: because it is fitting to com-  
mit

Eggs that are oblong, pray observe,  
Are better at a feast to serve,  
As being more delicious found,  
And likewise whiter than the round;  
Besides the toughness of the skin,  
Premises a male-yolk within.  
The greens that grew in drier land,  
Are sweeter far than those at hand.  
In over-water'd gardens shoot  
The flashy and insipid root.  
If on the even-tide a guest  
Comes unawares—why then 'tis best  
(Lest the tough hen for want of youth  
Offend his palate and his tooth)  
Live in mix'd wine her body steep—  
All this is learning very deep.  
The meadow mushrooms are the best:  
I cannot warrant all the rest.  
His summers he in health shall spend,  
Who of his dinner makes an end,  
With mulberries of blacker die,  
Gather'd before the sun's too high.  
Aufidius with Falernian wine  
Mix'd honey—wrong—as I opine:  
Because on empty veins 'tis fit  
Th' emollient only we commit.  
With more propriety indeed  
You'll wash your stomach with soft mead,  
If you are costive, in that case  
Limpins and cockles shou'd have place,



Et lapathi brevis herba, sed albo non sine Coo.  
 Lubrica nascentes implent conchylia lunæ,  
 Sed non omne mare est generosæ fertile testæ.  
 Murice Bajano melior Lucrina Peloris :  
 Ostrea Circeis, Miseno oriuntur Echini :  
 Pectinibus patulis jactat se molle Tarentum.  
 Nec sibi cœnarum quivis temere arroget artem,  
 Ni prius exactâ tenui ratione saporum.  
 Nec satis est carâ pisces averrere mensâ  
 Ignarum quibus est jus aptius, & quibus assis  
 Languidus in cubitum jam se conviva reponet.  
 UMBER, & ilignâ nutritus glande rotundas  
 Curvet aper lances carnem vitantis inertem,  
 Nam Laurens malus est, ulvis & arundine pinguis.  
 Vineâ summittit capreas non semper edules,  
 Fœcundi leporis sapiens sectabitur armos.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

mit nothing to the empty veins, but what is soft and smooth :  
 you will, with more propriety, wash your stomach with soft  
 mead : if your belly should be hard bound, limpins and coarse  
 cockles will remove all obstructions, likewise, leaves of the  
 small sorrel ; but not without Coan of the white sort. The  
 increasing moons fill out the lubricating shell-fish. But every  
 sea is not alike abundant in the noblest sorts. The Lucrine  
 muscle is preferable to the Baian burret : the best oysters come  
 from the Circean promontory : cray-fish from Misenum : the  
 soft Tarentum boasts herself on her broad escallops. Let no  
 one rashly arrogate to himself the science of banqueting, un-  
 less the nice doctrine of tastes has been previously considered  
 by him with great scruple. Nor is it enough to sweep away  
 a parcel of fishes from the expensive stall, while he remains  
 ignorant for what sort stew'd sauce is more proper, and what  
 being roasted, the fated guest will presently replace himself on  
 his elbow. Let the boar from Umbria, and that which has  
 been

With sorrel leaves of smaller make,  
Which with white *Coan* you shou'd take.  
The waxing moons, to th' utmost wish,  
Fill out the lubricating fish.  
But every sea is not alike  
Productive of the sorts that strike.  
The Lucrine muscles far exceed  
The burret of the Baian breed.  
Circean oysters win the prize ;  
Crabs at Misenum best arise :  
But your escallops spreading wide,  
Are soft Tarentum's boast and pride.  
Let none presumptuously suppose,  
The table-decking art he knows,  
Unless he weigh with previous care  
The laws of taste—a nice affair.  
Nor is't enough to clear the stall  
Of high-pric'd fishes great and small,  
Unskill'd which sort to stew is right,  
And which when roasted will invite  
The gutler, that has over-eat  
Himself, to re-assume his seat.  
The Umbrian boar with acrons fed,  
Which from the scarlet oak are shed,  
The dishes of that person bend,  
Whose palate flabby meats offend.  
For poorly the Laurentian feeds,  
As fatted up with flags and reeds.  
A connoisseur will be aware,  
To chuse the wings of pregnant hare.

Piscibus, atque avibus quæ natura, & foret ætas,  
 Ante meum nulli patuit quæsitæ palatum.  
 Sunt, quorum ingenium nova tantum crustula promit.  
 Nequaquam satis in re una consumere curam.  
 Ut siquis solum hoc, mala ne sint vina, laboret :  
 Quali perfundat pisces securus olivo.  
 Massica si cœlo supponas vina sereno,  
 Nocturnâ, si quid crassi est, tenuabitur aurâ,  
 Et decedet odor nervis inimicus : at illa  
 Integrum perdunt lino vitiata saporem.  
 Surrentina vafer qui miscet sæce Falerna  
 Vina, columbino limum bene colligit ovo :  
 Quatenus ima petit volvens aliena vittellus.  
 Tostis marcentem squillis recreabis, & Afrâ  
 Potorem cochleâ : nam lactuca innatat acri

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

been fed with the acrons of the scarlet oak, bend the round  
 dishes of that person, who is averse to all flabby meat : for  
 the Laurentian boar, fattened with flags and reeds, is naught.  
 The vineyard does not always send the most eatable kids. A  
 man of sense will seek after the wings of a pregnant hare.  
 What is the proper age and nature of fish and fowl, tho' en-  
 quired after, never was discovered by any other palate than  
 mine. There are some whose genius invents nothing but  
 new kinds of pastry. But to waste one's care upon one  
 thing, is by no means sufficient: just as if any person should  
 use all his endeavours for this only, that the wine be not fault-  
 ty ; yet quite heedless, at the same time, what oil he pours  
 upon the fish. If you put out your Massic wine in fair wea-  
 ther, if there is any thing thick in it, it will be clarified by  
 the nocturnal air, and that smell, which is unwholesome to  
 the nerves, will depart ; but if filtrated thro' linnen, it will  
 lose its neat flavour. He who skilfully mixes the Surrenti-  
 nian wine with Falernian lees, collects the sediment with a  
 pigeon's

Of foul and fish the sorts and age,  
 Tho' studied much by many a sage,  
 Has not as yet been fully known,  
 But by my skill and taste alone.  
 Some men exhaust their time and taste  
 In new inventions upon paste.  
 'Tis not worth labour to discuss  
 Upon a single point, as thus,  
 Shou'd a man merely rest on this,  
 That his wine may not drink amiss,  
 Careless what oil she shou'd supply,  
 When he has any fish to fry.  
 Shou'd you put out the Massic wine,  
 (The weather being very fine)  
 If it be foul, the air by night  
 Will make it clear, and banish quite  
 That smell bad for the nerves—but drawn  
 And filtred thro' a sieve of lawn,  
 'Twill all its zest intirely lose.  
 He, who shall skillfully infuse  
 To wine of Surrentinian kind,  
 The right Falernian lees, will find  
 That he can best collect the dregs,  
 By making use of pidgeons eggs;  
 Because the yolks, as they descend,  
 Will make the grosser parts attend:  
 With roasted shrimps, and cockles live  
 From Afric's coast you may revive  
 The weary toper—for when sour'd  
 With too much wine, and over-pow'r'd,

226 Q. HORATII FLACCI SATYRARUM. L.2.

Post vinum stomacho. pernâ magis ac magis hillis  
 Flagitat in morsus refici: quin omnia malit  
 Quæcunque immundis fervent allata popinis.  
 Est operæ pretium duplicis pernoscere juris  
 Naturam. simplex è dulci constat olivo,  
 Quod pingui miscere mero muriâque decebit,  
 Non aliâ quam quâ Bizantia putruit orca,  
 Hoc ubi confusum sectis inferbuit herbis,  
 Corycioque croco sparsum stetit, insuper addes  
 Pressa Venafranæ quod bacca remisit olivæ.  
 Picenis cedunt pomis Tiburtia succo:  
 Nam facie præstant. Venucula convenit ollis.  
 Rectius Albanam fumo duraveris uvam,  
 Hanc ego cum malis, ego sæcem primus, & halec,  
 Primus & invenior piper album, cum sale nigro  
 Incretum, puris circumposuisse catillis.  
 Immane est vitium dare millia terna macello,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

pidgeon's egg: because the yolk tends to the bottom, rolling down with it all redundancies: you may rouse the stupified toper with roasted shrimps and African cockles: for lettuce after wine floats upon the sowered stomach: by ham, and by saucages rather, it craves to be restored to its appetite: nay, it will prefer every thing which is brought, smoaking hot from the slovenly eating-houses. It is worth while to be acquainted with the two sorts of sauce. The simple consists of sweet oil: but it will be proper to mix it with rich wine and pickle, but with no other pickle than that with which the Byzantian jar has been tainted. When this, mixed with shredded herbs, has boiled, and, sprinkled with Corycian saffron, has stood sometime, you shall over and above add what the berry of the Venafran olive yields, when pressed. The Tiburtian yield to the Picenian apples in juice, tho' they excel  
in



Lettuce will on the stomach rise,  
 Which seeks the rather for supplies  
 From sausage, ham, or any thing  
 Which from the flattern-shops they bring.  
 You'll find 'tis far from any loss  
 Of time, to learn two kinds of sauce.  
 The plain is made of oil intire,  
 Which to improve and render high'r,  
 Add wine and pickles, best by far  
 When taken from Byzantian jar.  
 This mixt with shredded greens, and brought  
 From Corycus, with saffron fraught,  
 When it has boil'd and stood—then squeeze  
 The olives of Venafran trees.  
 The apples of Picenum beat,  
 What Tibur bears, as good to eat,  
 But for their colour these excel,  
 Venutian grapes for jars are well.  
 Yet for preserving in the smoke  
 Th' Albanian fitter are bespoke.  
 Th' invention was intirely mine,  
 This grape with apples to combine,  
 And vinous lees with herring brine. }  
 I was the first who had the knack  
 White pepper with the salt that's black  
 Finely to mix, and serve up all  
 In dishes very neat, tho' small.  
 'Tis a grand fault to throw away  
 Vast sums upon a market day,

Angustoque vagos pisces urgere catino.  
 Magna movent stomacho fastidia, seu puer unctis  
 Tractavit calicem manibus, dum furta ligurit :  
 Sive gravis veteri crateræ limus adhæsit.  
 Vilibus in scopis, in mappis, in scobe quantus  
 Consistit sumptus ? neglectis, flagitium ingens.  
 Ten' lapides varios lutulentâ radere palmâ,  
 Et Tyrias dare circum illota toralia vestes ;  
 Oblitum, quanto curam, sumptumque minorem  
 Hæc habeant, tanto reprimi justius illis,  
 Quæ nisi divitibus nequeunt contingere mensis ?  
 Docte Cati per amicitiam divosque rogatus,  
 Ducere me auditum, perges quocunque memento.  
 Nam quamvis referas memori mihi pectore cuncta  
 Non tamen interpres tantundem juveris, adde

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

in look. The Venusian grape is proper for jars. The Albanian  
 you had better harden in the smoke. I am found to be the first  
 that served up this grape with apples, in neat little plates ;  
 to be the first likewise that served up wine-lees and herring-  
 brine, and white pepper mixed with black salt. It is a por-  
 tentous fault to bestow three thousand sesterces on the fish-  
 market, and to cram the spragging fishes in a narrow dish. A  
 great sickness comes upon the stomach ; if either the slave  
 touches the cup with greasy hands, while he licks up snacks :  
 or if offensive grime has adhered to the antient goblet. In  
 trays, in mats, in saw-dust, that are so cheap, what mighty  
 cost can there be ? But if there are neglected, 'tis an heinous  
 offence what, is it fitting that you should sweep Mosaic pave-  
 ments with a dirty broom made of palm, and throw Tyrian  
 carpets over the unwashed furniture of your couch, not re-  
 membring, that by how much less care and expence these  
 things are attended with, so much the more justly may the  
 want of them be reprehended, than those things which cannot  
 be

And yet to cramp the spraggl'g fish  
 By using of a scanty dish.  
 'Twill turn your stomach very much,  
 If waiters take with greasy touch  
 The glass, as they their fingers lick,  
 Or grime to your old goblet stick.  
 In saw-dust, napkins, and in brooms,  
 How small th' expence about your rooms?  
 Yet if these things you quite neglect,  
 'Tis a most horrible defect.  
 Shou'd you Mosaic pavements sweep,  
 With dirty palm-brooms, as they're cheap,  
 And tho' he is in purple dress,  
 Bring out foul cushions for your guest,  
 Forgetting in such things the less  
 Of care and cost, the greater stress  
 Is still on the defaulter laid,  
 Nor are they in the ballance weigh'd  
 With things of vast expence and state,  
 Pertaining only to the great.——  
 ——Learn'd Catius, by the pow'rs divine,  
 That love with which I call you mine,  
 Where'er you shall an audience share  
 With this great man, let me be there,  
 For tho' your mem'ry be so good,  
 That I have most things understood:  
 Yet by mere narrative in brief,  
 You cannot please me like the chief.  
 Then add the manner and the dress,  
 And countenance besides express,

Vultum habitumque hominis : quum tu vidisse beatus  
 Non magni pendis, quia contigit : at mihi cura  
 Non mediocris inest, fontes ut adire remotos,  
 Atque haurire queam vitæ præcepta beatæ.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

be obtained but at the tables of the opulent?—Learned Catus, entreated by our friendship and the gods; remember to introduce me to an audience with this great man, whenever you shall wait upon him. For tho' by your memory you relate every particular to me; yet, as an interpreter, you cannot delight me in so high a degree. Add to this, the countenance and dress of the man; whom you, happy in having seen, do not much regard, because it has been your lot: but I have no small anxiety, that I may go to the remote spring-head and drink deep the documents of so happy a life.

Which strike you not in that degree  
As always in your pow'r to see,  
But I by vehement desire  
Up to the fountain-head aspire,  
And make myself adept compleat  
In precepts of a life so sweet.



## S A T. V.

*Sub personâ Ulyssis Tiresiæ umbram consulentis, poeta insidiatores & captatores testamentorum describit.*

**H**OC quoque Tiresia, præter narrata, petenti  
 Responde : quibus amissas reparare queam res  
 Artibus atque modis. quid rides ? Jamne doloſo  
 Non satis est Ithacam revehi, patriosque Penates  
 Aspicere ? O nulli quicquam mentite, vides ut  
 Nudus inopsque domum redeam te vate, neque illic  
 Aut apotheca procis intacta est, aut pecus. atqui  
 Et genus, & virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est.  
 Quando pauperiem missis ambagibus horres,  
 Accipe quâ ratione queas ditescere. turdus,  
 Sive aliud privum dabitur tibi, devolet illuc,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Tiresias ! over and above what is mentioned, answer me, requesting of you by what artifice and methods I may be able to repair my ruined circumstances ?—Wherefore do you laugh ? Thou trickster, is it not already enough to be brought back to Ithaca, and to behold the household gods of your fathers ?—O thou ! that never told a lie to any one, you see how I return home naked and poor by your prophecy, nor is there store-house or cattle untouched by the suitors of my wife. But ancestry and merit, unless with means, are more contemptible than sea-weed.—Seeing then (preamble apart) you shudder at the thoughts of poverty, receive instructions how you may grow rich. If a thrush, or any other private snack be given you, let it pass away thither, where there is the splendor of a great estate, the lord being advanced in years. Sweet apples, or whatever your well-tilled land bring forth,

## S A T I R E V.

*Under the person of Ulysses, consulting the ghost of  
Tiresias, the poet describes the wou'd-be-beirs and  
will-hunters.*

BESIDES the things that you have told,  
Tiresias, let me be so bold,  
As your opinion to demand  
How I the loss of house and land  
May be enabled to repair  
By what expedient, art, or care?  
Why do you laugh?—O fam'd for tricks!  
Is't not enough your route to fix,  
That you may Ithaca regain,  
And in your native country reign?  
—O thou that never spoke a lie,  
You see how stript, how poor am I,  
Returning by your prophecy.  
Where my wife's suitors I shall find,  
Nor wealth nor flocks have left behind:  
But race and virtue without cash,  
And property are errant trash—  
—Since poverty so much you dread  
There is no further to be said:  
Learn how to flourish in a trice.  
If any thing that's scarce and nice,  
A thrush for your own private snack  
Be sent you, presto! in a crack,

}

Res ubi magna nitet domino sene : dulcia poma  
 Et quoscunque feret cultus tibi fundus honores,  
 Ante Larem gustet venerabilior Lare dives,  
 Qui quamvis perjurus erit, sine gente, cruentus  
 Sanguine fraterno, fugitivus ; ne tamen illi  
 Tu comes exterior, si postulet, ire recuses.  
 Utne tegam spurco Damæ latus : haud ita Trojæ  
 Me gessi, certans semper melioribus. Ergo  
 Pauper eris. Fortem hoc animum tolerare jubebo.  
 Et quondam majora tuli. tu protinus, unde  
 Divitias ærisque ruam, dic augur, acervos :  
 Dixi equidem, & dico : captes astutus ubique  
 Testamenta senum : neu si vaser unus & alter  
 Insidiatorem præroso fugerit hamo.  
 Aut spem deponas, aut artem illusus omittas.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

forth, to do him honour with, let the rich man taste before  
 the Lar, as more respectable than the Lar himself ; which  
 rich man, tho' he be perjured, without lineage, imbrued in  
 the blood of his brother, a fugitive, yet do not refuse to at-  
 tend him as his companion, on the side from the wall.—  
 What, shall I tramp cheek by jole with a stinking Damas, I  
 did not conduct myself upon such terms when at Troy, ever  
 contesting with my superiors ?—You therefore must be in-  
 digent.—I will controul my stout heart to support this, and  
 of yore I have borne with greater misfortunes ; do you, how-  
 ever, O soothsayer ! tell me forthwith, how I may amass  
 wealth, and heaps of cash.—Truly, I have told you, and  
 do tell you still. Crafty, as you are, lay in wait every where  
 for the last wills of ancient men ; nor if one or two shrewd  
 chaps elude the enterprizer, by biting the bait off the hook,  
 either throw aside your expectations in general, or give up  
 trade for being once baffled. If a matter, either of great or  
 little consequence, be argued at the bar at any time, which-  
 ever

The spoil to some old dupe convey,  
 Who lives in the most splendid way,  
 What'er your garden, or your field,  
 Of fruit, or other dainties yield,  
 Let him taste first, a guest by far  
 More venerable than the Lar.  
 And tho' a wretch of upstart pride,  
 A fugitive for laws defied,  
 By perjury or fratricide :  
 Yet if he chuses at his call  
 You must attend, and give the wall—  
 —What cheek by jole, shall I be caught  
 With a vile Dama, filthy thought ?  
 Not so still arm'd above my match  
 At Troy I did myself attach——  
 —The sequel, is you must be poor——  
 —This my brave spirit shall endure——  
 And oftentimes I've underwent  
 Fatigues of greater hardiment,  
 Yet prithee, prophet, tell me plain,  
 How I shall cash and substance gain.—  
 —In troth I told you, and repeat  
 The lesson, practise your deceit,  
 To coax old men to make their will,  
 And put you in a codicile.  
 Nor if a cunning knave or two,  
 Shou'd see the hook and bite it thro',  
 Or from your hope recede dismay'd,  
 Or for one blank relinquish trade.

Magna, minorve foro si res certabitur olim,  
 Vivet uter locuples sine gnatis; improbus ultro  
 Qui meliorem audax vocet in jus, illius esto  
 Defensor: famâ civem causâque priorem  
 Sperne, domi si gnatus erit, fœcundave conjux.  
 Quinte puta, aut Publi (gaudent prænومine molles  
 Auriculæ) tibi me virtus tua fecit amicum.  
 Jus anceps novi, causas defendere possum,  
 Eripiet quivis oculos citius mihi, quam te  
 Contemptum cassâ nuce pauperet. hæc mea cura est,  
 Ne quid tu perdas, neu sis jocus. ire domum atque  
 Pelliculam curare jube: sis cognitor ipse,  
 Persta atque obdura, seu rubra canicula findet  
 Infantes statuas, seu pingui tentus omafo  
 Furius hybernas canâ nive conspuet Alpes.  
 Nonne vides (aliquis cubito stantem prope tangens

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ever of the litigants dwells sumptuously, and has no children,  
 altho' he be an abandoned fellow, who impudently goes to  
 law with a worthier person, nevertheless, be you his defender;  
 scorn the citizen who is of the better repute, and has the  
 advantage in the equity of his cause, if he has a son at  
 home and breeding wife.—*Talk to him in this stile:* “Quin-  
 tus, suppose, or Publius, (nice ears delight in the titular  
 name) your merit has made me your friend, I understand  
 the uncertainties of the law; any one sooner shall ravish  
 my eyes from me, than he shall impoverish you by one  
 deaf nut in contempt; this is my sollicitude, lest you lose  
 any thing, or become a table-talk.” Then bid him go  
 home and cherish his little carcass. Be his solicitor yourself,  
 persist, and be obstinate; whether the red dog-star shall  
 crack the dumb statues, or Furius bloated with his greasy  
 guts, shall cascade hoary snow on the wintry Alps. Do you  
 not observe, (shall some person say, jogging his neighbour by  
 the



If any matter great or small,  
 Be canvass'd in the judgment-hall,  
 Which'er be rich without a child,  
 Tho' he his betters has revil'd,  
 Be you the fav'rer of his cause,  
 And one of honour or applause  
 Despise, and more so, if he house  
 A hopeful son, or breeding spouse.  
 "My Lord—your Grace"—(a title suits  
 And in a drunken ear dilutes)

"Me has your virtue made a friend;  
 "I know the law, can points defend.  
 "And they shall rather have my eyes,  
 "Than your great dignity despise,  
 "And with a deaf-nut fob you off:  
 "That you shall have nor los's nor scoff,  
 "Is ever my peculiar care."

Then bid him to his home repair,  
 And cocker up his carcase there.  
 Persist—hold out—your stumps bestir,  
 And be yourself sollicitor.

\* *Whether the Dog stars FIERY FEAT  
 Crack poor dumb statues with his beat,  
 Or fat-gut Furius puff and blow,  
 And on the Alpine hills below,  
 Shall disembogue the hoary snow.*

"Sir, dont you see" (some one will cry  
 Jogging his elbow by the bye)

\* *These lines are citations from one Furius Bibaculus, and another bombastic poet.*

Inquiet) ut patiens ? ut amicis aptus ? ut acer ?  
 Plures annabunt thynni, & cetaria crescent.  
 Si cui præterea validus male filius in re  
 Præclarâ sublatuſ aletur, ne manifestum  
 Cœlibis obsequium nudet te, leniter in spem  
 Arrepe officiosus, ut & scribare secundus  
 Hæres, &c, si quis casus puerum egerit Orco,  
 In vacuum venias. perraro hæc alea fallit.  
 Qui testamentum tradet tibi cunque legendum,  
 Abnuere, & tabulas à te remove memento :  
 Sic tamen, ut limis rapias, quid prima secundo  
 Cera velit versu : solus, multisne cohæres,  
 Veloci percurrere oculo. plerunque recoctus  
 Scriba ex quinqueviro corvum deludet hiantem,  
 Captatorque dabit risus Nafica Corano.  
 Num furis ? an prudens iudis me, obscura canendo ?

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the elbow) how laborious he is, how calculated for the service of his friends, how lively ?—Thus more tunnies will swim in, and the reservoir will be augmented. Moreover, if by any one in special circumstances, a valetudenarian son be brought up, lest the too manifest officiousness of a batchelor should lay you open, sneak sparingly diligent into your hopes, and that you may be written down second heir, and if any accident should hurry the lad to his grave, you may come in upon the vacancy—this chance rarely fails. Whoever gives his will to you for to be read, remember to refuse it, and thrust the instruments from you ; however, in such a manner, that you may catch by a side-long glance, what the first line intimates to be the second *item*, peruse with a quick eye, whether you are sole, or joint-heir with several others. Not unusually a case-hardened scrivener, sprung from one of the Quinqueviri, shall cheat the gaping crow, and the fortune-hunter Nafica shall give occasion of laughter to Coranus.—

What

“ Your indefatigable friend  
 “ So clean the case to comprehend.”  
 With baits like these your plan pursue,  
 More fish will come to stock the stew.  
 Again, if any man shou’d rear  
 (Worth you some hundred pounds a year)  
 An ailing son——lest you shou’d seem  
 Too open in your courteous scheme,  
 As batchelor——by slow degrees  
 Creep in and gradual offices,  
 And for the second heir apply  
 So haply, if the lad shou’d die,  
 To all you may yourself advance——  
 This is an admirable chance.

Whoever puts into your hand  
 His WILL to read: at first withstand,  
 And push the parchment rolls aside;  
 Yet let it be obliquely ey’d  
 So as to catch a glance of that,  
 The second *item* wou’d be at,  
 Whether with many you’re coheir,  
 Or come into the whole affair.  
 Full oft some scriv’ner or old fox  
 The gaping crow deludes and mocks,  
 And tho’ he’s shrewder than the rest  
 Nafica be Coranus’ jest——  
 ——\* What are you mad, or by design  
 Do you obscurities divine——

\* *Ulysses speaks again.*

O Laertiade, quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non,  
 Divinare etenim magnus mihi donat Apollo.  
 Quid tamen ista velit sibi fabula, si licet, ede.  
 Tempore quo juvenis Parthis horrendus, ab alto,  
 Demissum genus Ænea, tellure, marique,  
 Magnus erit; forti nubet procera Corano  
 Filia Nasicæ, metuentis reddere foldum.  
 Tum gener hoc faciet: tabulas focero dabit, atque  
 Ut legat orabit. multum Nasicæ negatas  
 Accipiet tandem, & tacitus leget: invenietque  
 Nil sibi legatum, præter plorare, suisque.  
 Illud ad hæc jubeo: mulier si forte dolosa  
 Libertusve senem delirum temperet, illis

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

What! are you really frantic, or wittingly make your fun of me by canting things unintelligible?—O son of Laertes! whatever I shall predict, shall either really happen, or it shall not, for Apollo the Great gives me the art of divination.—However, if you have it in your power, declare what that story means.—At that time, when the youth, formidable to the Parthians, an offspring descended from the sublime Eneas, shall be powerful by land and sea; the stately daughter of Nasicæ, so cautious of paying the total of a bill, (or) so fearful of restoring a shilling, shall be married to the lusty Coranus. Then the son-in-law shall act in this manner, he shall deliver the deeds to his father-in-law, and beg the favour that he would read them. Nasicæ, after many refusals, will at length take it, and read it in silence, and will find no other matter bequeathed to him and his, than a sufficient cause to be mourners.—Besides all the former injunctions, I command this also, (Tiresias speaks) if by chance a subtle woman, or a freed-man have the conduct of an old dotard; make up to them as an associate; commend them, that you may also be commended, when absent; this too is of great assistance; but to storm the capitol, beats this way all to pieces.

—Ulysses all that I foresee  
Of surety shall, or shall not be,  
For from Apollo wife and great,  
I have obtain'd this skill in fate.

—Then, if you please, pray, sir, unveil  
The mystic meaning of your tale.—  
What time that youth of race divine,  
Who from Eneas draws his line,  
The Parthian's terror shall be crown'd,  
And both by sea and land renown'd.  
Nasica known for sneaking ways,  
Who loves deduction when he pays,  
† Shall have his stately girl allied  
To stout Coranus, as his bride,  
The son-in-law shall then proceed  
To the old churl to give the deed,  
Which, first, he'll frequently refuse,  
But, being closely press'd, peruse.  
And while in silent mood he hums,  
He'll find there's neither sum nor sums,  
And nothing left for him and his,  
But leave to make a rueful phiz.

To things which we've been led to name,  
Add also—if a subtle dame  
Or freed-slave manage an old man,  
Make one amongst them, if you can.

† They sometimes had a dowry for their daughters, instead of giving a portion with them; so Nasica expected a handsome legacy at least, from a man most probably advanced in years.



Accedas socius : laudes, lauderis ut absens,  
 Adjuvat hoc quoque sed vincit longe prius, ipsum  
 Expugnare caput. scribet mala carmina vecors ?  
 Laudato. scortator erit ? cave te roget : ultro  
 Penelopem facilis potiori trade. putasne,  
 Perduci poterit, tam frugi, tamque pudica ?  
 Quam nequiere proci recto depellere cursu ?  
 Venit enim magnum donandi parca Juventus,  
 Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.  
 Sic tibi Penelope frugi est : quæ si semel uno  
 De sene gustarit, tecum partita lucellum,  
 Ut canis à corio nunquam absterrebitur uncto.  
 Me sene, quod dicam, factum est anus improba Thebis  
 Ex testamento sic est elata : cadaver  
 Unctum oleo largo nudis humeris tulit hæres ;

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

pieces. Shall he in his stupidity write bad verses—extol them—shall he be a whore-master—have a care you do not wait to let him ask you ; of your own free-will officiously surrender Penelope to him, as to a worthier gentleman.—What, do you imagine that so careful, and so virtuous a lady, can be seduced, whom such a multitude of suitors could not drive away from a right course ?—That was because a pack of youngsters came who were too sparing to make great presents, nor so much inclined to love as to culinary affairs. Upon such terms Penelope is honest : who had she but one smatch of an old dotard, sharing with you the profits, would have no more been frightened off, than a hound from a greasy hide.—That which I am about to mention was transacted when I was an old man ; a vile old hag at Thebes, pursuant to her will, was carried forth after this fashion, her heir conveyed her dead body, anointed with much oil upon his bare shoulders ; forsooth, that she might be able to escape from him after death, I suppose ; because he had been too urgent upon

Praise them, that in the self-same strain,  
 You absent may be prais'd again :  
 This helps—but it is best of all  
 By far to storm the Capitol.

Does he write verses ? sorry stuff ?  
 Be sure to praise them well enough.  
 Is he a wench ? do not wait

For him to be importunate ;  
 But forward of your own accord  
 Your wife to him you call your lord.

—What wou'd you intimate that she,  
 The chaste and sage Penelope  
 Can be seduc'd, whom from her course  
 So many suitors cou'd not force ?—

—The reason is, that youths of thrift  
 Were there still grudging of a gift,  
 A race that chose with stomachs keen

The cubbard, rather than the queen.  
 Thus your Penelope is chaste,

Who if she once had got a taste  
 Of one old dotard, with a view  
 To share the perquisite with you,

No more wou'd startle from her aim,  
 Than a staunch hound will quit his game.

The fact that I'm about to tell,  
 When I was old, at Thebes befell.

Thus by her will an old hag there  
 Was carried to her grave—the heir  
 With corpse upon his shoulders went  
 Naked and oil'd, to this intent,

Scilicet elabi si posset mortua. credo,  
 Quod nimium institerat viventi. cautus adito:  
 Neu desis operæ, neve immoderatus abundes.  
 Difficilem & morosum offendet garrulus. ultro  
 Non etiam fileas. Davus sis comicus, atque  
 Stes capite obstipo, multum similis metuenti.  
 Obsequio grassare: mone, si increbuit aura,  
 Cautus uti velet charum caput: extrahe turbâ,  
 Oppositis humeris: aurem substringe loquaci.  
 Importunus amat laudari? donec ohe jam  
 Ad cœlum manibus sublatis dixerit, urge, &  
 Crescentem tumidis infla sermonibus utrem.  
 Quum te servitio longo curâque levarit,  
 Et certum vigilans, quartæ sit partis Ulysses,  
 Audireis, hæres: ergo nunc Dama sodalis  
 Nusquam est? unde mihi tam fortem, tamq; fidelem?

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

upon her, when living.—Be cautious how you accost him; neither be too sparing of your diligence, nor be immoderately excessive. A prating fellow, without bidding, will give umbrage to one that is peevish and ill-natured. However, you must not be wholly silent. Be like Davus in the comedy, and stand with your head on one side, as a person in singular awe. Urge him with politeness: if the air prove too brisk, admonish him carefully to cover up his dear head: disentangle him from the mob, opposing your shoulders; prick up your ears to him when he is inclined to be talkative. Is he outrageous in his fondness to be praised? Give it him thick and threefold, till he cry out with hands lifted to the sky, Oh! hold, enough now! and blow up the increasing bladder with bombast speeches. When he shall have in the end released you from tedious servitude and care, and being assuredly awake, you shall hear this item, "Let Ulysses be heir of one fourth of my fortune."—Cry lustily, Is then my friend Dama

That she might give the slip at last  
 Tho' dead, to him who stuck so fast.  
 Wherefore be cautious, nothing spare,  
 Likewise by no means over-bear.  
 The splenetic and the morose  
 Will hate the babler as too gross;  
 Nor keep too silent by the bye;  
 Be Davus in the comedy,  
 Stand with your most obsequious head  
 Aside, as in a state of dread.  
 Ply him with complaisant grimace;  
 Pray him to veil his precious face,  
 If once you find the air too brisk,  
 And from the croud at any risk  
 Shoulder him out—and if inclin'd  
 To talk, stick to him ear and mind.  
 If he love praising to excess,  
 Have at him, keep him up and press,  
 Till with his hands to heav'n with wrath  
 He cries, "O 'tis too much in troth."  
 But keep it up as at the first,  
 Until his tumid bladder burst.  
 When he at last by his decease,  
 Shall give your service full release,  
 And you shall fairly look on this,  
*In certainty of waking blifs,*  
 "Ulysses is the heir I name,  
 "To the fourth part of all I claim."  
 What has my Dama run his race—  
 O where shall I that man replace?

Sparge subinde: &, si paulum potes, illacrymare. est  
 Gaudia prodentem vultum celare. sepulchrum,  
 Commissum arbitrio sine sordibus extrue. funus.  
 Egrege factum laudet vicinia. siquis  
 Forte cohæredum senior male tussiet, huic tu  
 Dic, ex parte tuâ, seu fundi sive domus sit  
 Emptor, gaudentem nummo te addicere, sed me  
 Imperiosa trahit Proserpina: vive valeque.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

no where to be found? Where shall I replace him with one so brave and so constant. Mix something of this kind every now and then with your conversation, and, if you can a little, shed a few tears. It is well to disguise a countenance betraying too much gladness. Build without meanness his tomb, if left to your option. The neighbourhood may commend the funeral elegantly performed. If perchance one of the joint-heirs, your elder, should labour under a consumption, whether he has an inclination to be a purchaser of a seat or farm out of your lot; tell him you will rejoice to make it over to him for his own sum.—But the tyrannic Proserpine drags me hence—live and thrive.



Likewise appearances to save,  
Urge now and then how great and brave!  
Then cry a little if you will,  
'Tis exultation's utmost skill.  
Nor be, to your direction left,  
His tomb of elegance bereft.  
The funeral a concourse draws,  
With all the neighbourhood's applause.  
Mean time it one of your coheirs  
Shou'd think of settling his affairs,  
As lab'ring with a dang'rous cough,  
Tell him your ready to cut off  
Whatever-house and farm he likes,  
And any sum the bargain strikes.—

But Proserpine, so stern to drive  
The Ghosts, recalls me—live and thrive.

## S A T. VI.

*Se contentum iis, quæ habet, vivere, ac plura non optare dicit.*

**H**OC erat in votis. modus agri non ita magnus,  
 Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,  
 Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. auctius atque  
 Dii melius fecere. bene est. nihil amplius oro,  
 Majâ nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis :  
 Si neque majorem feci ratione malâ rem,  
 Nec sum facturus vitio culpâve minorem :  
 Si veneror stultus nihil horum, O si angulus ille  
 Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum :  
 O si urnam argenti fors qua mihi monstret, ut illi,  
 Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum  
 Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico  
 Hercule. si quod adest, gratum juvat : hac prece te oro

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

This was ever amongst the warmest of my wishes : a parcel of ground not too extensive, in which was a garden, and a fountain, with a perennial stream, adjoining to my house, and a little woodland into the bargain. The gods have done more liberally and better for me than this. 'Tis well : O son of Maia ! I beg for nothing else, except that you would make these gifts my lasting property. If I have neither made my fortune larger by bad means, nor am in a way to diminish them by vice or bad œconomy ; if I do not absurdly make any petition of this sort ; " O that yon neighbouring nook, which now deforms the regularity of my field, could be added to it ! O that some accident would shew to me a crock full of money ! as it did to him, who, "  
 " a trea-

## S A T I R E VI.

*He declares himself to be content with such things as he is possessed of, and that he wishes for no more.*

THIS was the summit of my views,  
 A little piece of land to use,  
 Where was a garden and a well,  
 Near to the house in which I dwell,  
 And something of a wood above,  
 The Gods in their paternal love  
 Have more and better sent than these,  
 And, Mercury, I rest at ease,  
 Nor ask I any thing beside,  
 But that these blessings may abide:  
 If I cannot my conscience charge,  
 That I by fraud my wealth enlarge,  
 Nor am about by fond excess  
 To make my little matters less;  
 If I am not a fool in grain,  
 To make such wishes weak and vain,  
 " O that I cou'd that nook command  
 " That mars the beauty of my land!  
 " O where there lies a pot of gold,  
 " Might I by some good God be told!  
 " Like him who having treasure found,  
 " No longer till'd, but bought the ground!  
 " With Hercules so much his friend!"——  
 If for what I possess, or spend,

Pingue pecus domino facias, & cætera præter  
 Ingenium, utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis.  
 Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex urbe removi,  
 Quid prius illustrem Satyris, Musæque pedestri?  
 Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus auster  
 Autumnusque gravis: Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.  
 Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,  
 Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores  
 Instituunt (sic diis placitum) tu carminis esto  
 Principium. Romæ sponsorem me rapis: eja,  
 Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urge:  
 Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem  
 Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.  
 Postmodo, quod mi obsit, clare certumque loquuto,  
 Luctandum in turbâ: faciendâ injuriæ tardis.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

"a treasure being discovered, bought that very ground he  
 "before ploughed, in capacity of a hired servant, made  
 "wealthy, Hercules being his friend:" if what I have at  
 present is sufficient for my grateful mind: I supplicate you  
 with this prayer; make my cattle fat for their master, and  
 every thing else, except my genius: and, as you are wont,  
 be my greatest protector. Wherefore, when I have re-  
 moved myself from the city to the mountains, and my villa  
 built on an eminence, what can I cultivate preferably to my  
 satires and prosaic muse? There neither depraved ambition  
 destroys me, nor the leaden south-wind, or the grievous au-  
 tumn, the gain of premature Libitina.—O early father, or  
 Janus, if with more delight you hear yourself called by that  
 name, with whom men begin the toils of their business, and  
 ways of life, (such is the will of the gods) be thou the pre-  
 lude of my song. At Rome you force me away to be surety  
 for some one: go to, dispatch you ery, lest any one should  
 anticipate you in doing that kind office: I must go at any  
 rate,

Satire 6. THE SATIRES OF HORACE. 251

No mean unthankful mind I bear,  
 I supplicate you with this pray'r :  
 May every thing I have be fat,  
 My servants, cattle, dog, and cat,  
 All but my genius—and be still  
 My guardian, if it is your will !  
 Wherefore, when I from town retreat  
 To these my mounts, and lofty seat,  
 How can I of my time dispose  
 Better than in this measur'd prose ?  
 Here neither worldly pride destroys,  
 Nor pressure of South wind annoys,  
 Or sickly Autumn, still the gain  
 Of Libitina's baleful reign.  
 O early fire, or Janus hight,  
 (If that name more your ears delight)  
 With whom men all their toils commence  
 In life (for so the Gods dispense)  
 Do thou thyself begin the song——  
 At Rome you hurry me along  
 To give in bail—dispatch me there  
 Lest some one else shou'd do th' affair.  
 Well—tho' aground the North wind blow,  
 Or winter brings the days of snow  
 To shorter compass—I must go——  
 About myself to over-reach——  
 When I in form have made my speech,  
 At once determinate and loud,  
 Why I must bustle in the croud,



Quid vis insane? & quas res agis? Improbis urget  
 Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat,  
 Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.  
 Hoc juvat, & melli est, non mentiar, at simul atras  
 Ventum est Esquilias, aliena negotia centum  
 Per caput, & circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam  
 Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad puteal cras:  
 De re communi scribæ magnâ atque novâ te  
 Orabant hodie meminisses Quinte reverti.  
 Imprimat his cura Mæcenæ signa tabellis.  
 Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes addit, & instat.  
 Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,  
 Ex quo Mæcenæ me cœpit habere suorum  
 In numero: duntaxat ad hoc. quem tollere rhedâ  
 Vellet, iter faciens, & cui concedere nugæ  
 Hoc genus. hora quota est? Thrax est Gallina Syropar?

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

rate, whether the north-wind brushes the earth, or winter contracts the snowy day into an inner circle. After this, having pronounced in a clear and determinate manner the legal form, which may be an hindrance to me, I must fight it out thro' the mob; must offend the tardy. What's your will, Tom of Bedlam, and what are you about? So a profligate fellow accosts me with his wrathful curses. You jostle every thing that opposes you, if with an invitation full in your mind, you are returning to Mæcenæ. This pleases me, and answers the purpose of a sugar-plumb; I will not tell a lie about the matter. But by the time I make the dusky Esquilæ, an hundred matters of other people buzz about my ears, and environ me on all sides. "Roscius in-  
 "treated you'd be with him at the court-house on the mor-  
 "row before the second hour. The secretaries prayed you  
 "would recollect, Quintus, to return to-day about an affair  
 "of common import, and of an uncommon nature. Pray,  
 "get

Sure all slow-walkers to offend—  
 What are you mad? what mean you, friend?  
 (Some swearing fellow's apt to say)  
 You jostle all things in your way,  
 While in post-haste you must be sped,  
 With great Mæcenas in your head—  
 This *does*, and is too by the bye—  
 A sugar-plumb—I will not lye—  
 But e'er I reach th' Esquilian gloom,  
 I'm charg'd with all th' affairs of Rome.  
 " Roscius desires you, as a friend,  
 " The court-house early to attend;  
 " The clerks beseech you wou'd return,  
 " Upon a thing of vast concern;  
 " Take care Mæcenas seal and sign,  
 " To this same instrument of mine.  
 I will *endeavour*, shou'd one say,  
 They'll answer, if you will, you may,  
 And still keep urging, as before—  
 'Tis now the seventh year or more,  
 Since to Mæcenas I was known,  
 And freely number'd as his own,  
 So far as one he chose to raise  
 Just to the honour of his chaise,  
 Conversing as he took his tour,  
 About such trifles—What's the hour?  
 Say is \* Gallina, who's from Thrace,  
 A match for Syrus face to face?

\* Gallina and Syrus, two great gladiators.

Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent,  
 Et quæ rimosâ bene deponuntur in aure,  
 Per totum hoc tempus subjectior in diem & horam  
 Invidiæ: noster ludos spectaverat una,  
 Luserat in campo, Fortunæ filius, omnes.  
 Frigidus à rostris manat per compita rumor?  
 Quicumq; obvius est, me consulit: ô bone (nam te  
 Scire, deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)  
 Num quid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. ut tu  
 Semper eris derisor! at omnes Dii exigent me,  
 Si quicquam. Quid militibus promissa, triquetra  
 Prædia Cæsar, an est Italâ tellure daturus?  
 Jurantem me scire nihil mirantur, ut unum  
 Scilicet egregii mortalem, aliique silenti.  
 Perditur hæc inter misero lux, non sine votis.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

“ get Mæcenæ to put his signet to these instruments.”  
 Should one say, I’ll try at it: if you will, you can, rejoins  
 he, and is more earnest. The seventh year verging upon the  
 eighth, is now passed, from the time Mæcenæ began to  
 have me in the number of his friends; only thus far, as one  
 he would like to take along with him in his carriage, when  
 he went upon a tour, and to whom he would commit such  
 kind of trifles as these.—What is the hour? Is Gallina, the  
 Thracian, able to encounter Syrus? The cold morning air  
 begins to pierce those that take too little precaution against  
 it;—and such things as are well enough deposited in a chinky  
 ear. For all this time, every day and hour, I have been more  
 liable to envy. “ Our son of fortune here, (says every body)  
 “ beheld all the shews along with Mæcenæ, and played with  
 “ him in the Field of Mars.” Does any disheartening rumor  
 spread from the rostrum thro’ the streets; whoever happens on  
 me, advises with me concerning it: “ Good sir, have you  
 “ (for you ought to know, since you approach nearer the  
 “ gods

These morning frosts are very bad  
 For those who are but thinly clad,  
 Or any thing, that comes in play,  
 Which one to leaky ears may say.  
 E'er since this fortunate event,  
 Th' invidious sons of discontent  
 Daily increase—" This friend of ours,  
 " On whom her favours fortune show'rs ;  
 " A place with great Mæcenas claims,  
 " With him was present at the games,  
 " Plays in the field with him at ball."—  
 Ah, lucky rogue ! cries one and all—  
 Does any bad disheart'ning news,  
 Its influence thro' the streets diffuse :  
 Whoe'er I meet consults with me.  
 " Good Sir, (for sure you must be he,  
 " Who all th' affairs of state must know,  
 " As nearer to the gods below)  
 " Ought do you of the Dacians hear ?"  
 No—not a syllable—" you jeer :"  
 May all the gods afflict my heart,  
 If I know either whole or part.—  
 " Well—then will Cæsar give the lands,  
 " He promis'd to his chosen bands,  
 " In Sicily or here, I pray ?"  
 The more I swear, I cannot say—  
 The more they stare, they cannot sound  
 A man so close and so profound !—  
 Thus do I lose my time and ease,  
 Not without wishes such as these—

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit  
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis  
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ?

O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque  
Unctæ satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?

O noctes cœnæque deûm: quibus ipse, meique  
Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernasque procaces  
Pasco libatis dapibus, prout cuique libido est,  
Siccant inæquales calices conviva, solutus  
Legibus insanis: seu quis capit acria fortis  
Pocula, seu modicis humescit lætius. ergo  
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,  
Nec male, necne Lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos  
Pertinet, & nescire malum est, agitamus: utrumne  
Divitiis homines an sint virtute beati:  
Quidve ad amicitias, usus, rectumve trahat nos,  
Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

" gods than we) heard any thing as touching the Dacians?"  
Nothing at all, in truth. " How, you ever are a derider!"  
But may all the gods excruciate me, if I know any thing of  
the business. " What! is Cæsar about to give the lands he  
" promised the soldiers, in Sicily, or Italy?" As I am swear-  
ing I know nothing about it, they are amazed at me, think-  
ing me, to be sure, a singular mortal of extraordinary and  
profound taciturnity. Amongst things of this sort the day is  
lost by me, wretched as I am, not without such wishes as  
these: O country, when shall I see thee? and when shall it  
be in my power to deduce a pleasing oblivion of an anxious  
life; one while with the books of old authors, another in  
sleep and the hours of indolence? O when shall the bean,  
akin to Pythagoras, and at the same time greens well  
moistened with fat bacon, be set before me? O nights, and  
suppers of the divinities! with which I and my friends enter-  
tain



O rural scenes! when shall I see  
 Your beauties, and again be free  
 Now with those ancient books, I chose  
 With leisure now, and soft repose,  
 In grateful thoughtlessness to drown  
 The anxious business of the town?  
 When shall Pythagoras his beans,  
 With bacon, and well-larded greens  
 Be plac'd before me? O ye nights!  
 Of suppers and divine delights,  
 In which within my proper pale  
 I and my bosom friends regale;  
 And make ev'n saucy slaves partake  
 Of those libations that I make.  
 Each guest according as it suits  
 May take the glass, no one disputes,  
 Whether the strong the bumper chuse,  
 Or weaker chearfully refuse.  
 A conversation then begins  
 Not on our neighbours wealth or sins,  
 Or whether Lepos preference claim  
 For dancing? — but what's more our aim,  
 And what 'tis evil not to know——  
 If happiness from riches flow,  
 Or be not rather virtues prize,  
 And which it is cement the ties  
 Of friendship—rectitude or gain,  
 And what is real good in grain,  
 And how perfection to attain?

Cervius, hæc inter, vicinus garrit aniles  
 Ex re fabellas. nam si quis laudat Arelli  
 Sollicitas ignarus opes, sic incipit: Olim  
 Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur  
 Accepisse cavo. veterem vetus hospes amicum;  
 Asper, & attentus quæsit. ut tamen arctum  
 Solverit hospitis animum. quid multa? neque illi  
 Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:  
 Aridum & ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi  
 Frustra dedit: cupiens variâ fastidia cœnâ  
 Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:  
 Quum pater ipse domus, paleâ porrectus in hornâ  
 Effet ador, loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.  
 Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat (inquit) amice,  
 Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?  
 Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere sylvis?

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

tain ourselves in the presence of my household gods; and feed  
 my familiar slaves with good cheer, of which libations have  
 been made. The guest, according to every one's desire,  
 takes off the glasses, which are of different sizes, free from  
 frantic obligations: whether one strong to bear it chooses  
 brisk bumpers; or another more cheerfully grows mellow  
 with moderate ones. Then a discourse arises; not concern-  
 ing other people's villas and mansions, nor whether Lepos  
 dances well, or not: but we discuss what is more to our  
 point, and what it is evil to be ignorant of: whether men  
 are made happy by riches or virtue; and what conciliates  
 friendships, interest, or moral rectitude; and what is the ge-  
 nius of good, and what its consummation. Mean while,  
 my neighbour Cervius rattles old stories, that arise from the  
 subject. For if any one, not knowing facts, commends the  
 vexatious riches of Arellius; he thus begins: "On a time,  
 " a country mouse is said to have received a city mouse into  
 " his

Mean time my neighbour Cervius prates  
 Old tales, that rise from our debates ;  
 For if a man who does not know  
 The world, his elegy bestow  
 On great Arillius cumbrous store  
 He instantly sets off—" Of yore  
 " A country mouse, as it befel,  
 " Received a cit into his cell,  
 " One chrony to another kind  
 " As intimate time out of mind,  
 " This mouse was blunt and giv'n to thrift,  
 " But now and then cou'd make a shift  
 " (However rigid or recluse)  
 " With open heart to give a loose :  
 " In short he wou'd not grudge his guest  
 " Or oats or vetches of the best :  
 " And bringing in some berries dried,  
 " With nibbled scrap of ham beside,  
 " Hop'd he variety might plead  
 " To make his daintiness recede,  
 " For our grandee wou'd scarcely touch  
 " The things, his squeamishness was such.—  
 " Mean time the master of the treat  
 " Extended on clean straw wou'd eat  
 " Nothing but tares and crusts, to spare  
 " For his good friend the nobler fare.  
 " At length the citizen made free  
 " To speak his mind—my friend, (said he)  
 " How can your mouse-ship hold it good,  
 " To live here on a rugged wood,

Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes : terrestria quando  
 Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est  
 Aut magno aut parvo lethi fuga. quo bone circa  
 Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus :  
 Vive memor, quam sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta  
 Agrestem pepulêre, domo levis exilit : inde  
 Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes  
 Mænia nocturni subrepere. jamque tenebat  
 Nox medium cœli spatium, quum ponit uterque  
 In locupletè domo vestigia : rubro ubi cocco  
 Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos,  
 Multaque de magnâ superessent fercula cœnâ,  
 Quæ procul extructis inerant hesternæ canistris.  
 Ergo ubi purpureâ porrectum in veste locavit  
 Agrestem, veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,  
 Continuatque dapes nec non vernaliter ipsis  
 Fungitur officiis, prælambens omne quod affert.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

“ his mean cave, an old host, his old chrony ; a rough fel-  
 “ low, and attentive to his gettings ; yet so as he could, on  
 “ occasion, relax his narrow soul in acts of hospitality.  
 “ What need of many words ? He neither envied him the  
 “ the hoarded vetches, nor the long oats ; and bringing in  
 “ his mouth a dried berry, and nibbled scraps of bacon, pre-  
 “ sented them to him, being ambitious, by the variety of the  
 “ supper, to conquer the daintiness of his guest, who scarce-  
 “ ly touched, with his conceited tooth, the several things :  
 “ while the father of the family himself, extended on straw  
 “ of this year, eat a little burnt crust and darnel, sparing  
 “ that which was better for his friend. At length, the citi-  
 “ zen accosted him—Friend, says he, why does it please  
 “ you to live contentedly on the ridge of a ragged wood ?  
 “ Will you not rather chuse men and the city, than this  
 “ rude

- “ And how have patience with the place !  
“ Will you not rather turn your face  
“ To view mankind, the town prefer  
“ To these rough scenes that here occur ?  
“ Come take my counsel and agree  
“ To make a tour along with me.  
“ Since mortal lives must have an end,  
“ And death all earthly things attend,  
“ Nor is there an escape at all  
“ For man or mouse, for great or small ;  
“ Wherefore, good friend, these matters weigh,  
“ And let us for our time be gay,  
“ Let life’s contracted period teach  
“ Mice to live jollily ”——This speech  
“ Soon as it on the peasant wrought,  
“ He nimbly springs from forth his grot,  
“ Then both the distin’d journey take  
“ By midnight gloom their jaunt to make :  
“ And now about that time each mouse  
“ Took refuge in a wealthy house,  
“ Where gorgeous carpets crimson-red  
“ Look’d splendid on each ivory bed :  
“ Where many a bit, in many a tray,  
“ Was left from feast of yesterday.  
“ He having then the peasant set  
“ Upon a purple coverlet,  
“ Run like my landord here and there—  
“ Dish after dish with dainty fare,  
“ And like a handy footman serves,  
“ First tasting every thing he carves.



Ille cubans gaudet mutatâ sorte, bonisque  
 Rebus agit lætum convivam : quum subito ingens  
 Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.  
 Currere per totum pavidî conclave, magisque  
 Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis  
 Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, Haud mihi vitâ  
 Est opus hâc (ait) & valeas : me sylva cavusque  
 Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

“ rude forest ? Take my council, and go along with me ;  
 “ since mortality is allotted to all terrestrial animals, neither  
 “ any refuge from death, either for the great or small.  
 “ Wherefore, my good friend, while it is lawful, live happy  
 “ in the enjoyment of pleasure ; in fine, live mindful of how  
 “ short a term of life you are.—Soon as these speeches had  
 “ took effect upon the peasant, he leaps lightly from his cave :  
 “ thence they both pursue their proposed journey, being sol-  
 “ licitous to steal under the city walls by night. And now  
 “ the night held the middle region of the heavens, when  
 “ each of them set foot in a wealthy house : where carpets  
 “ dyed with crimson grain, glittered upon ivory settees, and  
 “ many dishes of a sumptuous entertainment remained,  
 “ which had yesterday been set by in baskets piled upon one  
 “ another. After therefore he had seated the peasant, ex-  
 “ tended at ease, upon a purple cushion, he bustles about  
 “ like a ready landlord, and keeps prolonging the entertain-  
 “ ment ; and, with a servile officiousness, performs all the  
 “ ceremonies, first being the taster of every thing he serves  
 “ up. He, lying at his ease, exults at the change of his  
 “ fortune, and acts the part of a merry companion in his  
 “ good cheer ; when, unawares, a prodigious noise of the  
 “ folding doors shook them both off their couches. Frighted,  
 “ they began to scamper all about the room ; and more and  
 “ more dispirited to be in confusion ; whilst the high-pitch’d  
 “ house resounded with the barking of the mastiff dogs :  
 “ upon which, says the country mouse, I have no occasion  
 “ for a life like this ; and so farewell, my wood and cave,  
 “ safe from snares, shall give me consolation over the mean  
 “ diet of a few tares.” S A T.

" The clown by no means making strange  
 " Begins to chuckle at the change,  
 " And lying on the couch at ease  
 " Lives merrily on all he sees.  
 " But on a sudden, with a roar,  
 " Bang open flies the folding door,  
 " And fright our gutlers from their cheer—  
 " Now round the room half-dead with fear,  
 " They scout—new terrors still abound,  
 " With barking dogs the roofs resound.  
 " Then (quoth the clown) I have no call  
 " For such a life as this at all ;  
 " My cave and wood be still my share,  
 " There rather let me skulk from care,  
 " And live upon a single tare."

## S A T. VII.

*Horatius inducit servum vehementer dominum suum increpantem, quod aliter vivat quam promiserat.*

**J**Amdudum ausculto : & cupiens tibi dicere servus.  
 Pauca, reformido. Davusne ? ita, Davus amicum  
 Mancipium domino, & frugi, quod sit satis : hoc est,  
 Ut vitale putes. Age, libertate Decembri,  
 (Quando ita majores voluerent) utere : narra.  
 Pars hominum vitiis gaudet constanter, & urget  
 Propositum : pars multa natat, modo recta capeffens,  
 interdum pravis obnoxia. sæpe notatus  
 Cum tribus annellis, modo lævâ Priscus inani,  
 Vixit inæqualis, clavum ut mutaret in horas,  
 Ædibus ex magnis subito se conderit, unde

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

I have been a long time listening, and though desirous of speaking a few words to you, I dread again as being but a slave.—What Davus ? So it is, Davus a slave, like a friend to his master, and sufficiently honest, that is to say, that you may think him \* likely to live.—Go to, (since our progenitors would have it so) use the freedom of December : proceed with your narrative.—One portion of mankind are fond of their vices with perseverance, and push forward to their purpose : a considerable part wavers ; one while embracing the right, another obnoxious to perverseness. Priscus, often taken notice of with three rings, sometimes with his left-hand bare, lived so unequally, that he would shift his

\* *There are two very forced interpretations of this passage by Roderellius and Bond : the former has it, tam frugalis ut non speres minore victurum : the latter, meliøre vitâ dignum, i. e. libertate.—Vitalis, as I interpret it, is manifestly used in that sense in another passage of Horace, O puer ut sit vitalis metuo.*

## S A T I R E VII.

*Horace introduces his slave, rating him soundly for living a different life from that which he had promised.*

LONG while a list'ner, I wou'd speak,  
But somewhat dread my mind to break,  
As but a slave—What, is it you?  
Is't Davus?—Davus good and true:  
That is so far as to give hope  
There's no occasion for a rope.—  
Well, use the right the Roman fire  
Allows you by the winter fire,  
And since December's come about,  
Come let us fairly have it out.

There is a portion of mankind  
Who're constantly to vice inclin'd,  
And let their faults take root and grow.  
Many there are that ebb and flow,  
One while a fideling to the right,  
One while to sin obnoxious quite,  
Priscus, observ'd at times to wear  
Three rings, at times his left-hand bare,  
Liv'd so irregular, his way  
Was still to shift ten times a day.  
Sometimes from a most sumptuous scene  
He'd seek a place so poor and mean,

Mundior exiret vix libertinus honeste.  
 Jam mœchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis  
 Vivere, Vertumnis, quotquot sunt, natus iniquis,  
 Scurra Volanerius, postquam illi iusta chiragra  
 Contudit articulos, qui pro se tolleret, atque  
 Mitteret in pyrgum talos, mercede diurnâ  
 Conductum pavit. quanto constantior idem  
 In vitiis, tanto levius miser ac prior illo,  
 Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat.  
 Non dices hodie, quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt,  
 Furcifer? Ad te, inquam, quo pacto, pessime? laudas  
 Fortunam & mores antiquæ plebis idemque  
 Si quis ad illa deus subito te agat, usq; recuses:  
 Aut quia non sentis, quod clamas, rectius esse,  
 Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis, & hæres,  
 Nequicquam cœno cupiens evellere plantam.  
 Romæ rus optas, absentem rusticus urbem  
 Tollis ad astra levis, si nusquam es forte vocatus

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

robe every hour; from a sumptuous pile of building, he would on a sudden secrete himself in such a place, from whence freedmen of the cleanlier sort, would scarce come out with tolerable decency; one while he would prefer the life of a whore-master at Rome, another that of a man of learning at Athens; born in the despite of all the Vertumni, as many as there are of them. That buffoon, Volanerius, when the gout, justly his due, had crippled his fingers, sed a fellow that he had hired at a daily price, who took up the dice, and put them into a box for him; yet by how much more steady he was in his vice, by so much less miserable was he, than the former person, who one while is hampered by too loose, another by too tight a rein.—Will you not tell to-day, thou thief, what such paltry trash drives at? Why, to you, I say. By what means to me, thou scrub? You praise the prosperity and morals of the antient Roman people; and yet if any  
 god



From whence a servant just made free  
Wou'd scarce appear with decency :  
One while a rake at Rome, one while  
A scholar in th' Athenian style,  
Born, when Vertumnus and his airs  
Prevail'd the most on man's affairs.

When Volanerius got the gout  
His hands deserv'd his life throughout,  
The stay'd buffoon hir'd at a price  
A substitute to throw the dice :  
One, who to sin the more in chains  
Was much less wretched for his pains,  
Than he who plays at fast and loose,  
All abstinence, or all abuse.——  
Thou varlet canst thou ever shew  
To what this trash pertains?——To you—  
How scoundrel?—You are apt to praise  
The peace and forms of ancient days,  
To which shou'd any God reduce  
Your manners, you wou'd beg excuse ;  
Because you have not that at heart  
Which you so clamorously assert,  
Or too irresolute and light  
To stand by what is just and right  
You hesitate with vain desire  
To get your foot from out the mire :  
In town you for the country sigh,  
But Rome's extoll'd up to the sky,  
When to your villa you're confin'd  
Such is your fickleness of mind,

Ad cœnam, laudas securum olus, ac, velut usquam  
 Vinc̃tus eas, ita te felicem dicis, amasque,  
 Quod nusquam tibi sit potandum : juss̃erit ad se  
 Mæcenas serum sub lumina prima venire  
 Convivam, Nemon' oleum feret ocyus ? ecquis  
 Audit ? cum magno blateras clamore, fugisque.  
 Milvius & scurræ tibi non referenda precati  
 Discedunt. etenim fateor, me dixerit ille  
 Duci ventre levem : nasum nidore supinor :  
 Imbecillus, iners. si quid vis, adde, popino.  
 Tu quum sis quid ego, & fortassis nequior ultro  
 Infectere, velut melior ? verbisque decoris  
 Obvolvas vitium ? quid si me stultior ipso  
 Quingentis empto drachmis deprnderis ? aufer  
 Me vultu terrere, manum stomachumque teneto.  
 Dum quæ Crispini docuit me janitor edo.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

god was in an instant to reduce you to them, you the same man would deny your assent : either because you are not actually of the sentiment, that what you clamour about is more right ; or because you are not resolute in defending the right, and are in doubt, in vain desirous to pluck your foot from the mire. At Rome you sigh for the country ; removed into the country, ever unstable, you extol the absent city to the skies. If haply you are bid out no where to supper, you praise your peaceful meal of herbs ; and, as if whenever you go out, it is perforce, you stile yourself so happy, and do so make much of yourself, that you are compelled to drink no where : but should Mæcenas lay his injunctions upon you to come late, at the first lighting up of the lamps, to be his guest, " Is there " no soul to fetch the oil quicker ? Does any one hear ? " You bluster with a great roar, and then you fly. Milvius, and the mimics go away dissatisfied, after having cursed you in a manner not proper to be related. Any one may say, for I confess that I (light as I am) am led by my appetite : I snuff up my nose at a savoury smell ; am feeble, idle, and, if you choose

If uninvited by a friend,  
 Your peace and fallad you commend,  
 And hug yourself at home and bless  
 That you shall share no man's excess,  
 As if by force alone you stirr'd—  
 But shou'd Mæcenus send you word  
 Late as the lighting of the rooms.  
 "Ho! quick, who brings me these perfumes?"  
 "What no one hear a man?"—you cry,  
 As loud as you can bawl—and fly.  
 Milvius and play'rs, that hop'd to stay,  
 In wrath go supperless away,  
 And leaving many a backward pray'r  
 Too gross for your nice ears to bear.  
 Some one may say, nor I deny,  
 That I with appetite comply,  
 Snuff up my nose at sav'ry food,  
 Am weak and dull, and to conclude  
 A sot—but seeing, sir, you are  
 As bad as I am, and to spare,  
 Why do you call me to account,  
 As if your virtues did surmount,  
 And veil the error of your ways,  
 In all the art of specious phrase.  
 But what, and if you shou'd be found  
 More fool than him, that cost ten pound,  
 Why then refrain each threatening look,  
 The hand and wrath I cannot brook,  
 While I into your ears relate  
 The things I learnt at Crispin's gate.

Tu, quum projectis insignibus, annulo equestri,  
 Romanoque habitu, prodis ex iudice Dâma  
 Turpis, odoratum caput obscurante lacernâ;  
 Non es, quod simulas? metuens induceris, atque  
 Altercante libidinibus tremis ossa pavore.  
 Quid refert, uri virgis, ferroque necari.  
 Auctoratus eas, an turpi clausus in arcâ,  
 Quo te dimisit peccati conscia herilis  
 Contractum, genibus tangas caput? estne marito  
 Matronæ peccantis in ambos iusta potestas?  
 In corruptorem vel iustior? illa tamen se  
 Non habitu, mutatve loco, peccatve superne,  
 Quum te formidet mulier neque credat amanti,  
 Ibis sub furcam prudens dominoque furenti  
 Committes rem omnem, & vitam & cum corpore famam  
 Evasti? credo, metues, doctusque cavebis.  
 Quæres quando iterum paveas. iterumque perire  
 Possis. ô toties servus! quæ bellua ruptis  
 Quum semel effugit, reddit se prava catenis?

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

choose to add any thing else, a fool. But since you are as I  
 am, and peradventure something more wicked, why do you  
 wittingly call me to an account, as if you was the better man?  
 and, with fine words gloss over your own vices? What, if  
 you are detected to be more of a fool than me, who was  
 bought for five hundred drachmas? Take away your me-  
 nacing aspect: repress your hand and your wrath, while I  
 rehearse to you what Crispinus's door-keeper taught me.  
 You, when you have thrown off your ensigns of dignity, your  
 equestrian ring, and your Roman gown, come forth, from a  
 grave magistrate, a wretched Dama, hiding with a cowl your  
 essenced head: are you not really what you represent? You  
 are introduced in a state of terror, and you tremble in your  
 bones with a fear that holds parly with your lust. What is  
 the difference, whether bound to the service, you go to be  
 galled

You with your robes all thrown aside,  
Your ring and your Equestrian pride,  
From a grave magistrate evade,  
As Dama in a masquerade,  
Still in suspense about your fate,  
Art not the thing you personate !  
And dreading danger for the nonce,  
Are trembling in your honour's bones.  
What differs it, once bound an oath  
For scourge, or broad-sword, or for both,  
Or shut within a filthy chest,  
Where of the lady's sins possess'd  
A maid has cramm'd you neck and heels !  
Does not the husband hold the seals,  
So far as a *just* power to claim  
Against both whoring rogue and dame !  
*A juster* with regard to you,  
For she nor changes place nor hue :  
Besides the woman acts in dread,  
Nor trusts a word of all you said.  
Yet to the yoke you needs must stoop,  
The raging husband's destin'd dupe ;  
Life, body, fortune, soul and all  
In a most lamentable thrall,  
You have escap'd and will' beware—  
No, no, you'll seek another snare  
Again to fear, again to die,  
O wav'rer for servility !  
What beast so fond as to obtrude  
Upon the snares it cou'd elude ?



Non sum mœchus, ais. neque ego hercule fur, ubi vasa  
 Prætereo sapiens argentea. tolle periculum,  
 Jam vaga profiliet frænis natura remotis.  
 Tune mihi dominus, rerum imperiis, hominûmque  
 Tot tantisque minor. quem ter vindicta quaterque  
 Imposita haud unquam miserâ formidine privet?  
 Adde supra dictis, quod non levius valeat. nam  
 Sive vicarius est, qui servo paret (uti mos  
 Vester ait) seu conservus; tibi quid sum ego? nempe  
 Tu, mihi qui imperitas, aliis servis miser, atque  
 Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.  
 Quisnam igitur liber? sapiens, sibi que imperiosus:  
 Quem neq; pauperies, neq; mors neq; vincula terrent:  
 Responfare cupidinibus, contemnere honores  
 Fortis, & in scipso totus teres atque rotundus,  
 Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

galled with scourges, or to be massacred with the sword; or be squeezed up neck and heels, in a nasty chest, where the maid, conscious of her lady's crime, has disposed of you? Has not the husband of the delinquent dame, a just power of bringing both to vengeance? Against the corrupter, even a juster. But she neither shifts her dress, or place, or sins † in public; since the woman is in dread even of you, nor places any confidence in you her lover. You must go under the yoke with your eyes open, and put all your fortune and livelihood, and your character, together with your body, into the power of an exasperated husband. Have you got off scot-free? I trow then you will be apprehensive for the future, and, being taught, will be wary. No, you will seek a time when again you may be in terror, and again you may be demolished. O so often a slave! what beast, when it has once made off, by breaking its toils, ever in perverseness, trusts itself to them again? You say, "I am no adulterer." Nor, by Hercules, am I a thief, when I wisely pass by the silver plate. Take

† *Supernè, openly, as Erasmus interprets it.*

away

Your'e no adulterer, you will say,  
 Nor I a felon by my fay,  
 When prudent I pass by the plate,  
 But if from Tyburn you'll abate,  
 Nature, when left unto herself,  
 Will clear the closet and the shelf.  
 Inferior then in deed and word  
 Will you pretend to be my lord,  
 Who punish'd twice and twice again,  
 Will never from your sins refrain?

Add we yet more to what we've said  
 Of equal weight upon this head.  
 Whether a man, whom slaves obey  
 Be freeman, or a slave, as they,  
 (For this sometimes is a dispute)  
 Are you or I of most repute?  
 For you, o'er me who domineer  
 To others are in servile fear,  
 And like a poppet wir'd and shown  
 Have not a motion of your own;  
 Who then is free of all mankind?  
 One wise and master of his mind  
 Whom neither want nor death nor bonds  
 Can terrify—who corresponds  
 With heav'n and virtue to defy  
 All lust and fame beneath the sky;  
 At once by gift and conduct too  
 As finely turn'd, as polish'd true;  
 So that no rub or outward force  
 Retard him in his level course;

In quem manca ruit semper fortuna: potesne  
 Ex his ut proprium quid noscere? quinque talenta  
 Poscit te mulier, vexat, foribusque repulsum  
 Perfundit gelidâ, rursus vocat. eripe turpi  
 Colla jugo. liber, liber sum, dic age. non quis.  
 Urget enim dominus mentem non lenis & acres  
 Subiectat lasso stimulos, versatque negantem  
 Vel quum Pausiacâ torpes insane tabellâ,  
 Qui peccas minus atq; ego? quum Fulvi Rutubæq;  
 Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror  
 Prælia, rubrica pictâ aut carbone velut si  
 Revera pngnent, feriant, vitentque moventes  
 Arma viri. nequam & cessator Davus: at ipse  
 Subtilis veterum iudex & callidus audis.  
 Nil ego. si ducor libo fumante: tibi ingens  
 Virtus atque animus cœnis responSAT opimis,  
 Obsequium ventris mihi perniciosius est. cur?

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

away the peril, and roving nature will spring forth, when all barricadoes are removed. Are you then, my lord, To much worse than I, by being subjected to the tyranny of so many things and persons? whom vengeance, tho' laid upon you three or four times over, can never free from this miserable anxiety? Add, what has been advanced above, a thing of no less weight: for whether he be an understrapper, who obeys the foreman, as it is your custom to affirm; or only a fellow-slave; what am I with regard to you? You, who give your orders to me, are in a state of slavery to other things, and are guided like a puppet, which is played by the means of wires not its own. Who then is free? The wiseman, who has the mastery over himself: whom neither indigence nor death, nor chains terrify: brave in the checking of his appetites; and in despising honours; and compleat in himself, polished and round; so that nothing can interrupt him in his even course: against whom misfortune ever advances impotent. Can you, out of all these perceive any thing that you can claim as your property? A woman duns you for five talents,

'Gainst when dame fortune is at fault,  
 When'er she makes her worst assault!  
 From all these attributes of fame  
 Have you a single thing to claim?  
 A woman of the town demands  
 Five talents of your honour's hands,  
 And after your'e turn'd out of bed  
 Throws down cold water on your head.  
 Anon she calls you—break the chain,  
 And say, that “I am free again,”  
 You are not able for that scourge  
 And sov'reign of your soul will urge,  
 And as he calls himself DESIRE  
 Will spur the more, the more you tire.

When you, in folly so far gone,  
 Admire a piece by Pausias drawn,  
 Are you the less to blame than me,  
 Who, when the prize-fighters I see,  
 Stare at the men or brown'd and black't  
 In coal or oaker—“ 'tis the fact,  
 “ The very thing, the martial strife  
 “ They strike and parry life and life.”  
 Davus is idle, to be sure,  
 And you a vet'ran connoisseur.  
 I, if I smell when people bake,  
 Am call'd to nothing for a cake,  
 Does your great virtue, godlike soul,  
 Resist the ven'son and the jole?  
 My fondness for my paunch is wrong:  
 Why so?—I rue it by the thong.

Tergo plector enim, qui tu impunitior, illa  
 Quæ parvo sumi nequeunt, cum obsonia captas?  
 Nempe inamarefcunt epulæ sine fine petitæ,  
 Illusque pedes vitiosum ferre recusant  
 Corpus. an hic peccat, sub noctem qui puer uvam  
 Furtivam mutat strigili? qui prædia vendit,  
 Nil servile gulæ parens habet? adde, quod idem  
 Non horam tecum esse potes, non otia recte  
 Ponere: teque ipsum vitas fugitivus ut erro:  
 Jam vino quærens, jam somno fallere curam.  
 Frustra. nam comes atra premit sequiturque fugacem.  
 Unde mihi lapidem? quorsum est opus? unde sagittas?  
 Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit. Ocyus hinc te  
 Ni rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

talents, teizes you, and after you are driven out of doors, she  
 souses you with cold water; she calls you again. Force your  
 neck from this base yoke; come, say, I am at liberty, quite at  
 liberty. You are not able: for an ungentle tyrant oppresses  
 your mind, and claps the sharp spurs to you, tho' fatigued with  
 debauchery, and forces you on tho' a recusant. Or when you,  
 in a delirium, are quite stupified, at a picture by Pausias; how  
 are you less in fault than I, when I admire the fencing of Ful-  
 vius, and Rutuba, and Placideianus, with their bended knees,  
 drawn in oker, or charcoal, as if the men were really engaged,  
 and thrust, and parry, moving their arms? Davus is a scrub,  
 and an idler; but you have the reputation of a discerning and  
 expert critic in antiquities. If I am drawn away by a smok-  
 ing pasty, I am as bad as a cypher: does your magnanimity  
 of soul prove a match for the temptation of luxurious enter-  
 tainments? A humouring of my belly is more pernicious for  
 me: Why so? Because I am beaten on the back? But how  
 do you come off with more impunity, since you are greedy  
 after such dainties, as cannot be taken for a trifling charge?  
 Then those niceties, sought after without ceasing, pall upon the  
 stomach, and your deluded feet will not support the vicious  
 habit of your body. Is that boy guilty, who by night pledges  
 a stolen strigil for some grapes? And has he nothing of a slave  
 about



But are you of all *smarting* clear,  
 Who buy your things so plaguy dear;  
 Then those titbits, which you repeat  
 So oft, your palled stomach heat,  
 And for your body you provide,  
 Mis-judging feet your steps to guide.

Shou'd any boy a \* *strigil* take  
 By night, and pawn it for plumb-cake,  
 Is *he* to blame? and are not *you*,  
 Who sell your farms for dainties too?  
 Besides, you never can command  
 An hour yourself, nor understand  
 How you your leisure shou'd amuse,  
 And self to self wou'd fain excuse  
 A vagabond from thought, who pine  
 To banish care by sleep or wine,  
 In vain—for sticking to your back  
 He is your constant friend in black.

——— A stone where is there to be had?  
 A dart? —How now, the man is mad,  
 Or making verse——restrain your speech,  
 Or quick you go to hedge and ditch.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

about him, who, obedient to his guts, sells his farms? Add to this, that you the same man cannot be an hour by yourself, nor dispose of your vacation in a right way; and shun yourself as a mere fugitive and vagabond, one while seeking with wine, another with sleep, to amuse care in vain: for the dusky companion presses upon you, and follows you in your flight.——Where can I get a stone?—What necessity is there for it?—Where can I get some arrows?—The man is either out of his senses, or making verses.—If you don't take yourself away incontinently, you shall go and make a ninth workman in my Sabine field.

\* A *scraper*, or *flesh-brush*, that they used at the baths.

## S A T. VIII.

*Horatius Fundanium amicum suum interrogat, qualis  
Nasidieni fuit cœna, cui ipse interfuerat.*

UT Nasidieni juvit te cœna beati?  
Nam mihi quærenti convivam, dictus heri illic  
De medio potare die. Sic ut mihi nunquam  
In vita fuerit melius. Da, (si grave non est)  
Quæ prima iratum ventrem placaverit esca.  
In primis Lucanus aper leni fuit Austro  
Captus, ut aiebat cœnæ pater. acria circum  
Rapula lactucæ, radices: qualia lassum  
Pervellunt stomachum: siser, alec, fœcula Coa,  
His ubi sublati, puer alte cinctus acernam  
Gausape purpureo mensam perterfit, & alter  
Sublegit quodcunque jaceret inutile, quodque  
Posset cœnantes offendere: ut Attica virgo  
Cum sacris Cereris, procedit fuscus Hydaspes,  
Cœcuba vina ferens: Alcon, Chium, maris experts.

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

How did the supper of the rich Nasidienus please you? For yesterday, as I was hunting after you to make you my guest, you was reported to be drinking there from noon-tide. It pleased me so, that it never was better with me in my life. Say, (if it is not too much trouble) what food first abated your raging appetite.—In the first place there was a Lucanian boar, which was taken when the south-wind blew gently, as the fæther of the feast affirmed; around it sharp rapes, lettuces, radishes; such things as provoke a jaded stomach; skirrets, anchovies, dregs of Coan wine. These, when they were

## S A T I R E VIII.

*Horace interrogates his friend Fundanius, concerning the  
supper of Nasidienus, at which he was present.*

HOW far'd you at the miser's feast,  
For there, from yester-noon at least,  
You plied the glass, as it was clear  
By one I sent to bid you here?—  
—So well our time we pass'd away,  
I never had a merrier day.——  
Say, if 'tis not against the law,  
What first appeas'd your rav'nous maw?—  
—First a Lucanian boar was brought,  
Which (as our host affirm'd) was caught,  
When the South gently blew—the dish  
Was garnish'd with both herbs and fish,  
Anchovies, lettuce, skirret too,  
Such as the appetite renew,  
With vinegar from Coan lees,  
Which all dispos'd of by degrees,  
One brisk lad wipes, with purple clout,  
The maple table round about;  
Another clears off all the rest,  
Irkfome or usefess to the guest.  
The moor Hydaspes makes parade,  
(As with grave rites th' Athenian maid)  
Bringing the Cæcuban along;  
Alcon comes in with Chian strong,

Hic herus, Albanum, Mæcnas, sive Faiernum  
 Te magis appositis delectat, habemus utrumque.  
 Divitias miseras. Sed queis cœnantibus una,  
 Fundani, pulchre fuerit tibi, nosse laboro,  
 Summus ego, & prope me Viscus Thurinus; & infra,  
 (Si memini) Varius : cum Servilio Balatrone  
 Vibidius : quos Mæcnas adduxerat umbras :  
 Nomentanus erat super ipsum, Porcius infra,  
 Ridiculus totas simul absorbere placentas.  
 Nomentanus ad hoc, qui, si quid forte lateret,  
 Indice monstraret digito. nam cætera turba,  
 Nos, inquam, cœnamus aves, conchylia, pisces,  
 Longe dissimilem noto celantia succum :  
 Ut vel continuo patuit, quum passeris atque

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

were removed, one slave, tucked high, with a purple cloth, wiped the maple table, and a second gathered up whatever laid of no service, and whatever could disgust the guest; swarthy Hydaspes comes forward, like an Attic maid, with the ceremonials of Ceres, bearing wines of Cœcubum; Alcon brings those of Chios, that never was at sea. Here the master cries, "Mæcnas, if Alban, or Falernian wine are acceptable to you, more than those that are set before you, we have both."—Wretched wealth! But, Fundanius, I am industrious to know, with whom supping along with you, you had such goodly treatment. I was uppermost, and next me was Viscus Turinus, and below, (if I recollect myself) was Varius; Vibidius, with Servilius Balatro, whom Mæcnas had brought along with him, as shadows. Above Nasidienus himself was Nomentanus, below him Porcius, ridiculous in gormondizing whole pan-cakes at a mouthful. Nomentanus was brought for this purpose, that if any thing should chance to be unnoticed, he might mark it by his pointing finger. For the other set, we, I mean, eat indiscriminate-ly

To which no sea had damage done—  
 Here our good host his speech begun:  
 “ Mæcenas, if you chuse to dine  
 “ With Alban or Falernian wine,  
 “ Rather than any thing you see,  
 “ Straight you may both command of me.”——  
 O wretched wealth!—but, prithee show,  
 Fundanius, for I burst to know,  
 Who was there with you at this treat,  
 Where all things were so grand and neat.

Well, I was in the highest place  
 With Viscus, and a little space  
 Was Varius (as I think) below  
 Vibidius too and Balatro,  
 Which last Mæcenas brought to wait  
 Merely as dangles on his state.  
 Then Nomentatus took his post,  
 Upon the right hand of our host,  
 Porcius beneath—despis’d and hiss’d,  
 For gorging pan cakes at a twist.

For this was Nomentanus bid,  
 If ought was unobserv’d or hid,  
 To point it out—as for the rest,  
 I, and each undiscerning guest,  
 We fish and fowl at random took,  
 Nor saw th’ invention of the cook,  
 Which shortly I was giv’n to know,  
 When he did on my plate bestow  
 Some turbot-guts, and eels, and plaice,  
 Such as no other table grace.



Ingustata mihi porrexerit ilia rhombi.  
 Post hoc me docuit melimela rubere, minorem  
 Ad lunam delecta. quid hoc interfit, ab ipso  
 Audieris melius, tum Vibidius Balatroni,  
 Nos, nisi damnose bibimus, moriemur inulti.  
 Et calices poscunt majores. vertere pallor  
 Tum parochi faciem, nil sic metuentis, ut acres  
 Potores: vel quod maledicunt liberius, vel  
 Fervida quod subtile exurdant vina palatum.  
 Invertunt Aliphanis vinaria tota  
 Vibidius Balatroque sequutis omnibus: imi  
 Convivæ lecti nihilum nocuere lagenis.  
 Affertur squillas inter muræna natantes  
 In patinâ porrecta. sub hoc herus, Hæc gravidâ inquit.  
 Capta est, deterior post partum carne futura,  
 His mistum jus est oleo, quod prima Venafri  
 Pressit cella, garo de succis piscis Iberi:  
 Vino quinquennis, verum citra mare nato,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ly of wild-fowl, shell, and other fish, which had latent in them a juice far remote from the usual: as in an instant appeared, when he reached to me the guts of a plaice and turbot, such as had never been tasted before. After this, he taught me that honey-apples looked reddest, when gathered at the waning moon. What the difference is, you will hear best from himself. Then says Vibidius to Balatro, "we, if we do not drink at a most extravagant rate, shall die unrevenged." And he calls for larger glasses. A ghastliness immediately changed the aspect of our host, afraid of nothing so much as brisk drinkers: either because they rail with more licence, or because hot wines flatten the discernment of the palate. Vibidius and Balatro, all following their example, pour whole casks into tumblers: the guests indeed of the lowest

Then, willing I shou'd learn, he said,  
 That honey-apples look'd most red,  
 Pluck'd when th' moon begins to wane;  
 Our host himself will best explain  
 How vast the odds—Vibidius here  
 Thus whispers in his neighbour's ear—  
 " Unless we tipple to his cost,  
 " All hopes of vengeance will be lost;  
 " Put more capacious tumblers on."—  
 On which our host grew wond'rous wan,  
 As dreading nothing with such hate,  
 As them that drink inordinate;  
 Whether because they jest too free,  
 Or swilling to extreme degree,  
 They blunt the judgment of the taste—  
 And now whole casks are drank in waste,  
 Both by Vibidius and his friend,  
 And strangers at the lower end:  
 Mæcenas, and the guests select,  
 To decency had more respect.

A lamprey next was usher'd in,  
 With floating prawns in a turrenne.  
 This (says our host) was caught with spawn,  
 As tasteless when the row is gone,  
 For these a sauce of oil was dress'd,  
 From choice Venufran berries press'd,  
 With pickle from th' Iberian fry,  
 Wine five years old—but by the bye  
 Not made beyond sea—all these three,  
 While it is stewing best agree,

Dum coquitur : (cocto Chium sic convenit, ut non  
 Hoc magis ullum aliud) pipere albo, non sine aceto,  
 Quod Methymnæam vitio mutaverit uvam.  
 Erucas virides, inulas ego primus amaras  
 Monstravi incoquere, illutos Curtillus echinos,  
 Ut melius muriâ quam testa marina remittat.  
 Interea suspensa graves aulæa ruinas  
 In patinam fecere, trahentia pulveris atri  
 Quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris.  
 Nos majus veriti, postquam nihil esse pericli  
 Sensimus, erigimur. Rufus, posito capite, ut si  
 Filius immaturus obisset; flere. quis esset  
 Finis, ni sapiens sic Nomentanus amicum  
 Tolleret? Heu Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos  
 Te deus? ut semper gaudes illudere rebus  
 Humanis! Varius mappâ compescere risum

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

lowest couch, did no damage to the flaggons. A lamprey next is brought, extended on a dish, with shrimps swimming in the sauce. Whereupon, this, says the master, was caught when pregnant, which after bringing forth, would have been coarser in its flesh. For these a sauce is cooked up, with oil which the best repository of Venafrum pressed; with pickle from the gravy of the Iberian fish, wine of five years old, but made on this side the water while it is a dressing; after it it is dressed, the Chian wine agrees with it so well, that none other more so, with white pepper, not without the vinegar which is made by the Methymnean grape, being turned. I first shewed the way to stew in it green roquets, and the bitter elicampane; Curtillus to stew in it the sea-urchin uncleaned, as being preferable to the pickle, which the sea shell-fish yields. In the mean time the suspended tapestry made a grievous descent upon the dish, dragging down

But when once stew'd the Chian wine,  
 No better thing you can divine,  
 With pepper white, and not without  
 Such vinegar, as will turn out  
 By souring Methymnean juice—

“ I was the first that brought in use,  
 “ With these the bitter herb to shred,  
 “ And first cut rockets from the bed ;  
 “ Tho' 'twas Curtillus, I must say,  
 “ That to sea-urchins gave the day,  
 “ Which in their native salt excel  
 “ Ought you can get from any shell.”

Mean time the tap'stry hung on high  
 Fell down upon the company,  
 Bringing black dust, a greater load  
 Than winds on the Campanian road.

We, frighten'd at the first alarm,  
 Soon as we found 'twas no great harm,  
 Return each person to his post—  
 But with his head reclin'd our host  
 Began to snivel in despair,  
 As if he'd lost his son and heir.

What must have been the end—unless  
 Sage Nomentanus with address,  
 Had undertook his friend to cheer.

“ O Fortune ! which is more severe,  
 “ Of all the immortal powr's than thee,  
 “ With what an everlasting glee,  
 “ You love our projects to distress !”

Here Varius, who cou'd not suppress

Vix poterat. Balatro suspendens omnia naso,  
 Hæc est conditio vivendi, aiebat : eoque,  
 Responsura tuo nunquam est par fama labori.  
 Tene, ut ego accipiar laute, torquerier omni  
 Sollicitudine districtum ? ne panis adustus ;  
 Ne male conditum jus apponatur ? ut omnes  
 Præcincti recte pueri comitesque ministrent ?  
 Adde hos præterea casus : aulæa ruant si,  
 Ut modo : si patinam pede lapsus frangat agaso  
 Sed convivoris (uti ducis) ingenium res  
 Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.  
 Nasidienus ad hæc : Tibi dii quæcunque preceis,  
 Commoda dent : ita vir bonus es, convivaque comis.  
 Et soleas poscit. tum in lecto, quoque videres

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

down along with it as much black dust as the north wind never stirs up, on the fields of Campania. Having been in dread of something worse, as soon as we found there was no danger, we stand up. Rufus, drooping his head, began to weep, as if his son had died a sudden death. What would have been the issue, if the prudent Nomentanus had not thus given his friend a lift ? "Alas ! O Fortune ! what god is more severe against us than thee ? How oft thou perpetually take delight in sporting with human affairs !" Varius could scarce stifle a laugh with his napkin. Balatro, turning up his nose at every thing, observed, "These are the terms of human life : and therefore an adequate glory is never likely to make you amends for your labour. Must you be distracted and tortured with all manner of solicitude, that I may be received elegantly ; lest burnt bread, lest badly-relished soup should be placed before us ; that all your slaves should wait in their right liveries, and with their hair dressed ? Add, besides these casualties, if the hangings should tumble down, as just now ; if the groom, shuffling with  
 " his



His laugh, was forc'd the cloth to cram.—

Servilius, ever apt to bam,

Cries out with sanctity of face,

“ Such are the terms of human race,

“ Wherefore there's no degree of fame

“ Can answer your right noble aim,

“ That you shou'd torture and distract

“ Yourself, so anxiously exact,

“ That I shou'd be thus well receiv'd!

“ How, lest the rowls shou'd burn, you griev'd!

“ Or broth ill-season'd be serv'd up,

“ Or lads in waiting, while we sup,

“ Neglect the necessary care

“ Of neat apparel, well-comb'd hair,

“ Besides, your terror to inhance,

“ Lo! all these accidents of chance,

“ If hangings shou'd come down, as now,

“ Or footman taken from the plough,

“ Shou'd tumble with a dish upstairs—

“ But with a noble host it fares,

“ As with great captains in the field;

“ In thriving times their skill's conceal'd,

“ Which in adversity breaks out,

“ And brings stupendous things about.”

Our Host to this—pray heav'n may grant,

Both all you wish and all you want;

Consid'ring that you are the best

Of men, and most diverting guest——

And for his sandals he applied

In act to take a turn aside.

Stridere secreta divisos aure susurros.  
 Nullos his mallem ludos spectasse. sed illa  
 Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti. Vibidius dum  
 Quærit de pueris, num sit quoque fracta lagena,  
 Quod sibi poscenti non dentur pocula: dumque  
 Ridetur fictis rerum, Balatrone secundo  
 Nasidiene, redis mutatæ frontis, ut arte  
 Emendaturus fortunam. deinde sequuti  
 Mazonomo pueri magno discerpta ferentes  
 Membra gruis, sparsi sale multo, non sine farre,  
 Pinguibus & ficis pastum jecur anseris albi,  
 Et leporem avulsos, ut multo suavius, armos,  
 Quam si cum lumbis quis edit. tum pectore adusto  
 Vidimus & merulas poni, & sine clune palumbes.  
 Suaves res, si non causas narraret earum, &  
 Naturas dominus. quem nos sic fugimus ulti,

## PROSE INTERPRETATION.

"his foot, should break a dish. But adversity is wont to reveal prosperity, to hide the abilities of a master of the feast, as of a general." To this Nasidienus: May the gods give you all the advantages, whatever you can pray for! you are so good a man, and so courteous a guest: and, calls for his sandals. Then on every couch you might observe whispers in parties, buzzing in each private ear. I would not choose to have seen any public diversions, rather than these things. But come, out with it, what you laughed at next. While Vibidius is interrogating the slaves, whether the flagon was also broken, because cups of wine were not presented when he called for them; and while a laugh is kept up on false pretences, Balatro seconding it; you, Nasidienus, return with a countenance changed for the better, as about to repair your ill fortune by art. Then followed the slaves, bearing, on a large charger, the disjointed limbs of a crane, besprinkled with much salt, not without flour, and the liver

Then round the table you might hear  
A gen'ral buzzing, mouth to ear  
I wou'd not choose a farce, or play,  
In preference to such a day.—  
——But let me have it in a word,  
What next to raise the laugh occur'd?——  
Vibidius with the waiters spoke,  
Ask'd if the flaggon too was broke?  
Because to his incessant call,  
They ministred no wine at all.  
And while the laughter is immense,  
Kept up on many a false pretence,  
With Balatro to help us on—  
Re-enter host—no longer wan,  
As by an happy after-clap  
To remedy his dire mishap.  
Him follow servants, which sustain  
The sever'd members of a crane,  
In a large charger, sprinkled o'er  
With salt and flour, a plenteous store,  
A gander's liver next he brings,  
Fatted with figs, and jointed wings  
Of hare, as more the taste to suit  
Than if you eat the back to boot.  
Then over-roasted mearles appear,  
And ring-doves without rumps—fine cheer!  
Had not their dull loquacious lord  
Plac'd all their hist'ries on record,  
And on their natures lectures read,  
Whom we in indignation fled,

Ut nihil omnino gustaremus : velut illis  
Canidia afflasset, pejor serpentibus Afris.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

liver of a gander, fed with fattening figs, and the wings of hares torn off, as a much daintier dish, than if one eats them with the loins. Then we saw mearles also set before us with scorched breasts, and ring-doves without the rumps : delicious morsels ! did not the master give us the history of their causes and natures : whom we in revenge fled from, so as to taste nothing at all ; as if Canidia, more venomous than African serpents, had breathed upon them herself.

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Nor tasted of his dainty fare,  
As if Canidia had been there,  
And with her fetid breath had blown,  
In spite to Afric snakes unknown.

END of the THIRD VOLUME.



200 THE HISTORY OF NORFOLK.

Not called of his name, but  
As if Cambridgeshire were his,  
And with his field dress and bow,  
In spite of Anticlericalism known.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.



